September 30, 1939

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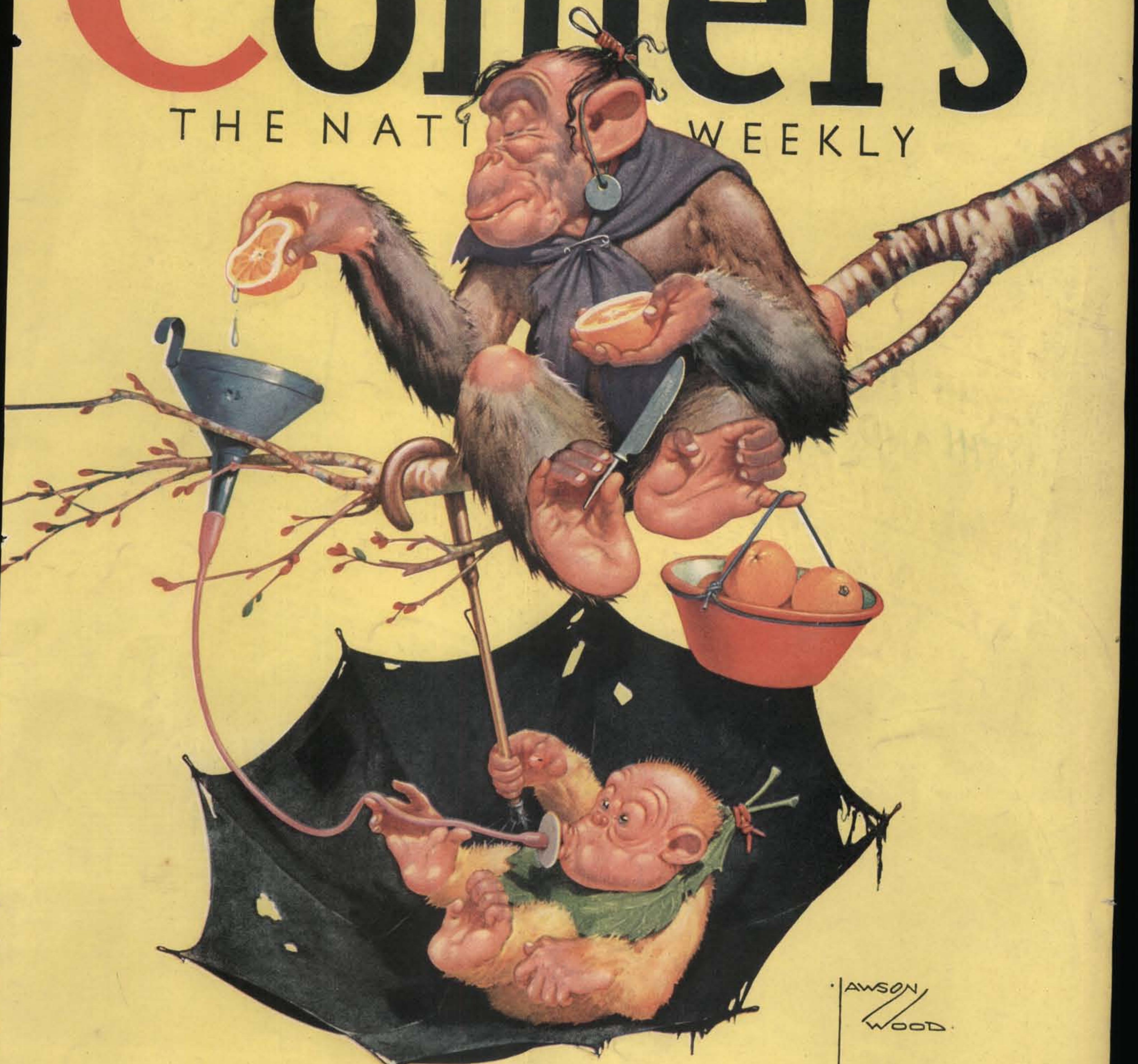
THE NATI WEEKLY



WHERE GOOD DRINKERS GO

By Walter Davenport

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EPT. 30, 1939

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Watch WILLYS for 1940

A NEW CAR INVADES THE FIELD OF STYLE AND BEAUTY— WITH THE LOWEST PRICE OF ANY FULL-SIZE CAR IN THE WORLD!

$495*

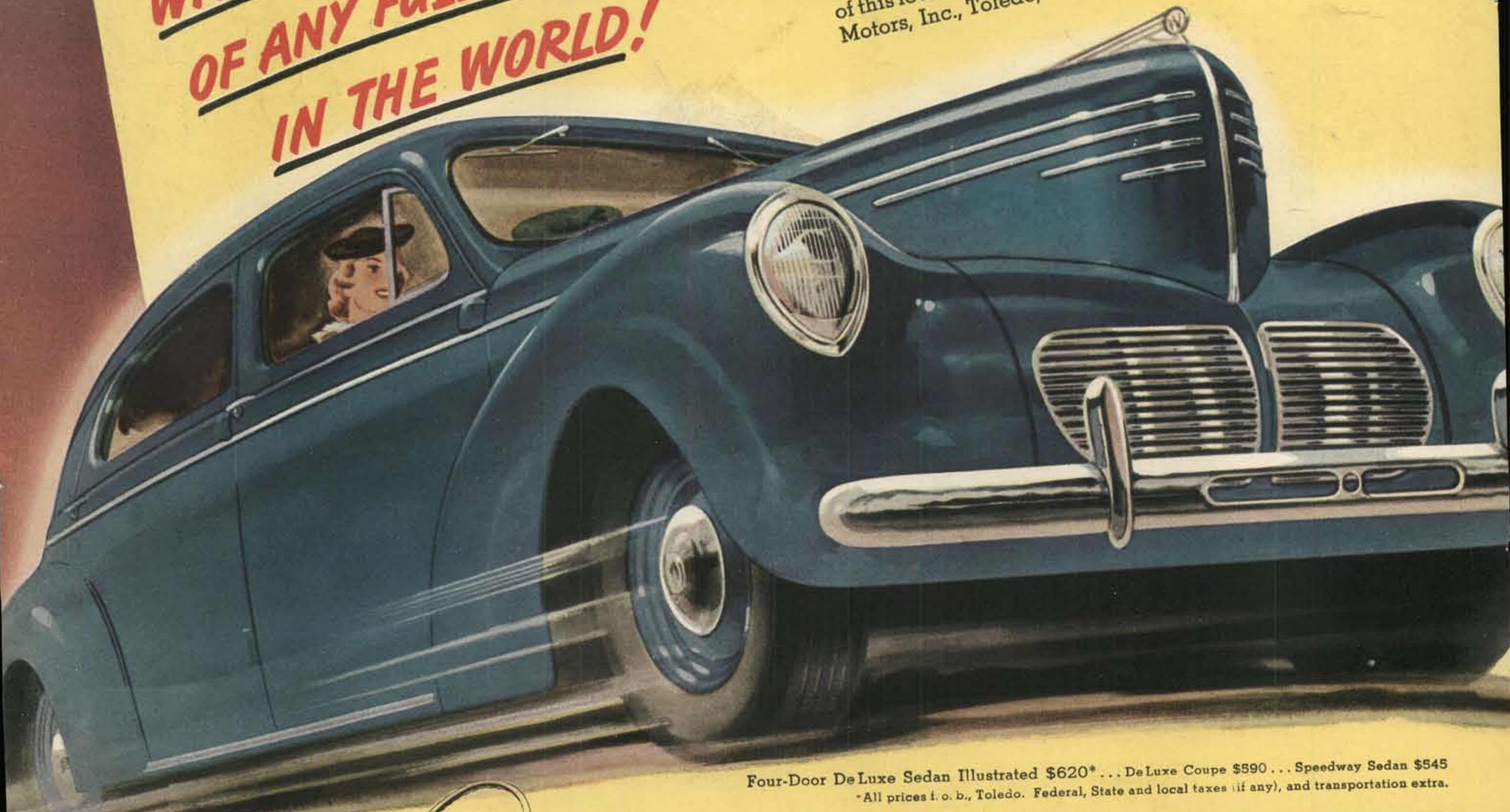
For Speedway Coupe

Engineered by experience . . . Designed for youth . . . the New Willys for 1940 meets youth's demands for speed and beauty . . . comfort . . . easy handling . . . low first cost.

The most experienced men in the automobile business created this New Willys. They built into it style, speed, acceleration and world-famed economy . . . gave the New Willys lithe lines, custom-tailored interiors, a steering-post gearshift★, ventilating window wings★, a smart dual-grip steering wheel.

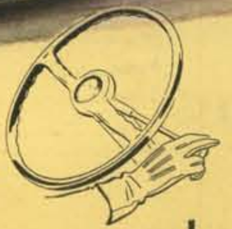
They gave it sturdy durability, a powerful, thrifty engine, an all-steel body, safety glass in all windows and the super-stopping power of oversize hydraulic brakes.

See the New Willys. Drive it today. You will be surprised at the luxury, comfort and brilliant performance of this lowest-priced of all full-size cars. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.



Four-Door De Luxe Sedan Illustrated $620* . . . De Luxe Coupe $590 . . . Speedway Sedan $545

*All prices f. o. b., Toledo. Federal, State and local taxes (if any), and transportation extra.

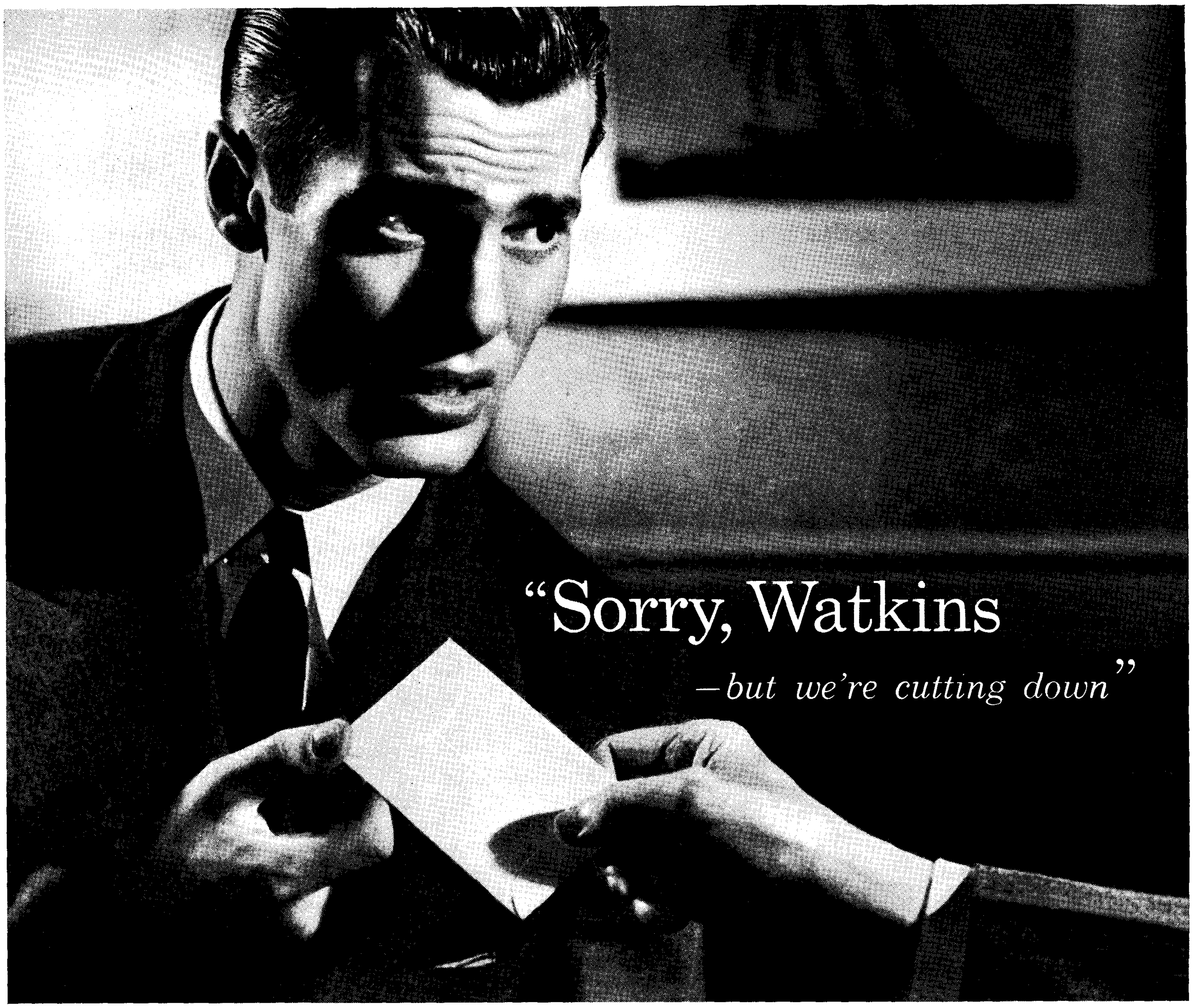


NEW STEERING-POST GEARSHIFT

★ Standard equipment on all De Luxe models.

WILLYS DOES IT BETTER!

Parks Easier . . . Turns Shorter . . . Handles Easier . . . Uses Less Gas and Oil . . . Gives Longer Tire Life . . . Protects with Greater Braking Surface per Pound of Car . . . Costs Less to Buy . . . Less to Run.


"Sorry, Watkins
—but we're cutting down"

THAT'S the explanation they gave him, but they were letting him go for another reason entirely . . . one that Watkins didn't even suspect. Without realizing it, he had offended a number of the firm's best customers and they had complained to the boss. It was sort of tragic . . . to have this happen just when he thought he was getting some place. A good man, Watkins—and an ambitious one—but just a little bit careless.*

You can't get away with it

Maybe a few super-employees get away with *halitosis (bad breath), but lesser ones shouldn't even try. This offensive condition, of which anyone may be guilty, is the fault unpardonable in business, and social life. Business firms should insist that their employees use Listerine Antiseptic every day, to take precautions against offending.

While some cases of bad breath are of deep-seated origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that takes place even in normal mouths.

Listerine Antiseptic used as a mouth rinse and gargle quickly halts this fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, more wholesome, less likely to be obnoxious to others.

Make your breath more agreeable

If you are trying to get ahead in business, don't run the risk of offending. If you want people to like you, get in the habit of using Listerine systematically every morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements.

This wholly delightful precaution against a condition that everybody may have at some time or other without realizing it may pay you rich dividends in popularity.

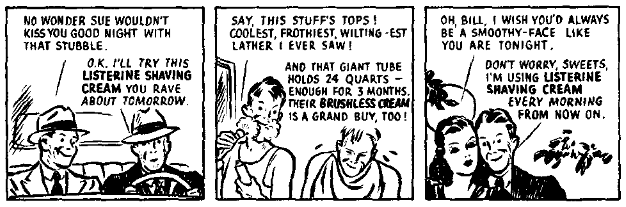
LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Two beards a day, keep Romance away—

TRY THIS

20-SHAVE FREE OFFER


NO WONDER SUE WOULDN'T KISS YOU GOOD NIGHT WITH THAT STUBBLE.
O.K. I'LL TRY THIS LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM YOU RAVE ABOUT TOMORROW.
SAY, THIS STUFF'S TOPS! COOLEST, FROTHIEST, WILTING-EST LATHER I EVER SAW!
AND THAT GIANT TUBE HOLDS 24 QUARTS — ENOUGH FOR 3 MONTHS. THEIR BRUSHLESS CREAM IS A GRAND BUY, TOO!
OH, BILL, I WISH YOU'D ALWAYS BE A SMOOTHY-FACE LIKE YOU ARE TONIGHT.
DON'T WORRY, SWEETS, I'M USING LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM EVERY MORNING FROM NOW ON.

Clip this coupon
20
SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,Dept.111,St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Collier's

September 30, 1939

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art		

Next Week

IT OUGHT to warm Al Capone's great heart the way the boys have looked after things in his absence. They're doing business at the same old stand. Of course, they're a little older now. And a little fatter—some of them can hardly toss a corpse out of a car nowadays. But they're wiser too; they've learned that protection is superior to pineapples, and they've organized things with an efficiency that will stagger their past master. Gambling and gals have replaced booze as their stock in trade, and in quantities that are wrecking even Chicago's traditionally lusty appetites. John T. Flynn shows you the perfect rapprochement between sin and civics.

OUR admiration for refined skulduggery goes unreservedly to Miss Willy Nicholas, the "Poor Butterfly" who streamlined the ancient and terrible business of getting your man. Elizabeth Dunn records the damning facts.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Britain's newly appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, has had a long and brilliant career as statesman and author. He is today, with the responsibility for British naval strategy squarely on his shoulders, one of the most important men in the world, and his articles carry the weight of uncontested authority. Next week Mr. Churchill discusses the problems incident to modern mechanized warfare, and tells you how they will have to be met, and how, when the machines of war have done their worst, "Today's Battles" will be won.

OUR gallant Navy takes its dames in its stride, as a rule, but not dames like Phyllis. Nothing short of their own five-inch guns could have saved the personnel of the destroyer Boyne once Phyllis had decided on certain rearrangements for the glory of the service—and Gunnery Officer Sloane. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan describes the engagement in a rollicking short story called "Coronado Fever."

MEETING Maureen O'Hara, who is Charles Laughton's new leading lady, was such a captivating experience that we just have to pass it on to you. Katharine Roberts arranges the introductions. There are additional articles by Sportswriter Quentin Reynolds and by Earl Welty. The Short Short Story is by Harlan Ware, and there is additional fiction by Walter Duranty and Duncan Norton-Taylor. And, as you are keenly aware, the new serials by Kathleen Norris and John Hawkins. Just hand the man your nickel.

●

This Week

SHORT STORIES

DON TRACY
Smart Guy. Too smart to play straight. Page 12

JACLAND MARMUR
Kona Nightingale. A donkey in the role of Cupid. Page 16

RICHARD ENGLISH
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ROARK BRADFORD
Guv'mer Blues. The all-overs on Little Bee Bend. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Old Glory, by Ernest Haycox. Page 23

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN and WARD HAWKINS
We Will Meet Again. The first of eight parts. Dangerous invitation. Page 9

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The World is Like That. The second of twelve parts. Revelation. Page 18

ARTICLES

KYLE CRICHTON
Watch These Guys. All-Americas in the bud. Page 11

WALTER DAVENPORT
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WINSTON CHURCHILL
The Terrible Twins. Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty looks at the pact between Russia and Germany. Page 22

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Fragrance Farmers. Gardenias go to town. Page 46

FRANK CONDON
Nice Work. Screwball professions. Page 58

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. You'll be surprised. Page 6

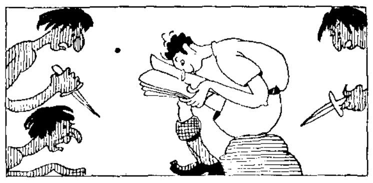
EDITORIALS
Memo for Conservatives.
Hats and Happiness. Page 70

COVER LAWSON WOOD

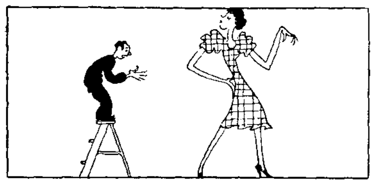
Any Week

WE'VE just been wondering in our simple way about the aftermath of another war to save democracy. We gather from reading vast numbers of letters that America is not filled with an uncontrollable desire to die for what's left of democracy in Europe. Even if we emerged victors in such an inspired cause, what we might have saved would probably be so tattered and forlorn that we'd probably need a tough dictator to mend and refurbish it. And that, alas, wouldn't be what we'd been fighting for, would it? Doubts like this make life no easier for us. Nor for Mrs. Julia Pinover of Cumberland, Maryland. "I voted for Mr. Roosevelt for a square deal for the little fellow of whom I am one. I have not been able to keep track. Please publish an article in simple language telling us whether or not we got it."

DOUBTLESS such an article would be widely read—even in South America's most remote jungles where it wouldn't make much difference. As for the jungle part we have the word of Mr. Thomas N. Whitford of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Whitford's just got back from a fourteen-months road-building chore in Colombia. "Your magazine came by airplane from the company's seacoast office to our airport in the Monte, thence by truck and mule to our outpost. Twice while up in arms all night awaiting attack by the Motolone Indians, I whiled away the hours reading Collier's and incidentally helped calm the panicky natives who have suffered more than we gringos from the poisoned arrows of the Motolones. I read the July 1st issue on July 11th before leaving the base camp in Tarra, North Santander, Colombia; I bought the July 8th in Mangangue; two subsequent issues at Barranquilla. It's surprising in how many out-of-the-way places all over the world one finds Collier's—sometimes the sole representative of the English-language press."



IN THE meantime we shall be hard pressed to make our peace (by appeasement) with The Tall Women of America. Little did we know when we published Grover Jones' story Big Moment that the Gala Gals or Statuesque Skirts, official alternate names of The Tall Women of America, were going to be offended. Miss Lydia Lightbody of Fort Worth, Texas, is president of the TWOA and bases her complaint on Mr. Jones' sentence: "She was as good-looking as a tall woman can be." All six (vertical) feet of Miss Lightbody are angry. "Mr. Jones is probably a half-pint shrimp," says Miss Lightbody. "Being a subnormal midget of stunted growth, he thus exhibits his inferiority and vents his poor spleen on gals he couldn't shake hands with unless he used a stepladder. Ninety-nine per cent of The Tall Women of America are long, lean, languorous beauties. If you wish to send your representative to the next meeting of Forest No. 1, TWOA, he will see the towering truth. But send no Lilliputians like Mr. Grover Jones. He might get lost."



WHOLLY different is the problem with which Mr. Walter J. Kreig of Mount Morris, Illinois, is struggling. We are, he discovers, about to harvest a huge corn crop which means, says he, "more sealed corncribs." Anyway, while on an Illinois and Iowa tour Mr. Kreig learned to his understandable dismay that "there has been also an astonishing increase in America's rat crop." Reports Mr. Kreig: "I stopped at one farm where several men and a rat terrier were working on a crib which had been sealed for a considerable time. The bag was two hundred corn-fed rats. The corn was all but vanished. Then we fell to discussing who's the loser when rats get away with sealed corn."

TIME was when this rat crisis would have been met by Washington with firmness. The subject would have been turned over to a brand-new body of chromium-plated economists, known as an administration, headed by a couple of Harvard professors. But times have changed, as times will, and Mr. Cornelius Tancred of Alexandria, Virginia, says that "the only difference between Washington today and in the early Coolidge period is the use of longer words and better-cut clothes."

"TELL me this one," demands Mr. Ato Kachi of Taihoku, Formosa, "do you also publish your valued paper in the English?"

NOW and then. W. D.

Vol. 104, No. 14. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine.
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Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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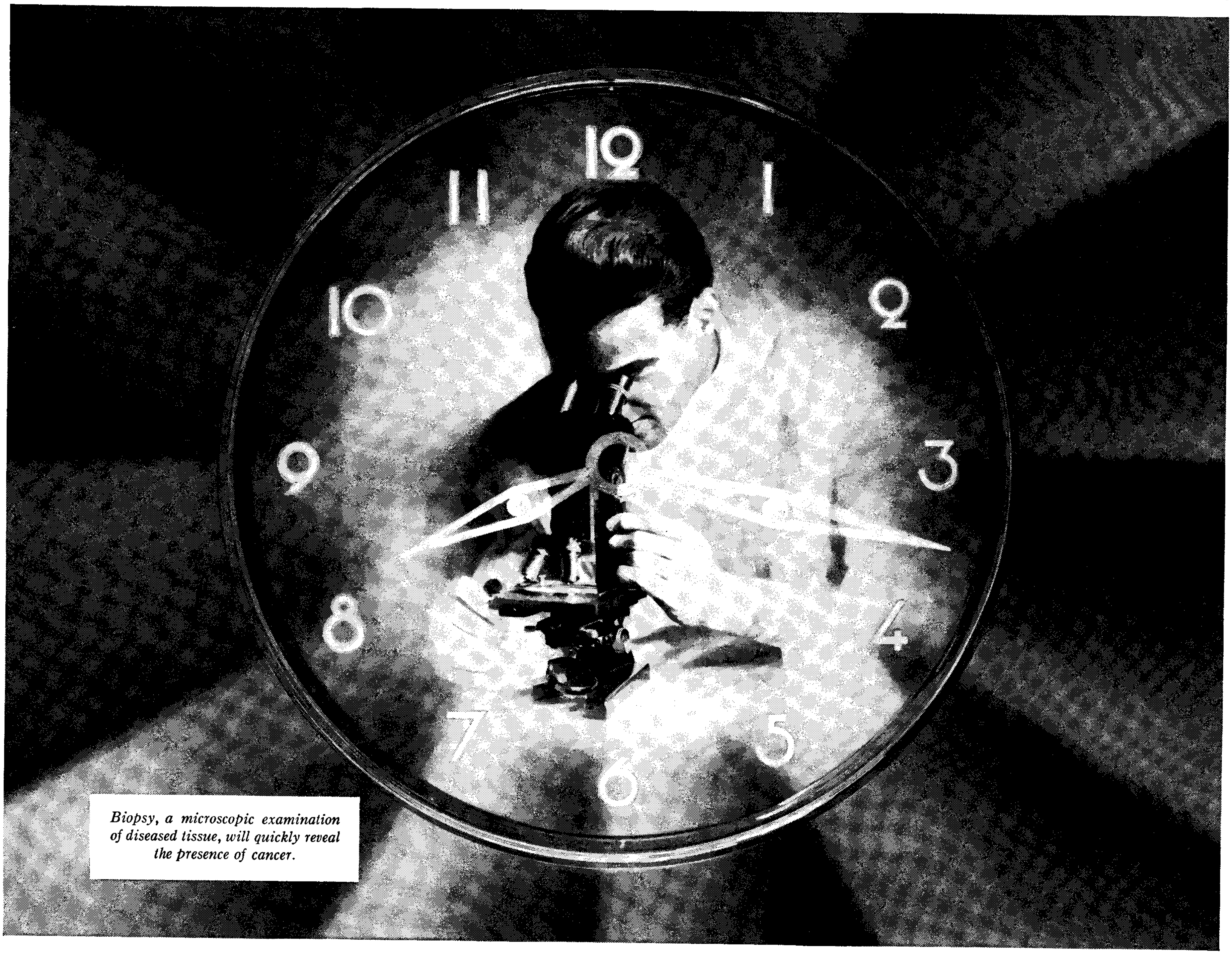

Biopsy, a microscopic examination of diseased tissue, will quickly reveal the presence of cancer.

DISCOVERED IN TIME – MOUTH CANCERS *ARE CURABLE!*

MOST sore spots in the mouth are healed promptly by Nature. But if you have a persistent sore spot on your lip, tongue, cheek, or any other part of the mouth, you may be in urgent need of medical aid.

The presence of a swelling, lump or a strange white spot should arouse suspicion and be investigated. Sometimes a scientific test is made, a biopsy, in which a tiny section of the suspected tissue is taken for microscopic examination. If traces of cancer are found, no time should be lost in giving what may well prove to be life-saving treatment — X-ray, radium or surgery.

Though a mouth cancer may be small at first and sometimes hidden, it can usually be identified before it reaches an incurable stage. Medical studies have proved that many deaths from this form of the disease could have been prevented by prompt detection and proper treatment.

Self-treatment may be dangerous. A delay of even two or three weeks in caring properly for cancer of the mouth may cause another unnecessary death.

Mouth cleanliness is especially important in the prevention of cancer fatalities. Bad teeth should be cared for or removed. Jagged edges of teeth should be smoothed. Dental plates and bridges should fit comfortably. Some persons have a mouth condition known as leukoplakia—"white spot disease"—which, if untreated, may develop later into cancer. In these cases particularly the excessive use of tobacco and sharp condiments should be avoided.

Do not be misled by false claims that cancer germs have been discovered and special "cures" for cancer are available. The true and encouraging story about mouth cancer is that because of its accessibility it can be removed or destroyed when discovered in early stages.

Send for the Metropolitan free leaflet "A Message of Hope" which gives information that everyone should have about cancer. Address Booklet Department 1039-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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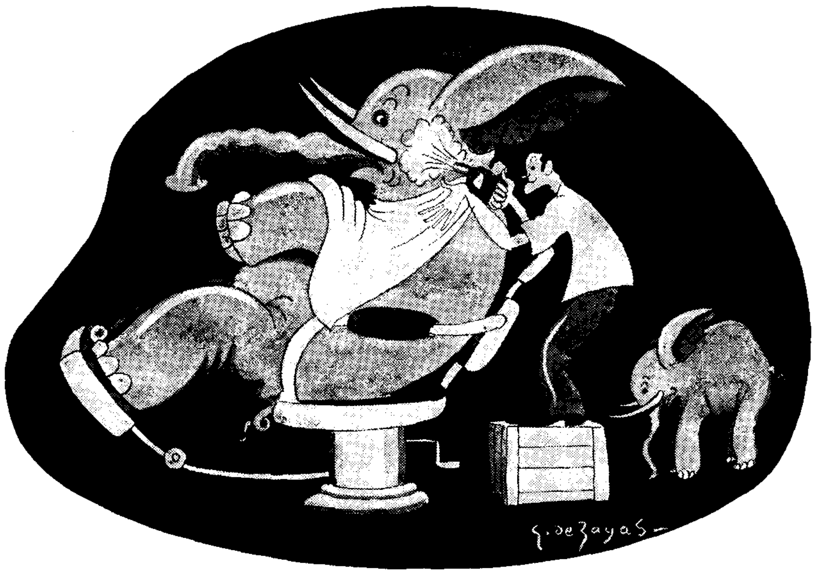
FLORSHEIM
PUTS *Pigskin* IN PLAY
FOR FALL!

THE season's style signals call for Pigskin. And Florsheim proudly puts it in play. Soft, prime pigskin that's smooth as a saddle and as richly mellowed as a smoke-seasoned Meerschaum. A handsome, hand-stained, he-man leather in shoes of surpassingly smart new styles. Shoes that "wear like pigskin" because they *are* pigskin! And shoes that promise a premium in value because of their name. Today, more than ever before, the Florsheim name stands for finer shoes *and* more for your money. *Styles illustrated above,* The NORSEMAN, S-874 *and* The EMBASSY, S-875.

Hand-Stained Pigskin Styles $10 *and* $11 *Most Regular Styles* $8 75

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although elephants possess highly sensitive skins, those in circuses are usually "shaved" with a flaming blowtorch.

The Star-Spangled Banner, which became the national anthem of the United States in 1931, or 117 years after its composition by Francis Scott Key, was originally entitled "Defense of Fort McHenry."

An expert microscopic study of a single human hair can reveal the race, sex, age, probable color of eyes and the approximate weight of its owner.—*By Lewis S. Frambes, Jr., Ventnor City, New Jersey.*

American courts have held that an auctioneer is not compelled to accept the highest bid. In a Minnesota case, a house was sold to the first bidder for $675 after the second and only other bidder had offered $680. The auctioneer refused to consider such a trifling increase. So the second bidder sued but lost his case on the ground that no contract exists until the offer to purchase is accepted by the auctioneer.—*By H. B. Myers, Albany, New York.*

Recently, after sixteen miles of coaxial cable had been installed three feet underground between two radio stations in England, it was discovered that the outer tube was losing the nitrogen pumped through it to insulate the inner conductor. So amyl mercaptan, a gas having an odor similar to that of cats, was introduced and a dog taken over the route. He dug in fourteen spots and found the leaks—*By Charles D. Ferguson, Chicago, Illinois.*

At one time in his early stock-company engagements, Sir Henry Irving (1838-1905), the English actor, rehearsed and played 429 parts in 782 consecutive days, or an average of one every 44 hours for more than two years.

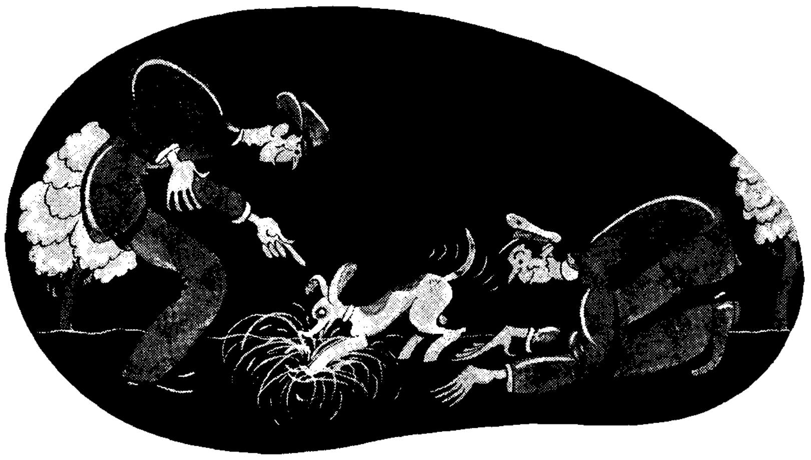
Since 1924 an endless ten-mile conveyor belt, only four feet in width, has transported 50,000 tons of coal a week a distance of five miles, between the mines and the river barges of the Frick Coal Company in West Virginia.—*By Margaret Chipman, Montclair, New Jersey.*

One of the rarest dental anomalies is a tooth that grows within a tooth. In a recent case in Tennessee, the outer tooth split in two during an extraction and the inner tooth, separate and loose, dropped out.—*By Dr. L. B. Waggoner, Los Angeles, California.*

According to a new medical book on sulfanilamide, this wonder drug with its seven derivatives now is used successfully in the treatment of thirty-three diseases, ranging from arthritis to whooping cough.

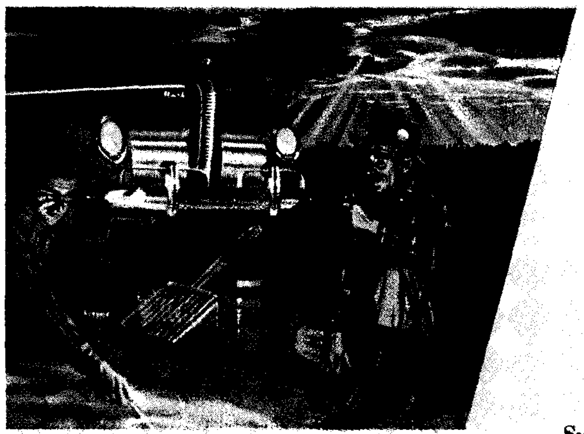
Out of deference to the feelings of inmates, the song "Home, Sweet Home" is rarely played by bands and orchestras in such places as hospitals, sanitariums and prisons.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



Today... *Adventure* Rides The Road Again

WORLD'S ONLY CAR with Weather Eye Conditioned Air System revolutionizes winter driving. Completely Automatic! Tune in the comfort you want; get unchanging June-like warmth. Perfect fresh air—dustless, draftless!



EXCLUSIVE NASH ENGINE not only gives you 15 to 50 MPH pick-up in *less than* 13 seconds, *high* gear... it's also a Gilmore-Yosemite economy winner, with a record of 21.25 miles to the gallon.

If you once sailed the Seven Seas with Long John Silver . . . if you've been left with restless feet and a thirst for excitement—you'll be down today to watch the 1940 Nash come in.

You'll see a flash of silver . . . lines as rakish as a clipper ship's. Something tells you—you're going on a new adventure. Your first Arrow-Flight Ride!

You fit into a seat that's soft as a cloud. You aim that flashing prow at a point on the far horizon. Three silent flicks of a finger, and you're away like a demon possessed.

There's a faint click, and your engine seems to sleep, yet the road races by in a faster tempo. It's that Fourth Speed Forward—but wait . . . there's a new thrill in the throttle.

Just "gun" it, and you pass that car ahead in a terrific sprinting speed! It's Nash's new automatic Overtake.

Suddenly a pot-holed road is upon you. Desperately, you grab the wheel—but—nothing happens. No tugging—no bobble—no sway. Even on slippery gravel, guided with a finger, your Nash speeds to its mark, true as an arrow, silent as a ghost. The whistle of wind—the sting of tires, even the roar of the engine—are gone.

Five miles of an Arrow-Flight Ride, and—chances are—you'll want to keep right on going. And why not?

You have a convertible bed to sleep in . . . and new Weather Eye magic, for fair sailing in even a Labrador blizzard . . . new Sealed Beam lights to turn night into glareless day . . . and luxury of appointments no car ever offered before!

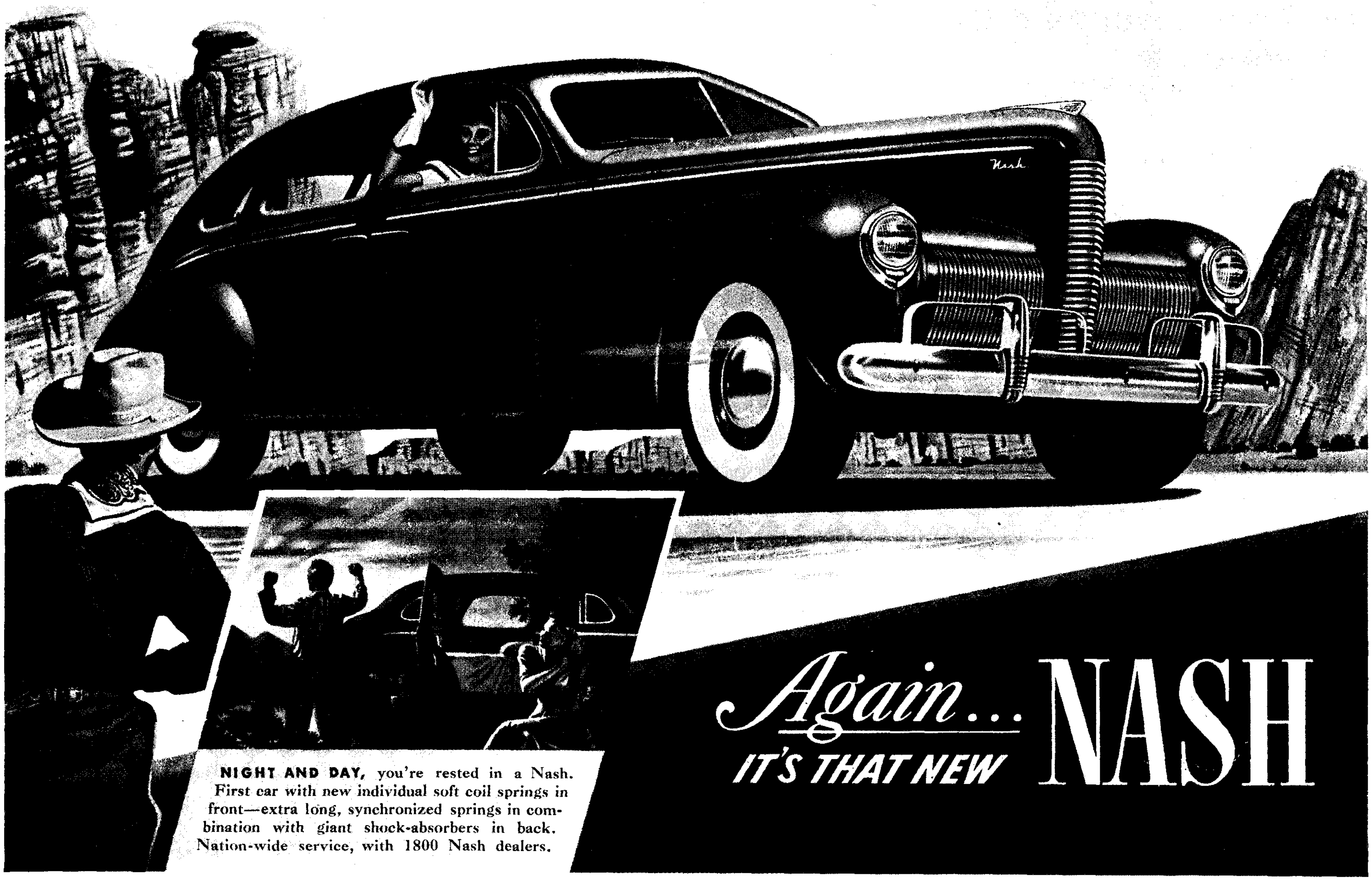
And if you follow Adventure to the ends of the earth, your Nash will *still* bring you back! It's built that way.

• • •

There is no claim made for the 1940 Nash that you won't prove with your own eyes and ears and hands.

But—we warn you—you'll come back saying, "I'm through with humdrum driving. I'm going to trade my old car for a 1940 Nash, and start having fun!"

(And that's easy—with prices amazingly near the lowest; and high trade-in value.)



NIGHT AND DAY, you're rested in a Nash. First car with new individual soft coil springs in front—extra long, synchronized springs in combination with giant shock-absorbers in back. Nation-wide service, with 1800 Nash dealers.

CELEBRATING TEN STRAIGHT YEARS OF PHILCO LEADERSHIP!

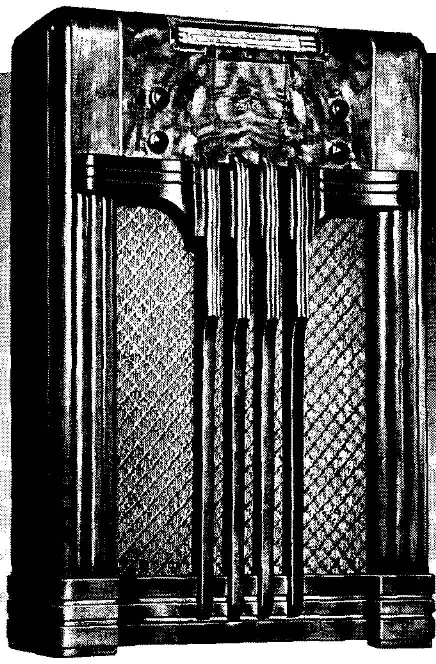
CELEBRATING TEN STRAIGHT YEARS OF PHILCO LEADERSHIP

PHILCO Anniversary Specials 1940

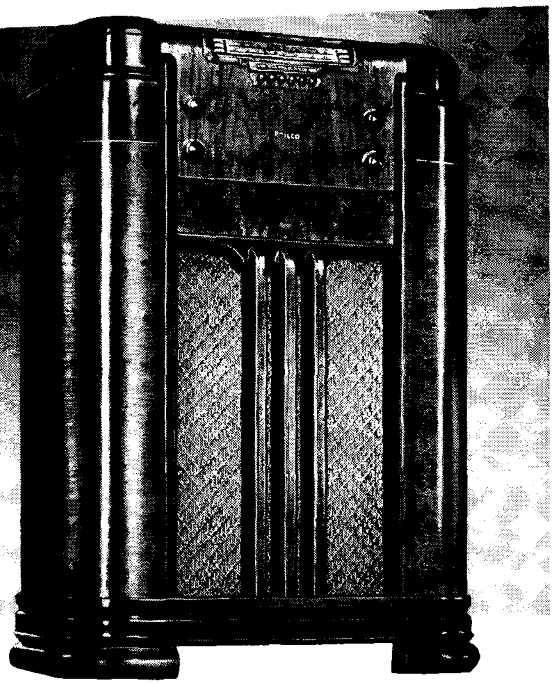
Only PHILCO gives you ALL 3

The Built-in Super Aerial System is an exclusive invention of Philco engineers found *only* in the 1940 Philco. It is a combination of several vital features which give you . . . . .

1. **"Plug In and Play" Convenience...** No aerial or ground wires to install. Just plug in anywhere and play.
2. **New Purity of Tone...** Greater freedom from power line noises and man-made static, even in difficult locations.
3. **Super-Power...** Even gets foreign reception without an outside aerial... *Amazing Performance!*



PHILCO *Anniversary Specials*

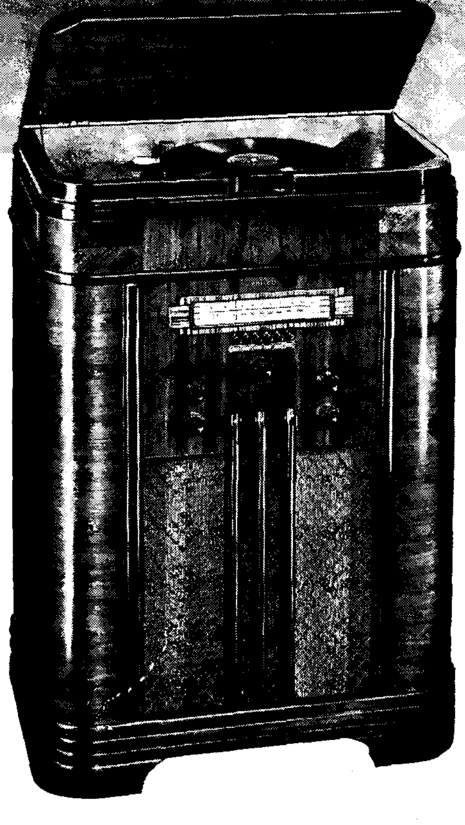


PHILCO 158F The champion value of radio history at the price! Has the costly "R. F. Stage" never before offered in a low-priced console. *Six* newly invented Loktal tubes, every one working and contributing to tone and performance. For use with Philco Utility or attached wire aerial. Exquisite cabinet design. **\$39⁹⁵**

* * *

Your Philco Dealer invites you to his Celebration Sale!

In nation-wide Celebration Sales, Philco dealers are celebrating ten straight years of Philco Leadership with these new 1940 Philco "*Anniversary Specials*" . . . the greatest values in Philco history. Right now, a Philco dealer near you is making it worth your while to trade in your present radio. Visit him today—see the lovely new Philco cabinets, hear the gloriously clear Philco tone, test the power and performance of the Built-in Super Aerial *System*. Then talk terms. You'll be surprised how easily you may own a Philco *Anniversary Special!* Liberal trade-in allowances, low down-payments, the easiest of monthly terms! *Western Prices Slightly Higher.*



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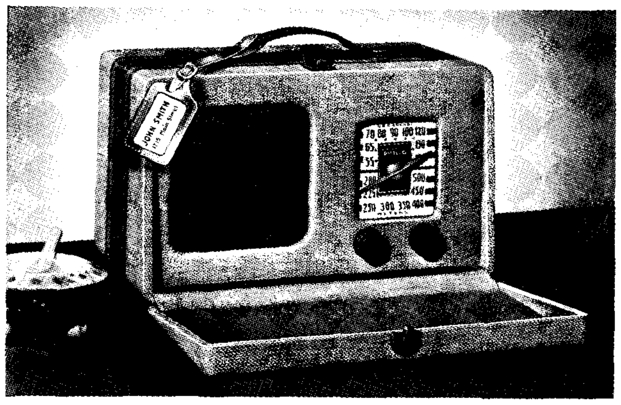

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Collier's The National Weekly for September 30, 1939

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KANSAS

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Beginning the thrilling story of a great love—the ordeal of a girl who bargained for a man's life, and paid in full

THE city wore a pleasant face now. And just an hour ago it had been sticky and hot and not particularly nice. Funny how a little rain could change things. The park looked green again, and not just dusty. The cop on the corner was smiling as he watched the traffic roll by, and even that made a cheerful, rackety sound.

A swell day, complete with sunshine, green trees and scooting yellow cabs that were like pennants in the traffic flow. One of those perfect days when you're big and sure and have the things that count solidly in the palm of your hand. When life is shoe-top high.

Peter Kincaid felt that way. He was smiling as he stood in the shadow of the courthouse doorway. Behind him, swinging doors yawned on the wide and musty hall. Voices made a droning sound that was strangely wordless and, crisp, the tile of the entranceway echoed the hurried tap-tap of a woman's high heels.

A slim man stopped to say, "How'd it go?"

"The judge threw the case out of court."

The slim man nodded. "Nice stuff, Kincaid," he said, and the door swallowed him.

"Nice," Peter Kincaid repeated. He was tall and, save for the rounded slope of his shoulders, which no tailor could conceal, he wore his clothes well. His face was lean, good-boned, dark and not at all handsome. His nose, twice broken, was thin and slightly hooked and gave him a good-natured air.

He carried a brown brief case that was new and a hat that was not. He spoke to the cop as he crossed the street, and glanced at his watch as he waited for the bus.

Freddy Bascom came then, passing within the reach of Peter Kincaid's hand. He was small, and sharp features lent him a manner somehow furtive. He looked up when Peter Kincaid spoke, but his pale eyes held no recognition. A moment later he was gone, darting away from the curb without waiting for the light to change.

Peter Kincaid watched him go. There was an odd quickness about Bascom's stride—as though he were eternally on tiptoe. His bluish pallor was strange too, for Kincaid had never seen him indoors. Always his head was bent, his arms held close to his body. He seemed to be shielding an unseen burden—a fragile something, not quite clean.

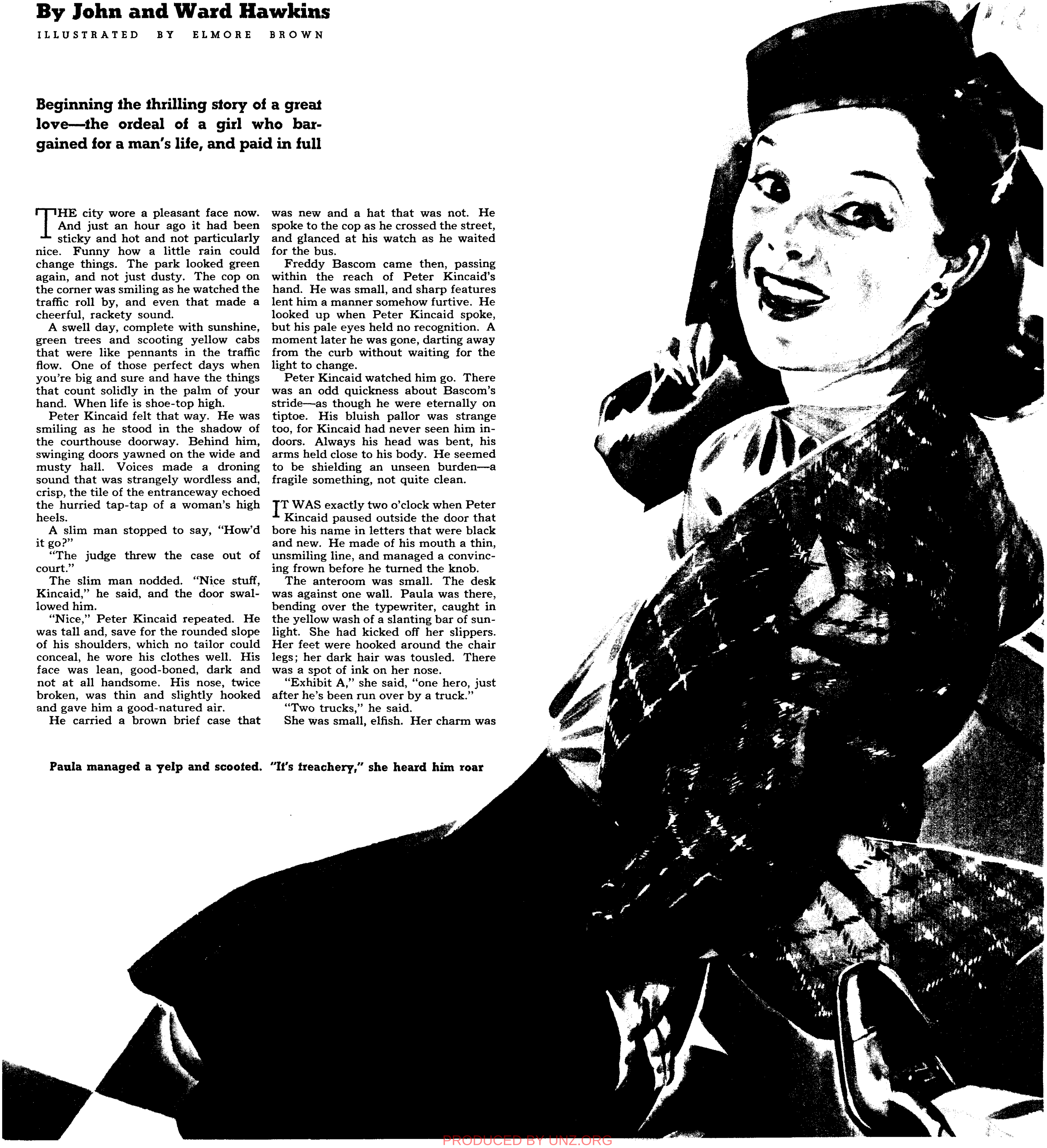
IT WAS exactly two o'clock when Peter Kincaid paused outside the door that bore his name in letters that were black and new. He made of his mouth a thin, unsmiling line, and managed a convincing frown before he turned the knob.

The anteroom was small. The desk was against one wall. Paula was there, bending over the typewriter, caught in the yellow wash of a slanting bar of sunlight. She had kicked off her slippers. Her feet were hooked around the chair legs; her dark hair was tousled. There was a spot of ink on her nose.

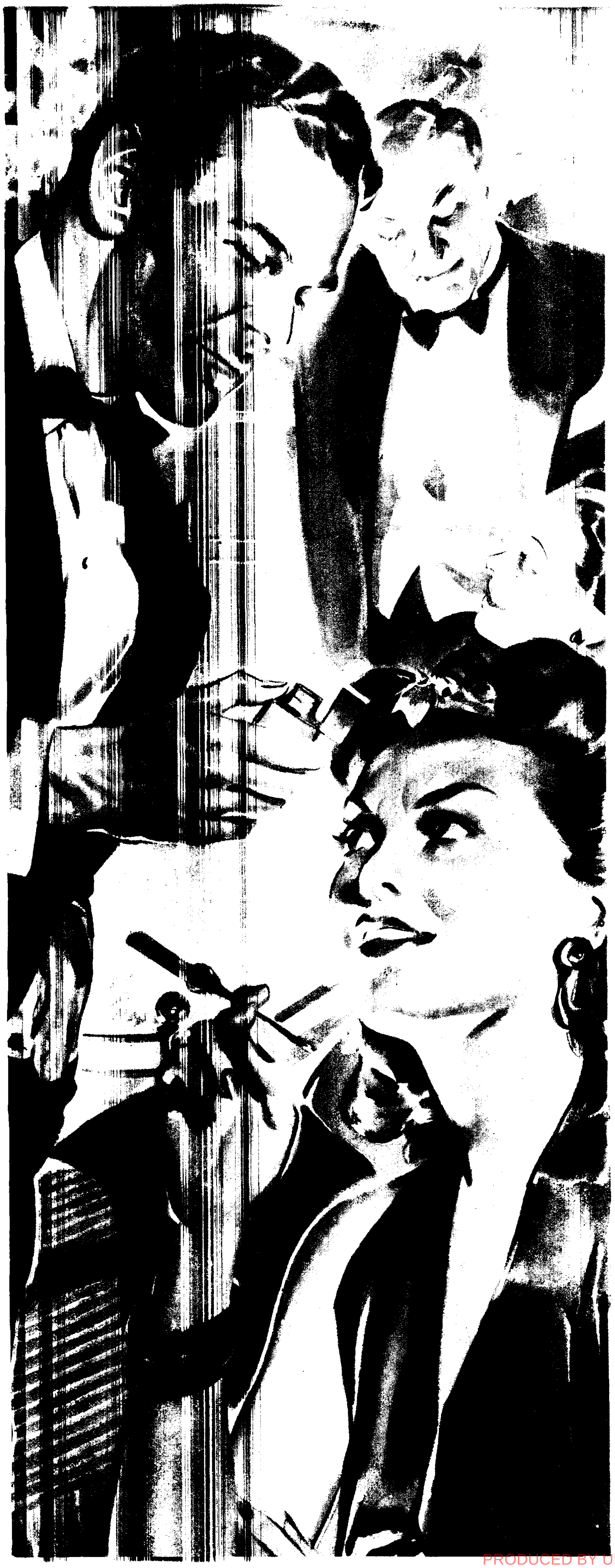
"Exhibit A," she said, "one hero, just after he's been run over by a truck."

"Two trucks," he said.

She was small, elfish. Her charm was



Paula managed a yelp and scooted. "It's treachery," she heard him roar



"So the lamb is back from the shearing," she said. Her eyes were speculative, her voice very low. "Did you come away with your wool?"

as real as the sunlight, as hard to define. She wasn't beautiful and yet—perhaps it was the way golden laughter bubbled up out of her, the way she smiled. Her cheekbones were high; her lips well molded, long. Her hair was so dark and so shining, it seemed the color must rub away at touch.

But it was the white forelock you remembered. Startling in its contrast, it somehow set her apart. A page boy might have worn a jaunty feather thus. You thought of that until you saw her eyes. Then you thought of Paula.

She said, "What happened, Pete?"

He looked down at her, scowling to hide the elation he carried. "My case came unstuck."

"You lost?"

He nodded solemnly.

THERE was a frowning pause. Paula turned back to the typewriter. "How do you spell judgment?" she asked. "With one 'e' or two?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Fine thing. I lose a case and you worry about spelling."

"Somebody's got to worry."

"Paula, I . . ." he began.

"You can't lie worth a hoot." Her laughter held husky warmth. "You know you won that case."

"You should read minds."

She rubbed the tip of her nose. "I'd practice on you, but you're kind of sorry material."

He kissed her and rumpled her hair. "You're my ugly wife," he said, "but you'll do till a blonde comes along. Here's what happened: The hitchhiker went on the stand after lunch and I cross-examined. His story was so bad the judge threw the case out of court."

"And Martin?"

"He was so happy he couldn't talk. He wrote a check on the spot and bolted for the train."

"I'm glad, Pete."

"We're going to celebrate," he said. "We're going out among 'em. We'll laugh and play and—"

"—dance in the street," she finished.

Those words were old and a part of a song that had been popular when they were in school. They'd had fun kicking that song around the night they met. . . .

"You've got to have tradition," Peter had said. "Just like you've got to have aspirin and love. We'll start building ours now. Remember that song, Paula. Our grandchildren will like it."

She had laughed at him. "You're so terribly sure. Grandchildren already—and only an hour ago I didn't even know you."

"Peter and Paula," he said. "That's got what it takes. Scotch and soda. Gin and bitters. See what I mean? People had to spend a lot of time on those things, and we've got ours ready-made. We mustn't spoil it."

"How about bread and butter?"

"That's in your department."

AND it had been like that from the first. They'd wrapped life in a glittering package. Their words were the newest tag lines, the wisecracks of the moment: "Peter and Paula. You know—like steak and onions." That sort of thing.

But there were moments, so sweet, so bitter-bright they hurt. The night the team broke training. Peter's car rushing down an old, old road. The way the darkness melted under the headlights and then swooped in behind them.

"Like witches," Peter said, "riding tandem on a broom and carrying our own moonlight. Memories are made from stuff like this, Paula. Stuff you can save long after the gags have gone stale."

"I hope you're right, Pete."

That was Paula, dark-eyed and a little grave, swept along on the strong current of his laughter, hurrying to keep her feet on the ground. Paula, elfish and small, who had wonder in her eyes. Paula, who worried about tomorrow, for it was in her to do nothing else.

She laughed when he did, and they made a joke of love. They didn't put it in words. Not then. It was something tender and elusive and fragile. Something grand and a little frightening. Something they didn't quite understand. So they laughed and said, "Hi, Ugly," and let it go at that.

There was a hard sureness about Peter Kincaid even then. He knew what he wanted and where he was going. "There's plenty of room at the top," he'd said. "Watch me go!"

And she had, through years that were crowded and breathless. She was watching him now, looking up, smiling a little. Smiling because Peter's head was tipped, his brows pulled down in the old practiced way. He used the frown, at first, to break the young smoothness of his face, to make him seem older than he was. That frown had become as much a part of him as his quick smile, the small, deft movements of his hands.

"We rate a party," he said. "Say we have dinner at Henri's and then take in a show and a night club?"

She wrinkled her nose. "And what do I wear?"

"What's the matter with the gold dress?"

"The gold sequin?" There was a hint of laughter in Paula's eyes. "It's a fine dress. Last year it was a better one, the year before it was a sensation."

Peter said, "Now, look . . ."

"I think the poor thing's tired of being made over. Either that, or it's molting season. The sequins just sort of drop away. . . ."

"Paula." Peter's voice was soft.

AS EASILY as that, the moment changed. It was no longer light and unimportant, but a thing so personal, so real, it hurt them both. Her words had done that, had cut through Peter's guard. Peter, whose strange pride cropped up at unguessed moments. . . .

"Sorry, Pete." She got slowly to her feet. "It was a joke and it . . . it laid an egg."

Peter said, "It wasn't a joke. You rate a new dress. Well, the shops are still open."

"Now, listen . . ."

"No. I'm the boss, remember? I'll do the talking, and you listen. I *want* you to have clothes. Anything else means I'm a poor husband. Understand?"

"Of course, Pete . . ."

"Let me finish. Things have been tough and you've been damned swell about it. That's for the record. You've taken all the bumps and you never said a word. You . . ."

"An orchid to me?" Paula asked brightly.

Peter Kincaid grinned and nudged her chin with his fist. "Okay, forget the build-up. But get this: The worst is behind us. I won that case today, and there were plenty of smart guys who thought I wouldn't. From here on the way is all up. I'll get better cases now, more money."

Paula said, "This is just a hunch, Pete?"

"Call it a hunch." Peter spread good hands. "I still say that's the way it'll be. You'd better run now, before I change my mind. You've got a dress to buy."

"Right." Paula's smile was warm. "I'm away, Boss. Anything you want before I vanish?"

Peter grinned. "Kiss me, Ugly."

(Continued on page 40)

MONAHAN

SARRA

Above: Bill De Correvont, Northwestern's gridiron hope, as a counselor at a boys' summer camp. Upper left: a sure-fire Eastern prospect, Fordham's Jim Blumenstock

Watch These Guys

By Kyle Crichton

Here are tomorrow's Red Granges, Davey O'Briens and Whizzer Whites. Perched well out on a limb, Scout Crichton examines the buds on the All-America tree

FOR the benefit of our football-whacky patrons, we are putting the finger on a gang of young gents who need watching. After a year of being buried in the freshman squad, these are the sophomore wonders who should begin squeezing their way into the headlines, provided of course they are not jinxed within an inch of their lives by this premature mention of their excellence.

Like Bill De Correvont, for instance. As a schoolboy at Austin High in Chicago he got as much attention as Babe Ruth during a World Series. Two years ago, his presence in a high-school playoff game brought a mob of 120,000 persons to Soldier Field. His absence from the spotlight during his hibernation as a freshman at Northwestern tended to water down the interest slightly but it was still intense enough to bring out a crowd of 6,000 at a practice game at Evanston this spring, something unheard of before, anywhere. Whether he is good or whether he is horrible, he will still be a drawing card of tremendous proportions for Lynn Waldorf's outfit.

As a general thing coaches dislike to predict success for newcomers because the youngsters are immediately put on the spot. De Correvont will have one of the toughest jobs ever assigned to a first-year man, being under the necessity of living up to his reputation and having the opposition center on him. But if coaches will answer questions about their prospects only gingerly, there are records that speak louder than words. There are hard-running and swell-passing young giants who simply can't be hidden. Either they have made monkeys out of their freshman competition or they have knocked hell out of the varsity during a scrimmage. If any of them get tangled up in a bout with trigonometry and never show their noses on a varsity football field, it will be a lesson to them. It will also make a fool out of this masterwork of ours, but that is a chance that has to be taken. So, with this preliminary, let us proceed:

1. De Correvont will be the talk of the Middle West no matter what anybody says. In his last year at Austin High he scored 211 points, did the kicking and passing and had so many long runs they became monotonous. There are rumors in the Chicago sector that there are a half-dozen other Conference youngsters who will outshine him but that is always the way when a celebrity comes along. As a freshman they worked on De Correvont's passing and blocking. In the spring practice game previously referred to, he gained 110 yards in 19 tries and completed five of eight passes for 55 yards, one for a touchdown. He'll probably be good enough, with all his opposition.

2. The one sure-fire thing in the East seems to be Jim Blumenstock of Fordham. This product of Rutherford, New Jersey, is twenty years old, stands 5:9½ and weighs 178. He is on the bulky side and is said to be the greatest passer and kicker Fordham ever has had, which is real praise when one realizes that Fordham once possessed the great Ed Danowski, now star of the N. Y. Giants, professional champions. Against the N.Y.U. frosh last year, he angled six kicks out of bounds within the ten-yard line and ran back a punt 40 yards for a touchdown. Against the Army plebes, he threw a 45-yard

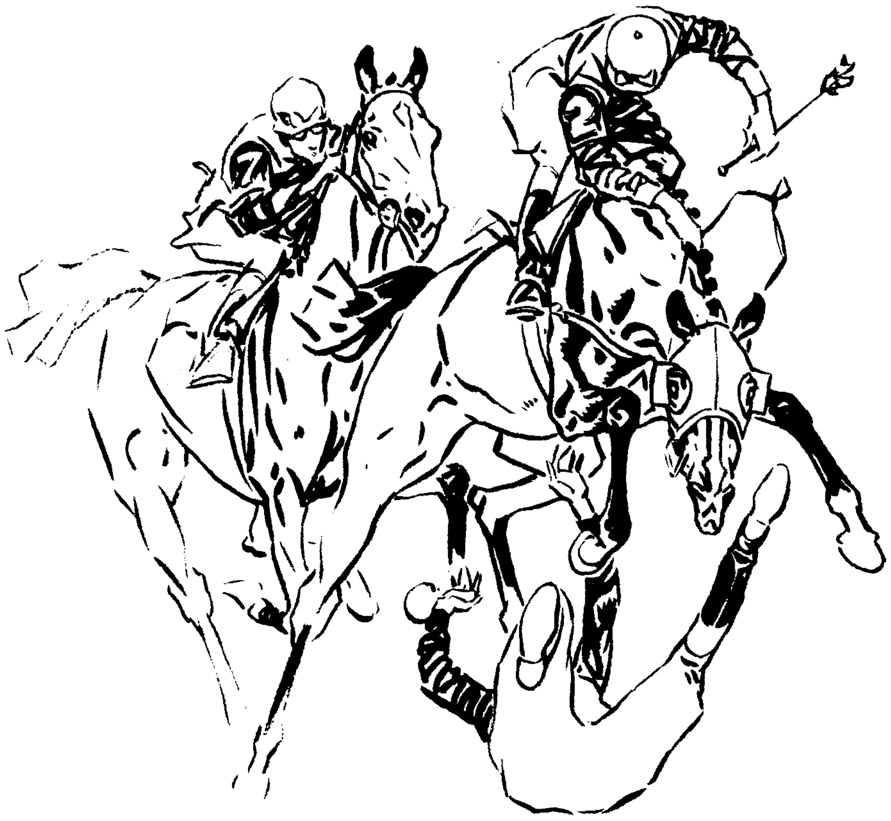
(Continued on page 68)

Smart Guy

By Don Tracy

Ossie Whalen was a great jockey, but not even the fastest horse could outfoot his past

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN



There'd be the thunder of hoofs rolling down on him—cutting—smashing

OSSIE WHALEN brought Pearly Gates to the outside on the stretch turn and shook the big gelding out. The horse surged forward with all the power that Ossie had held so carefully in reserve on the backstretch.

He knew he had this race in his pocket. He could take this one standing on his head in the saddle.

They passed the leaders and flashed under the wire three lengths in front. Ossie stood in his stirrups and pulled Pearly Gates down easily. He turned the horse and jogged back toward the judges' stand while the crowd thundered.

Yeah, the chumps clapped their hands and whistled now. A few months ago they had been hollering that he should be barred from all tracks for life.

He pulled up in front of the judges' stand and waved his bat toward the three men standing above him. One of them nodded and he tossed his bat to the Negro who stood at the head of Pearly Gates, patting the gelding's neck. He slipped from the saddle, loosened the cinch and carried his tack onto the scales. A few minutes later, he was back in the riders' room, getting into his street clothes.

Nobody spoke to him. He was used to that. The other boys were still wary of him; afraid that to be friendly with Ossie Whalen meant to bring on themselves some of the suspicion that had hung over Ossie for months.

Let them stand off. He was the leading rider at this track, as he had been in Florida before they set him down. Tomorrow, the papers would say:

"Pearly Gates, superbly ridden by Ossie Whalen, was away well, saved ground on the backstretch and came on with plenty to win when called upon."

Maybe, some track writer would rake up the old story of Sondoo again and blabber about that. That story kept popping up every once in a while. There had been thousands of words written about the Sondoo race but nobody but Ossie and Jerry and Frieda knew the true story. Not even the commissioners who had set him down for one hundred and twenty days had proved anything.

It had happened at a Florida track on the occasion of a more or less unimportant stake race.

The race was not important, but Sondoo was. The colt was looked upon as one of the outstanding possibilities of a Big Race winner showing on the Florida tracks that year. When he had gone to the post that day, the totalizers had shown him at four-eighty, three-twenty and two-sixty. Those odds, in a fourteen-horse field, were almost unbelievably low.

Sondoo had broken well, as he always did, and had led the field into the first turn. In the backstretch he had been caught by the second favorite, Marriott. None of the thousands in the stands who had jammed their money through the mutuel windows worried much about that. Ossie Whalen was up on Sondoo and Sondoo was the best horse in the race.

But when three other horses had passed Sondoo at the three quarters and another had caught up with the colt at the stretch turn, there were mutterings. In the stretch, the crowds had waited for the favorite to make his bid. The mutterings had grown to a moan, and then to a scream. The roar that swept the stands at the finish was the roar of rage of men and women who had been cheated out of their money.

Marriott won the race. Sondoo finished seventh, twelve lengths out of the money.

Then the storm had broken.

"I tell you the horse sulked," Ossie kept repeating. "He wouldn't run. He was sick or something. I give him a ride. I done everything but get off and run along in front of him, pulling him along."

"Why didn't you use your bat?" the commissioners asked.

"That horse can't take a bat. He'd have been all over the track if I batted him. There'd have been a jam and somebody would've got hurt."

The other jocks were called up. They looked at the floor and said little. One boy who had ridden Sondoo in an earlier race admitted that he had used his bat without panicking the colt.

"ONE hundred and twenty days on the ground," said the Florida commissioners. Their order was echoed in New York, Illinois, Kentucky, California—virtually everywhere that thoroughbreds ran on oval tracks.

Ossie had shrugged. He needed a rest anyway, and when his suspension was up the owners would remember that he was the best free-lance rider in the business.

He had plenty of dough put away. The seven thousand dollars he had won on Marriott that day had helped.

Sure, call it crooked if you want to. Ossie called it being smart. He had no love for horses or racing. He knew plenty of jocks who loved their mounts and were brokenhearted when they failed to win with them. His lip curled when he thought of those chumps.

His old man had been that way. Sappy over horses. And look where it got him. His old man had been a good jock in his day and then there was a spill at Belmont—or was it at Saratoga?—and there was a little old guy with a gray face, lying in bed and talking horses and him without a penny to his name. Old Man Whalen had not been smart. His son, Ossie, was out for everything he could get.

"Sure, the horse could have won it," he had told Frieda, after the Sondoo affair. "But what would it have got me at those prices? My suspension will be up in time for me to ride in the Big Race, so I don't lose out there."

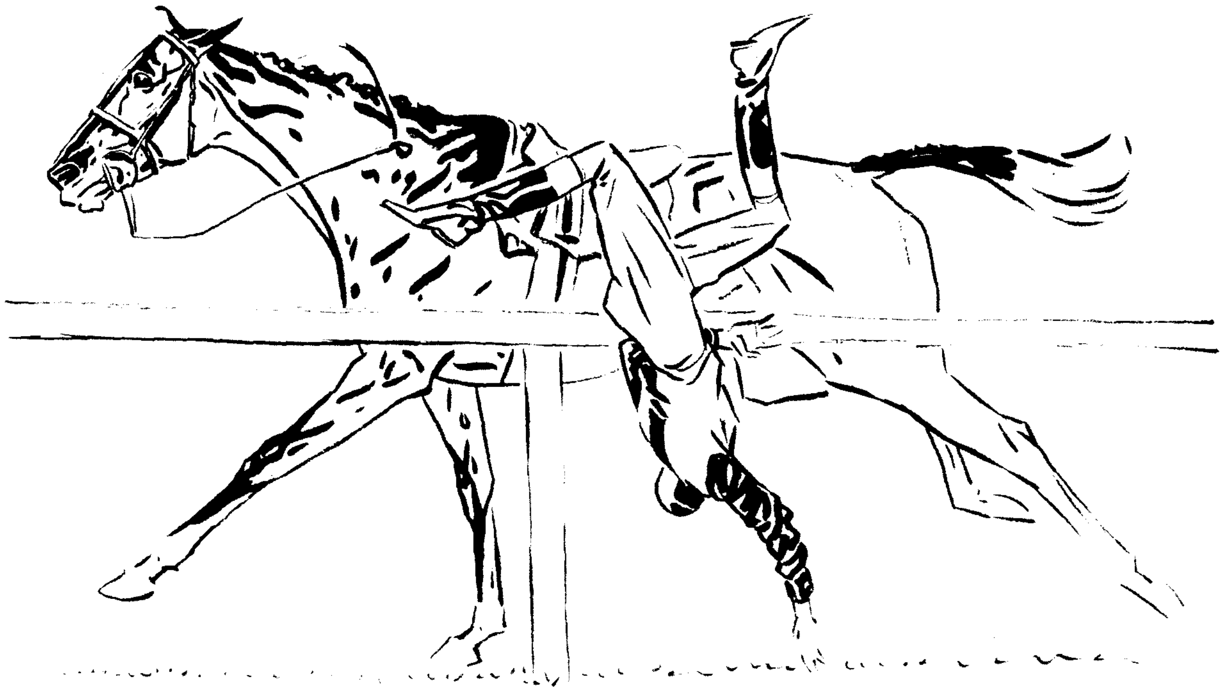
Frieda was dumb. She never could see things straight. Ossie remembered the first time he had told her about something smart he had pulled. Frieda had stood there, staring at him as though he had kicked a baby downstairs or something.

"But—but, Ossie!" she had said. "That isn't honest!"

It was a laugh.

"Honest?" he had said. "What's that got to do with it? This is a tough racket, not a Sunday-school picnic. You've got to be smart to get anywhere in this racket."

"But people lost money on what you



He'd land on the fence and drop to the ground a bundle of broken bones

did," Frieda had said. Was she dumb!

"Sure," Ossie had agreed. "They lose money when an owner sends his horse out for a conditioner, too. The owner don't tell the chumps in the stands that he's only running his horse to get a better price next time, or a better weight, does he?"

You couldn't teach Frieda anything. You could explain everything to her and still she couldn't see it.

Jerry Leghorn agreed with Ossie. Jerry was Frieda's brother, Ossie's brother-in-law. He was, Ossie admitted, a smooth operator for all that he looked like an ape.

"A hundred and twenty days," he had scoffed after he had paid off Ossie. "What's that?"

"Sure," Ossie had said. "A vacation."

IT HAD been just that. And now Ossie was riding again and booting them home. The Sondoo thing was forgotten and the Big Race was coming up with Ossie the leading rider in the East.

Jerry and he had figured out something pretty cute for the Big Race. Sondoo was bound to be the favorite in that event and Ossie couldn't get the mount on Sondoo. The favorite's owner never had forgiven him for that Florida race. Instead, Ossie had been contracted to ride a big, rawboned animal named Journeyman. The horse had an outside chance. A few handicappers picked him to be in the money. One picked him to win.

Ossie and Jerry snickered when they read the newspaper guys' explanations of why Journeyman figured to be up there at the finish of the Big Race. Ossie and Jerry knew different. Journeyman would be where Ossie wanted him to be.

And that would be about fifth.

The plan was this: Sondoo, the favorite, had early foot. He was an ace breaker and would be almost sure to get away in front.

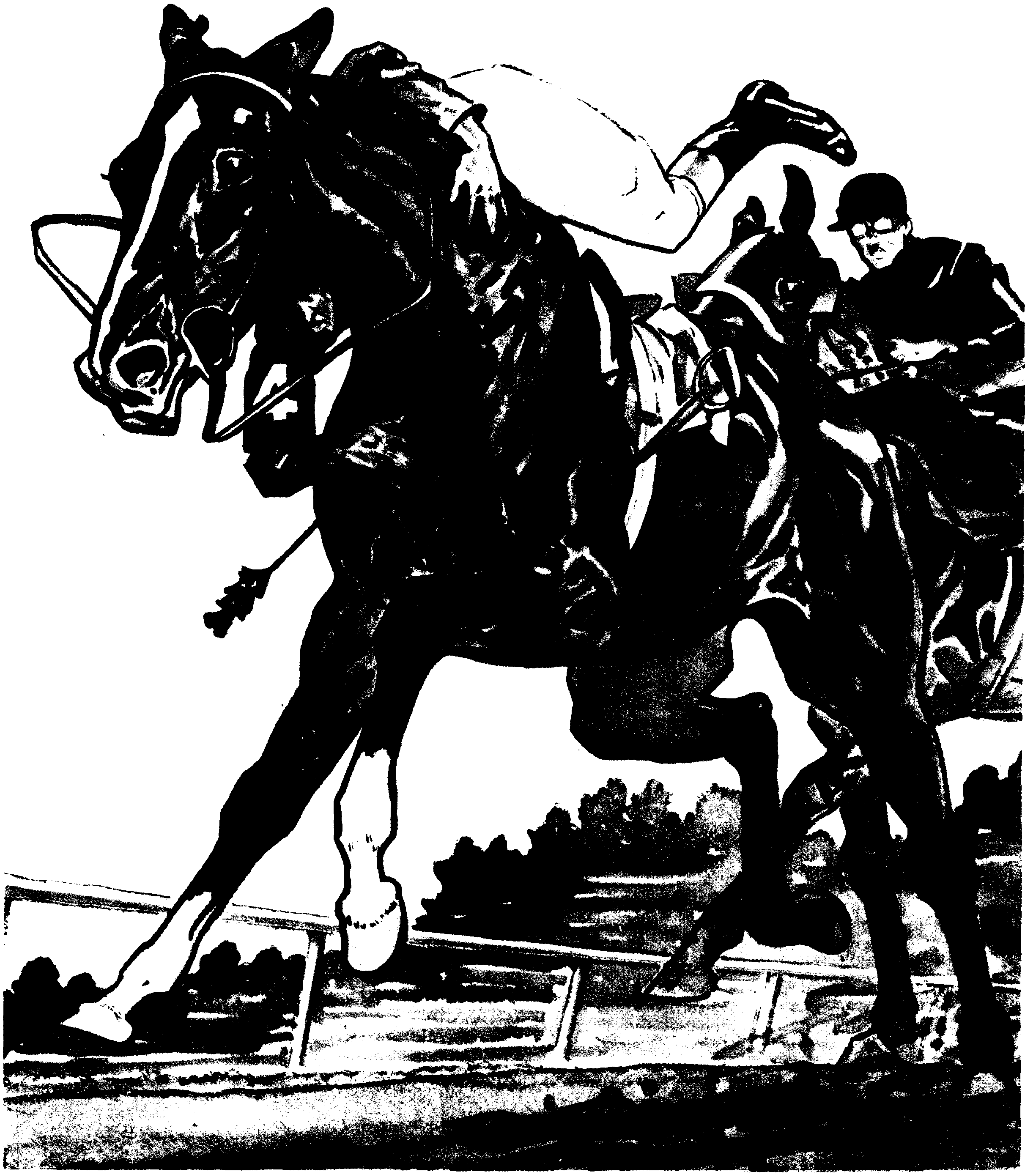
Journeyman was another fast horse on the break. Not as fast as Sondoo, but fast enough to be up there. Ossie would take Journeyman out behind Sondoo and hang onto the favorite around the first turn. In the backstretch, Journeyman was going to run interference for Sondoo.

Whenever another horse came up to challenge Sondoo, it would be Ossie's job to ride him off. Oh, not as crudely as that, of course. Ossie was smart. He knew how to ride off a horse without being too rough.

HE COULD bring Journeyman out from the rail the merest trifle to throw another horse off his stride. Or he could bear in a bit if he had to. Nobody in the stands would see a thing wrong with anything. Even the patrol judge would miss it. The other boys probably would scream their heads off but the worst that could happen would be that Ossie would be set down again.

They might even have him set down permanently and he wouldn't care. The Big Race was going to make Ossie rich. The whole bank roll, every cent, was going on Sondoo. Jerry was going to scatter it for him in small hunks so nobody would know.

They laughed about it, sitting in the front room of Ossie's furnished apartment near the track. That is, Jerry and Ossie laughed. Frieda didn't even smile. But she never said a word while Jerry was there. Ossie knew she was afraid of Jerry. She had reason to be. Jerry was a bad man when he was crossed. He had big hands and he knew a kind of wrestling that snapped bones like matchsticks. Ossie knew of a boy who had double-crossed Jerry once in a race. The boy hung around the stables now, picking out an existence doing dirty jobs with his two shattered arms.



Ossie lurched, nearly fell. He clutched wildly at Journeyman's braided mane. He lost his other stirrup

It was the night before the Big Race that Frieda finally ended her silence. Jerry had been there and gone. The two men had laughed over what was going to happen the next day. And Jerry, as he was leaving, had turned at the door. His little eyes had narrowed.

"I'm sinking the ship tomorrow, Ossie," he had said. "I don't want no mistakes."

"There won't be," Ossie had said.

Jerry had paused with his hand on the doorknob.

"I just wanted to be sure."

"Ain't I got my whole roll riding with yours?" Ossie had protested. "Don't I stand to lose more than you do?"

"Yeah," Jerry had agreed. "But you're smart. Don't get too smart."

The way he said it was enough to give a guy a chill.

THEN in the silence that had followed Jerry's leaving, Frieda spoke up. She had been very quiet lately. Quiet and wearing a strained face, as though something was hurting her.

"Ossie," she said.

"Yeah?"

"Ossie, you can't get away with it."

"Nuts," he said, roughly. "We got it all figured. We can't miss."

She shook her head. He looked at her and remembered when she had laughed a lot and had been pretty, much prettier than she was now. Of course, that time she had caught him playing around with that blond doll had taken a lot of laughs away from her. And she hadn't looked so pretty since the night he had got drunk and had belted her for something she had said.

Now she was shaking her head at him.

"No," she said. "Nobody gets away with it forever. You might get away with it this time and the next. But sometime you're going to slip and then you'll find out that you've been wrong all the time. Your father told me that."

He snorted.

"My old man," he said. "What did he know about anything?"

"He knew a lot," she answered.

(Continued on page 53)

Where Good Drinkers Go

By Walter Davenport

The author's newspaper pals need not be alarmed by the intimations herein that he has climbed on the water wagon. At the end of this article he jumped off and lit running

WHAT the doctors said about Willie when at long last we got him to the sanitarium was not only new to us but impressive. To us, his fed-up friends, he was just a drunk; but the doctors, a little too much boredom in their eyes and voices, we thought, began talking about vitamin deficiencies, psychoneuroses, social maladjustments, allergies, underlying inadequacies and tripe like that. Anyway it sounded at first like tripe. Not that we cared what they said about Willie. We who had known the poor mug for many years, and loved him in our way, knew only that he'd become a damned nuisance with his morning, noon and night drinking and that he ought to take the cure.

But we didn't know, as we followed the ambulance to the pretty, cottaged park they called the sanitarium, that we were going to learn almost as much as Willie—without, of course, suffering so much. As one of the doctors said, giving us a meaner look than he gave poor Willie, it would be a good thing if all the friends of chronic alcoholics were to follow their saturated buddies to the pink elephant ward, as we did.

Of course, he added, it might not be so good for the legitimate doctors and the practice would be ruinous to the quacks and the owners of racket retreats. It costs a lot of money to keep a rubber-livered lush in one of those places—a hundred or two hundred a week. And sometimes it will run as high as five hundred and more, if his family's got what it takes. Some of the phonies will take your pet rummy for a ruinous financial ride and, poor devil, if he isn't a problem when he enters he'll be when he emerges. But we'll come to that a bit later.

But this isn't a showup or, as the newspapers call it, an exposé of the dipsomania zoos; all that we hope to do is to tell you what happened to Willie (and to us) when we packed him off to one. And if we can do that and make it stick, we'll be doing you two-fisted drinkers of both sexes a favor—our good deed for the week.

So whether you drink or teetotal, whether you've got the habit under control or whether it's getting you down, relax and think. Don't try to rationalize your drinking routine, don't kid yourself. Maybe you're going to live to be ninety or so, taking your daily shot or two without losing an hour's sleep or a day's pay. Maybe you'll surfboard your way from the cradle to the grave, a mere convivial drinker who will never know the booming agony of a whisky headache nor the drear depression of a hang-over.

But if you're somewhere between thirty-five and forty-five (forty-two seems to be the melting point for those who drink that far) and discover that you're getting foggy a bit quicker and a trifle oftener than you did a few years back, not necessarily drunk, take time out for a spell of personal examination. You'll discover that you've been speeding through a series of red lights that Nature has been hanging out for you.

The doctors at the place we left Willie told us of some of the signals. From some of the otherwise swell guys who were to be Willie's fellow patients for six months we heard more.

If you're beginning to discover that you *need* a drink instead of merely wanting one, you're headed in the wrong direction. If after your latest unsuccessful effort to drink the place dry, you've forgotten how you got home or what happened last night after ten o'clock, you'd better get on the wagon and stay there. Before we go further with this joy-killing recital, keep it securely in mind that total abstinence is the only cure for chronic alcoholism—the only one.

The first time you catch yourself taking a drink on the morning after, get scared. It may not be too late to quit getting drunk. Virtually all the inmates of the souse trap we took Willie to assured us that they'd still be respectable citizens had they refused an eye-opener. Resist to the last your initial impulse to sneak away from your job in the middle of the morning or at midafternoon for a hair of the dog that bit you. The urge may be strong. Resist it. Of course you'll suffer; but however poignant your pains may be then they will be pure serenity compared with what may happen to you if you surrender. Willie and his doctors, blast their bones, have nailed us to the water wagon. And it's hard riding on a wagon that has no springs.

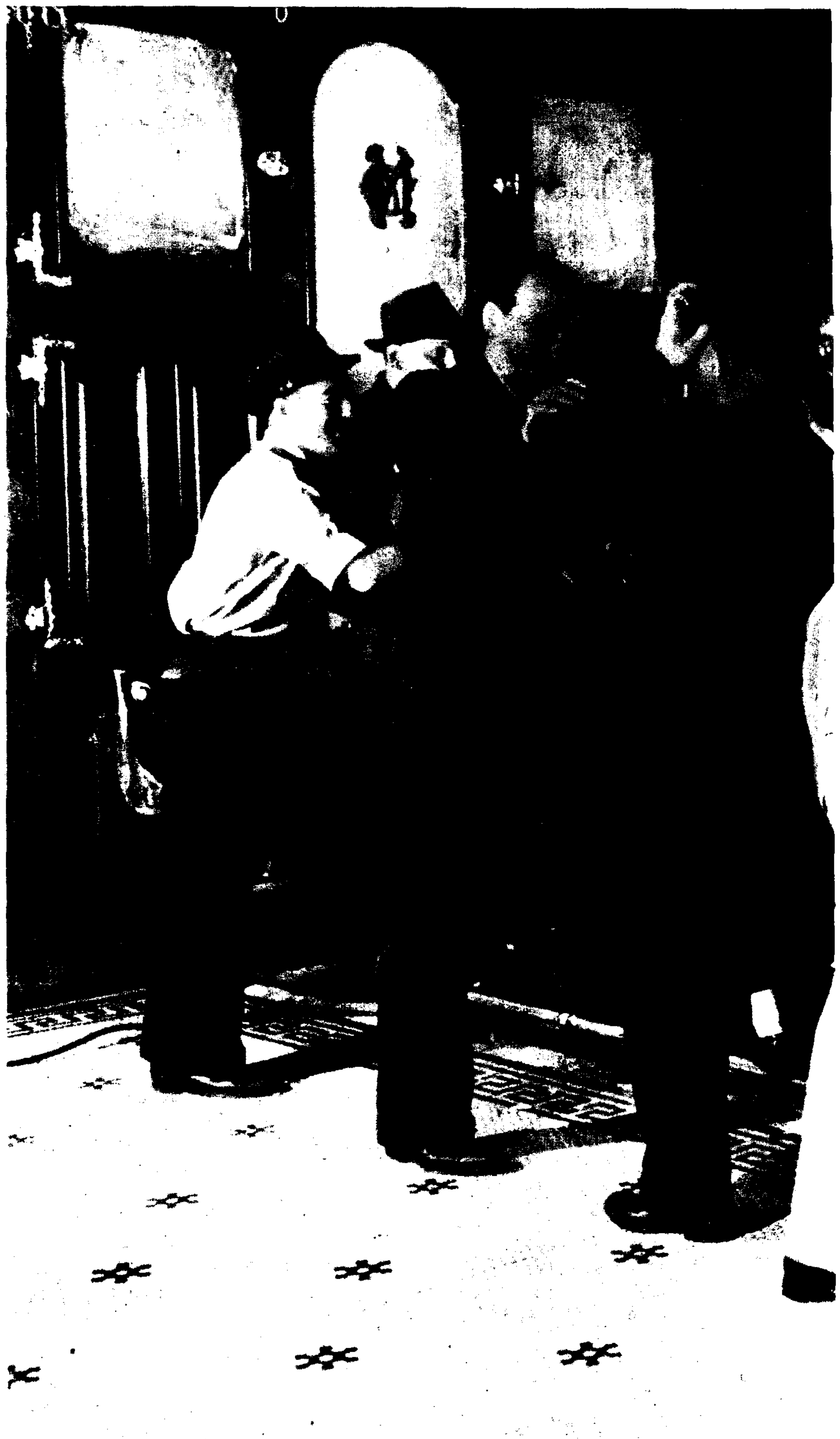
If you discover that your bosom pals are avoiding you after you've had a drink or so, don't be offended. You've probably been asking for it. If you must get sore at somebody, get sore at yourself. You've doubtless become an intolerable nuisance—a pawing, backslapping, repetitious, borrowing, brawling, loud-mouthed pest.

Eat if You Drink

And you're well on your way to Alcohol Acres when, your old friends avoiding you, you seek the companionship of alcoholics. Likewise, the doctors said, you're on the chute soon after you begin not to want to eat while you're drinking. On one of our visits to Willie, he introduced us to a chap who, before they poured him into the ambulance for his second semester in the sanitarium, had gone as long as fourteen days without food with the exception of one hamburger sandwich drowned in ketchup and tabasco sauce. And the odd part of that uncommon demonstration was that he lost only three pounds in weight during that maudlin marathon. But the things that happened to his kidneys, liver, heart, brain and other necessary organs were woeful and almost fatal. He told us that he was now cured, through, off the stuff for life—but his protests lacked conviction. And the doctors said that he was hopeless, that he did not have enough left to make a fight with. He used to be a swell architect too.

Just a few more red lights and we shall try to be more cheerful. If you find that you're doing almost all your drinking with women, pull over to the side of the road and take stock of yourself. You are not going anywhere that you'll enjoy. If where you were once fastidious you became slovenly, in attire or friends, publicly or privately, run, don't walk, to the nearest exit. See your doctor before somebody sends what's left of you to him. The day you discover that two drinks do what five used to do to you, quit drinking—if you can, while you can. And take good heed of the day when you suddenly find that you've become hypersensitive to references to your drinking. When you begin to resent the jocular references of your friends to your alcoholic prowess, you're admitting that you're an addict approaching the incorrigible stage. Your discouraged liver is about to give up its detoxicating function and surrender to your insistence that it become larger and larger, harder and harder. Your brain is becoming wetter and wetter, its lower nerve centers short-circuited, and you're losing your self-critical faculties—the ability to see yourself as others see you, not a lovely vista at best.

The dismal plight of the alcoholic is simple enough—he drinks too much. But why he is an alcoholic and what to do about him are problems as complicated, devious and paradoxical as the mental processes of a café-society debutante. Which reminds us that the doctors at Willie's sanitarium said that not



a little of their professional activities were devoted to women.

No acceptable statistics are available, our fact-finding agencies, private and governmental, having failed thus far to grant to the psychopathic drunk the problem status of the drug addict and give him, a far more worthy subject, the benefit of their surveys. But they were virtually unanimous that women are more than holding their own in alcoholic numbers. One doctor, an extremely practical gentleman who gave us the shortest definition of an alcoholic, said that there were twice as many female dipsomaniacs as male.

What is a Chronic Alcoholic?

And that raised the eternal question of what a drinker has to do to achieve the title of Chronic Alcoholic. He dismissed it with: A habitual drunk who can't help it. However, it was generally agreed that the best definition of the alcoholic, the abnormal drinker, had been put together by Dr. Edward A. Strecker, professor of psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania:

"He is the man who cannot face reality without alcohol and whose adequate adjustment to reality is impossible as long as he uses alcohol."

But just when a normal drinker crosses the line to abnormal drinking is all but impervious to definition. As it is a poor family that can't afford one gentleman, it is indeed a dreary one that can't produce at least one inveterate drunk somewhere on its tree. Therefore, your own observations of your own problem kin will tell you better than any stranger when your family tippler stopped fooling and settled down to making inebriety his lifework.

But you'll probably be completely unable to tell *why* he went in for wholesale guzzling. You'll have to take your pet lush to the psychiatrist for probing if you're determined to know what is motivating him. And in nine cases out of ten you'll find the family drunk is the family's fault.

Our psychiatrists assure us that there is no such animal as the constitutional or congenital drunk. Because one's father or mother or both were dipsomaniacs does not foredoom the child to an alcoholic fate. On this the pathologists and the psychiatrists agree.

When we launched ourselves upon the task of gathering material for this article we turned first to official channels—national and local health authorities. We foolishly took it for granted that the village drunkard and the town bar fly had long since been accepted as public health problems along with syphilitics, rickety children, T. B.'s and the insane. We were wrong—again. We discovered, of course, what we should have known—that there are few if any public institutions for the treatment of alcoholism as a disease in itself, as a very definite type of neurosis.

Judicial Understanding

The vast majority of alcoholics in the lower economic stratum are treated as criminals. And that's an immeasurably greater crime than being a drunk. Our codes of crimes and misdemeanors catalogue public drunkenness, even when not accompanied by incidental crimes of violence, as a breach of the public peace, even if the sordid wretch is doing nothing more evil than sleeping in the gutter.

We sat in a magistrate's court to behold a middle-aged laborer cling desperately to the railing in front of His Honor's bench. He was shaking like a poisoned dog, only half comprehending what the judge was saying, weakly nodding as a pale, smug court clerk read the poor devil's dreary record—twenty-two arrests for drunkenness in two years. And we heard the judge, poor fool, tell him that he "ought to be ashamed of himself" (as if he wasn't!) and that the court was determined "to make an example of him." So he was bundled off to spend the next three months on the rock pile along with an assortment of pickpockets, two-bit racketeers, sex perverts and trifling punks—for committing the heinous crime of being mentally ill. As they took him away the old soak mumbled a few words of thanks. The court accepted the slack-jawed gratitude and severely hoped that this would be a lesson to him. In fact the court was so righteous about it all that we asked His Honor, over a pretty beery lunch, whether he didn't think saloon proprietors ought to be a bit more loath to sell whisky to men and women who were already drunk. His answer put us in our place. The court decreed that there was already too much interference by government in private business.

In three months the horrible example would quit the workhouse to resume his battle with alcohol. And he'll be equipped as well as a slugger with two sore hands entering the ring against Joe Louis.

Of course, Willie, being quality folks, didn't have to go to the rock pile although we're not convinced that it

(Continued on page 30)

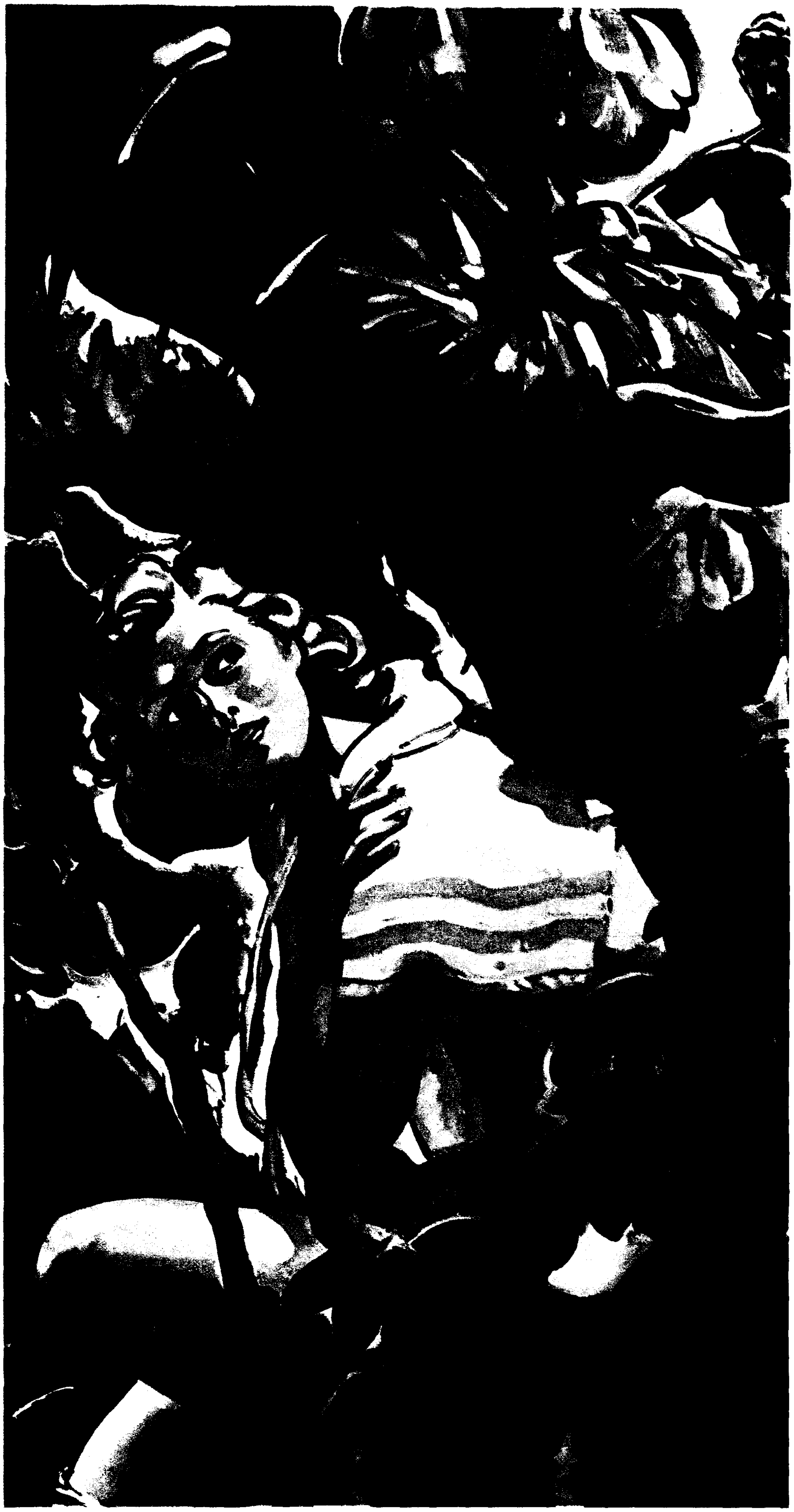
RUDOLF HOFFMANN

Kona Nightingale

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

She wanted the truth about the man she was going to marry. She got it from the man she was going to love



THE Kona Coast of the island of Hawaii has its own peculiar fame. In the bay of Kealakekua, long before the pineapple and tourist trade, Captain James Cook, explorer to Britain's glory, met his undignified end in a Polynesian stewpot—he is honored on the spot where he fell by a low concrete shaft near the village of Napoopoo. But the west coast is famous for other things.

It is famous for its delicious Kona coffee; for its sudden southwesterly busters; and for the loveliness of its schoolteachers—who are thought by sailors to get very lonely up in those hot lava hills, teaching the Portuguese, Kanaka and *hapa-haole* kids their readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic. It is famous also for a particularly virulent breed of donkey, small of stature but stentorian of voice, with a mysterious passion for indiscriminate braying through half the day and most of the night. So in sheer affectionate despair—on the leeward coast of Hawaii—they call him the Kona nightingale. And that was the startling sound that Matthew Grady heard.

Matthew Grady didn't climb the cliff above the little shoreside village of Napoopoo to hear a Kona donkey bray. He climbed the promontory in swimming trunks because he wanted to get clear of his ship's chief mate and read the book he had in his hand. Mr. Grady was third officer of the glorified steam schooner Makena, discharging lumber from her anchorage far below the cliff. On a narrow open bay of blue silk water fringed with coco palms, she had her anchors down and two hawsers leading ashore to the stout trunks of trees so she wouldn't surge upon the reef, because the holding ground is poor. The lumber was going overside in lashed slingloads, hauled through the water to the sandy beach, with a Chinese coolie straddling each load to guide it through the surf. Because that's how you discharge your cargo in Napoopoo; and that's how Matt Grady came ashore, rafted on a load of Humboldt County redwood. And then he heard that brutal sound exploding in his ears.

"What the hell!" said Mr. Grady, torn bodily to his feet by that explosive roar.

It was no ordinary sound. It shuddered the earth. It sent its cacophonic tremors shattering into distance. Matt Grady thought he had stumbled on a lion's den at the very least. So it was with caution that he peered around the bend of the trail. And there was the little beast. It seemed fantastic to believe that so small an animal, as animals go, could make so vast a noise. But it was true. The little donkey stood bravely in a small clearing, its feet braced against recoil, its tail stiff, and to prove its worth beyond any doubt it projected its long head and uttered that amazing volume of sound again.

"Shut up, you brute!" said Matthew Grady, forcefully.

The beast slowly looked his way. For an instant the eyes shone with luminous expectancy. But they clouded at once with disappointment. Then the ears went back again; the lower jaw trembled. With extended neck and eyes half closed, that fabulous bellow violated the quiet of the day once more. Mr. Grady, whose hair was red as warning and who looked extremely fit in his swimming trunks, eyed the terrain for a likely rock to heave. He was just about to stoop for one that seemed just right, when he heard a shrill, clear whistle from below. It had a startling effect,

"Hey, there!" Matthew Grady called. "If you're coming up here, you'd better get on that swim suit first." The form disappeared

upon Matt Grady as well as on the donkey.

Matthew Grady just stood and stared. But the beast set up a delicate prancing. His wailing bray became short chortlings of happiness. At first the young third mate of the Makena didn't quite believe what he saw. But when he heard that low contralto voice, he knew he wasn't mistaken.

"All right, Gabriel," it called. "Don't be so impatient! Here I come."

Matthew Grady blinked. He saw a deep, clear pool of spring water, blue and sun-dappled. Only partially concealed by the heavy shrubbery below, he saw also a white towel and some blue stuff that might have been a swim suit over a gracefully agitated shoulder. For an instant he caught sight of a flashing form, exquisite in voluptuous curves, sun-browned as a nut and glistening with wet. And a shock of chestnut-colored hair.

"HEY, there!" Matthew Grady called hastily. "If you're coming up here, you better get on that swim suit first!"

The shrubbery stirred violently; the form instantly disappeared. "You . . . ! Where are you, and how'd you get up here?"

"The other side of this noisy beast . . . and I walked."

"Well, you've got your nerve!"

"Why? You don't own the whole coast, do you?"

A girl's head and bare shoulders popped above the greenery. Matthew saw clear gray eyes that bubbled frankly and quite without any shame; a small stubborn chin with a delicate cleft; and a pertly uptilted nose. He saw also that mass of wavy chestnut hair again. Then the girl's head tipped saucily. "No," she said. "I don't own any of it. How about you?"

"I came up here for peace and quiet."

"So did I."

"Well, then one of us has got to leave."

"Of course!" said the girl, tossing her head. "Goodby." And she went out of sight at once.

Matthew Grady scowled. But he didn't go away. He didn't see why he should. So he just stood there, his index finger still holding his place in his book. Till the girl, lithe and long-legged, came into the clearing, the firm outlines of her loveliness plainly revealed in her pale blue swim suit. The donkey made guttural sounds of delight in its throat, nuzzling her. So she stroked its neck till, contented with her presence, it began to forage the shrubbery for tender morsels of food.

"I DON'T wonder you call him Gabriel," said Matt Grady, trying hard to maintain his sour scowl. "He makes enough noise to wake the dead."

The girl turned. "Oh," she murmured sweetly, "are you still here?" Mr. Grady couldn't help but notice how those amazingly clear gray eyes twinkled, and how that funny little nose got all wrinkled up when she smiled. She looked affectionately toward the brown-hided donkey. "I tamed him myself. Whenever we're apart he always comes to this place and—"

"And brays like a foghorn!"

"That's right. Until I get here."

"Cute."

"Certainly, it's cute! I'm proud of him. There isn't another voice like his on the island. And he's the only Kona nightingale ever to be really domesticated."

"Kona nightmare, you mean."

"You just don't appreciate Gabriel, that's all. Don't you know that at every native wedding feast on this coast, during the *luau* the girl still rides off into the hills on the back of a Kona nightingale in the traditional Kanaka ceremony? She's supposed to be running away. And the bridegroom is supposed to find her and bring back his bride. It means good luck." The girl laughed an abruptly contagious laugh. "There wouldn't be much trouble finding anyone who went off on Gabriel's back. Not with *his* voice!"

"Very interesting," said Matt Grady with extreme dryness.

"Do you have to be surly?" the girl flashed at him with quick anger. "After all, I didn't invite you here. Why don't you stay on board the Makena where you belong, Mr. Snooty Third Mate?"

"How'd you know I was the Makena's third mate?"

"Strangers aren't common in Napoopoo. She's sent a new one every voyage the past three trips."

"Yes," Matt Grady snapped, "and she'll send another new one next trip!"

The anger drained from the girl's face as swiftly as it had surged. "You mean because of Graham Newhall, don't you?"

"If Mr. Newhall's a chief mate, I'm the Punjab of Siam!" Matt Grady burst this out thoughtlessly, remembering that man with a seaman's just anger at incompetence. "Because he's a pineapple fortune's son and heir they make him a white-haired boy and shove him along. Six months more and he'll get a ship. Then it'll be Captain Newhall. Fine!" Mr. Grady stopped. That's the way she affected him. Made him blurt things out like a fool. So he glared. "What business is it of yours?"

MATTHEW GRADY didn't notice what gray thing stole into the girl's wide eyes. But he heard her murmur quietly: "I—I'm to marry Mr. Newhall."

He looked at her quickly then. And he blinked. "Sorry," he said curtly, "that's what you get, annoying me when—"

"Annoying *you!*"

"Certainly!" He waved his book at her. "I came up here to read."

"Oh, you did; did you? Well, this place is mine! You can just go off somewhere else to read your silly adventure stories."

"I'm not reading adventure stories!" Matt Grady flared. "I'm reading about Spica and Cassiopeia and—"

"Well, go somewhere else with your Greek philosophy then!"

"They're not Greek philosophers!" Mr. Grady fairly roared. "They're stars, if you must know. Stars! And a sailor's got to know about them before he can sit for his chief mate's certificate. But—"

"That's right. Bellow at me! Go on and . . ."

She sat down quite suddenly and lowered her head. Matthew towered over her, seeing the delicate down at the nape of her neck where the sun caught it and made it golden. So he sat down beside her. "I'm sorry," he said.

She shook her head, making no answer. Below them the Makena swung her booms like a toy ship on a lake of glass, except where a line of surf showed the reef's red coral teeth half bared. Behind them Gabriel, the donkey, grazed in blissful serenity. And after a while the girl spoke, without looking up.

"I use this place," she said, "for a sort of spiritual retreat. I came up here to think quietly about that."

"About what?"

"About marrying Graham Newhall."

"Oh."

"You won't come back, and I don't even know who you are. It's a funny thing," she murmured, "but because of that I can talk to you. The way you did. Because if you knew me, you'd never have said what you did about him. You just can't tell people you know the truth. But I'll never see you again, so it does no harm if you know. It'll help me get it straight."

Matthew Grady snorted: "I'm flattered."

SHE went on as if she hadn't heard: "I teach school back there." She tossed her head vaguely. "And it's mother's idea. About marrying Graham Newhall, I mean. Mother's a Dorchester. Of the Honolulu Dale-Dorchesters, if you know what that implies. The missionary Dorchesters. The best Honolulu families stem from that. Like Mayflower pilgrim stock in the States. You've just got to be one to be anyone. Well, Mother is. Decidedly! And since father's death, the family fortune's got pretty thin. That's why I'm teaching school. Mother thinks it's really disgraceful. So—"

"So you're supposed to marry Graham Newhall of the pineapple and shipping Newhalls and make everything rosy again."

She nodded, facing him squarely. "That's right. So what do you think? We're complete strangers and we'll never see each other again. You can tell me the truth."

Looking at her, he wanted for some reason to shake her. Violently. And that impulse staggered him. Because Mr. Grady was a serious-minded young man who had no time for women. He wanted to learn about the stars so he could answer questions properly and come away with a chief mate's ticket in his hand. And here she was, disturbing him to the roots of his flame-red hair. It made him angry. So he snorted. Loudly.

"I don't know what you ought to do," he growled. "But I do know what you *will* do."

"Yes?"

"Yes! You'll marry him. They nearly always do. Funny thing that way about girls and love. They keep it under good control. Just as easy to stumble over a boulder shot with gold as a pebble common as dirt." He shrugged. "Cushy! You'll marry him all right. Don't you fret about—"

"Why, you . . . !" The palm of the girl's hand came up swiftly. It slammed against his face. "You think you're pretty smart!" She came instantly to her feet. "Goodby!"

Matthew Grady looked after her. His cheek stung. Watching her loveliness go swinging and swaying down the trail, he almost smiled. But he thought better of it, scowling savagely instead. Then he stood up. "My name's Matthew Grady!" he shouted after her. "Just in case you want to remember, when you're Mrs. Graham Newhall, who it was told you the truth about the facts of life!"

She whirled to look up at him for just long enough to call wrathfully back: "My name is Lona Dorchester. And you're the nastiest redheaded man I ever met!"

Mr. Matthew Grady opened his mouth to reply. But he didn't. For just then Gabriel, aware of Lona's absence, braced his four little feet, stuck his tail out stiffly, and shattered the atmosphere with one long, stentorian roar. Then he ambled peacefully after her. And this time Matt Grady really smiled, although he could see the girl no longer.

But he forgot all about Spica and Cassiopeia and the relation of sidereal time to the art of navigation which was his trade. He just smiled. And he was still smiling to himself in that secret

(Continued on page 28)

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

KENT DUNHAM, a commercial artist, meets Jocelyn Britton, a stenographer who works for a law firm in San Francisco. Strongly attracted to each other, they lunch together, motor together, and meet whenever they can. Then it dawns upon them that they are in love—and Dunham is a married man!

They discuss the situation frankly. They decide that, since Dunham's wife—Lilian, a sweet, vapid little woman—should not be put through the ordeal of a divorce, they must rest content with seeing each other often and await what the future may hold.

Months pass. Dunham, offered a good job in Portland, accepts it. And, in the course of a long talk, he tells Jocelyn that they must renounce all thought of ultimate happiness together; that they must ignore, forget, their love.

Jocelyn accepts Kent Dunham's verdict. But, adoring him, she is wretchedly unhappy. As the day for his departure approaches, and he does not communicate with her, she grows frantic. . . . In the office where she is employed, Philip Fordyce, one of her bosses, dictates a letter to her; it is to his divorced wife, in Europe, and it has to do with his wild young daughter, Norma, who, having inherited a vast fortune, is one of the world's great heiresses. The girl, Jocelyn gathers, has run away from a school in Florence; she is in New York, en route to San Francisco. . . .

No word comes from Dunham. He had told her he would spend his last free days—while his wife is visiting her mother—at a cabin in the hills near Piedmont (the property of Covington Keble, an artist, who is in Europe). So, in the belief that Una Booth, one of her friends, and Una's husband are sharing the cabin with Dunham, Jocelyn—desperate, and feeling that she must see the man she loves for a few final moments—borrows a car and motors out to it.

She reaches the cabin as a storm is breaking, enters it. The Booths are not there. But Dunham is. He stares at her, astounded. Then, coming to her, he takes her in his arms, kisses her. In the long silence that ensues, they hear the roar of the wind outside; they hear the great trees bending, creaking; they hear the rain come beating down.

II

THIS is a nice little hour stolen from under the gods' very noses," Jocelyn said contentedly. She stretched her feet toward the fire and turned the aureole of her bright hair against the cushions of the old chair.

Kent, stretched equally at ease in a companion chair of shabby leather, opposite her, smiled, took his pipe from his mouth and smiled again.

It was half past nine o'clock. The rain had stopped, and when Jocelyn, finishing supper dishes in good housewifely fashion, had stepped out to the back porch to invert the dishpan and hang the towels on the rail, she had seen stars overhead, and had called Kent to watch the white moon struggling in a tangle of heavy, rolling clouds. Kent had braced her with his arm and they had stood for a long while without speaking, staring up at the wild beauty of the night.

Then it had been good to come in, chilled and breathing deep, to replenish the fire and settle themselves there to rest and get warm after the strenuous work of getting a meal in a place as primitive as Covey's.

Never in all the months of their friendship had they two seemed as closely united in mood and spirit as they were tonight. It was as if they had weathered a great storm, been washed apart and now found themselves flung safely upon a high sun-warmed beach, rediscovering each other with all the freshness of beginnings and yet with all of the seasoned joy of known delight.

"Kent, I have to go home. It'll take me an hour to drive back."

"When you go I'll go with you," he said, not stirring, except to settle back in his chair again without removing his thoughtful eyes from the fire.

"That wouldn't do any good, darling. We'd be in two cars."

"It'd be an escort, anyway. But I'll drive your car and leave mine here. I'd have to come back tomorrow anyway. I can take the train. I've not done any packing, really."

"YOU mustn't do that. No, I'll toast for another half-hour, and then be on my way. But, Kent," Jocelyn said, her beautiful eyes on his, "this has been so perfect! This has been just what I needed. I've wanted so terribly just another hour with you; and to have it here, just our two selves, and the rain shutting us in, has been—well, I'm grateful. And I do see," she went on a little thickly, but steadily, and with a smile in the eyes that were suddenly misted, "I do see that we have to end it, Kent, and I'm going over to Aunt Nell's tomorrow to begin quite a different way of feeling. Really I am!

"I've no business to dream dreams and build plans about another woman's husband, not any more than about another woman's baby. We've kept it all at a certain decent level, but I'm not so sure that even that is quite as—as noble as we've always considered it," Jocelyn went on, sometimes glancing at the fire, sometimes bringing her eyes to his again. "We've not given Lilian the satisfaction even of despising us!" she said, on a rueful laugh.

Kent was listening, his head dropped, his fine sensitive mouth biting now and then on his pipestem, his eyes moving moodily to her face, moodily narrowing as he looked into far space again. He did not speak.

"Wasn't it always a sort of lie, Kent, that we were just good friends, that we wouldn't hurt Lilian, that we didn't take from her anything that belonged to her? If we'd been free to marry and had married, I wouldn't want to give any other woman that much of you," Jocelyn said honestly. "You've kissed me, you've made me presents, we've met each other secretly a hundred times, and we've said all along that it didn't rob Lilian. But I'm not so sure!"

Still he did not speak. He had raised

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

his eyes now and he was regarding her steadily.

"So you see I've come to see it your way," she finished, gaining certainty with every word.

"I wonder if we've been a pair of fools!" Kent said suddenly in a hoarse voice.

"Fools?" Jocelyn faltered, her eyes widening.

The man spoke in a quiet, thoughtful tone, his body bent forward in his low chair, his locked fingers dropped between his knees. He looked at the fire.

"I wonder, my dear," he said, "if we haven't been fools. You're quite right. What we did take was really much more than what we prided ourselves upon *not* taking! Companionship, love, longing, we struggled to adjust them for months and months. You wouldn't give in, and I didn't want you to give in. I wanted to keep you higher than myself, higher than any woman who loves and gives and is a man's. Well, we achieved it. We kept to the letter of the law. I'm going away on Monday; we'll not see each other again for a long time. We've killed the beautiful thing; it's dying by inches. You're mine by every law of our hearts and minds and bodies. But that isn't the world's law. And we give in to the world's law, of course."

HIS voice had sunk so low that she could hardly hear him. There was no bitterness in it, no violence. It was as if he were merely thinking aloud.

"But I wonder," he said musingly again, "if we haven't been fools!"

It was her turn to be silent now. She could not speak.

"I thought I could say goodby to you rationally and easily," Kent was presently saying. "I'd thought it all out. My promotion, going back to live in the old town, playing fair with Lilian. I don't know why that should suddenly have seemed to me important, for she's not especially happy with me. I think that after any break or change she'd very quickly readjust herself, settle down again. But anyway, I felt that she and I were very definitely in the picture, and you necessarily out of it, and that we could work it out that way. Now—"

He stopped on the word and was silent. She took it up:

"Now? Nothing is changed now. Except that we have had this wonderful stolen hour and this talk."

"Everything's changed now," he stated firmly. "I know now that it's only you. You forever and forever, nobody else. That's what I've just been finding out. You're the one wonderful, perfect thing that's ever come into my life, and all that matters is that I don't lose you. I've been an awful fool, Jocelyn; I've been sitting here thinking, just these last few minutes, what a consummate fool I've been!"

He stood up and put his pipe on the low mantel, and came over to kneel beside her and take both her hands in his.

"Darling," he said, "will you forgive me? You have forgiven me, haven't you, or you'd never have come over tonight. Will you trust me that I'll not fail you again? We'll go through with it now. We'll go through with it now!" Kent repeated with a long indrawn breath. "We'll begin tonight a new life that belongs just to you and me, and that the world won't either see or care about! I'll not go to Portland on Monday, Jocelyn," he said, "I'll go to Reno. It's best that way, dear, and afterward we'll take whatever chances come along. I'll always be able to take care of you, even if it's only in a place like this. I'll see Lilian tomorrow, in Richmond here—"

"In Richmond?" Her sharp whisper filled the pause as he hesitated. Richmond was but a few miles away.

"Yes; she didn't go to Oregon. Her sister, who lives here in Richmond, telephoned her Wednesday that their mother is down here visiting. So Lilian went over there yesterday and will drive up with them later in the week. Jocelyn, I know she'll be reasonable," Kent said, "and if she isn't, there are ways to get around her. It may take a little time, but it can be managed. I think I knew all along that this was the way it must be, and I've been fighting it off—I've been trying to keep what I had and have you, too. That's over now. I know now I have nothing without you! We'll begin again. We'll have again what we had in those first days, Jocelyn—"

"The blue morocco handbag," she interrupted, smiling with brimming eyes.

"The blue handbag. And the primroses in a green pot. And lunch at Julius' Castle."

"Julius' Castle!" she echoed.

"WE BELONG together, dear. It's had me all upset and undecided, this miserable business of feeling we ought to say goodby, trying to say goodby. We'll never part again, sweetheart. And when we can—the first moment that we can, we'll be married." He leaned back, still holding her lightly by the shoulders, to smile at her. "You know that, don't you?" he said.

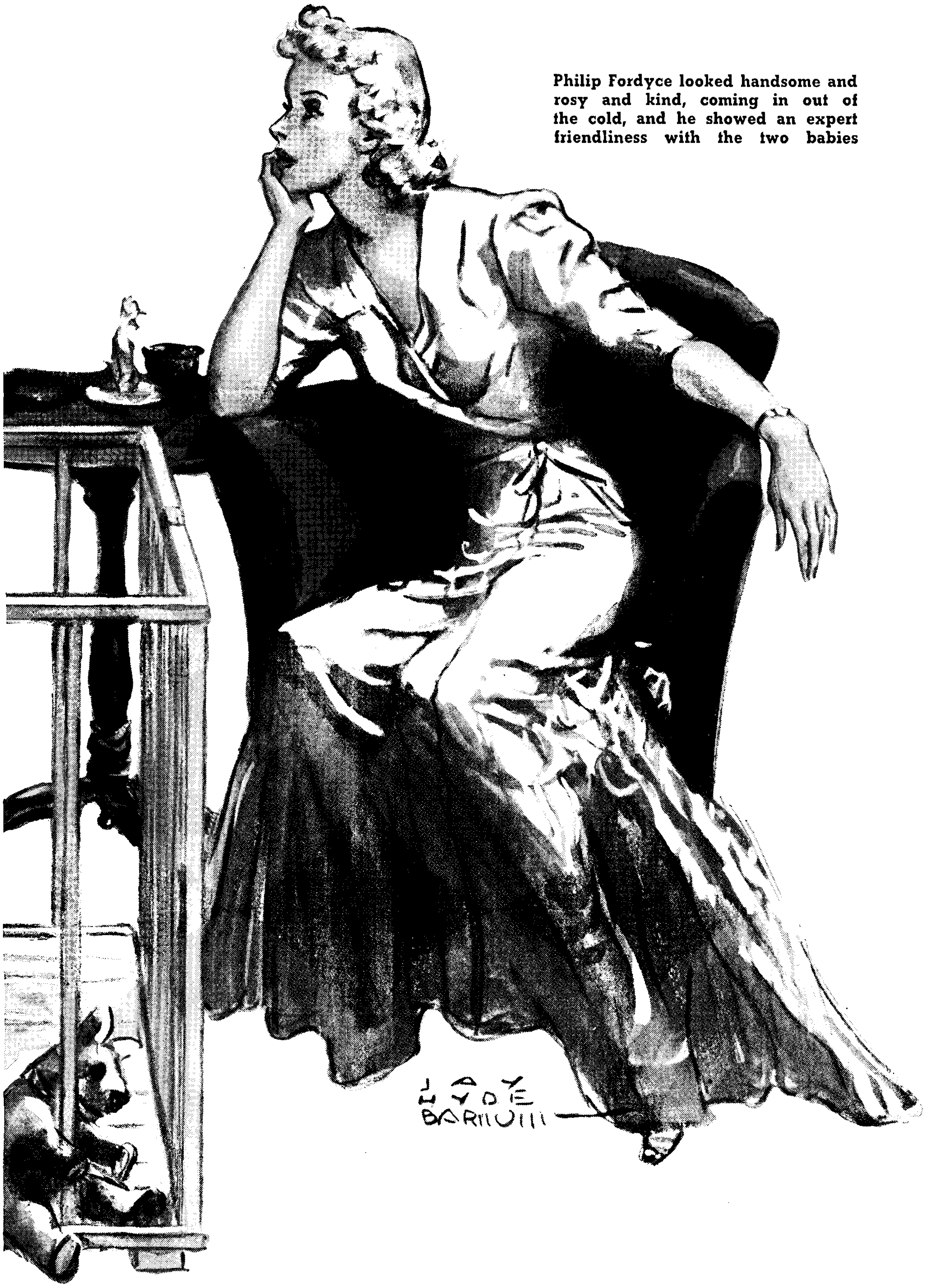
She looked deep into his eyes. Her own eyes were very serious.

"I do know that, Kent."

"Then that's that. And you are mine now, Jocelyn, mine by every vow, every promise I can make to you. I'll leave you here tomorrow and motor over and see Lilian. It's only twenty minutes from here And after that I'll resign from the Portland thing and get my old job back, and we'll start from there. For love's the only thing that's true," Kent said, "love's the only thing too precious to throw away. It sounds so flat but it means everything! One glorious week of our life together will make up for all this coldness, this calculation and hesitation and nonsense! You'll not be afraid?" he broke off to ask suddenly. "You trust me?"

"I seem to have been waiting so long to hear you say this, Kent." She leaned forward and rested her forehead against his with a long sigh, and felt his arm tighten about her.

(Continued on page 60)



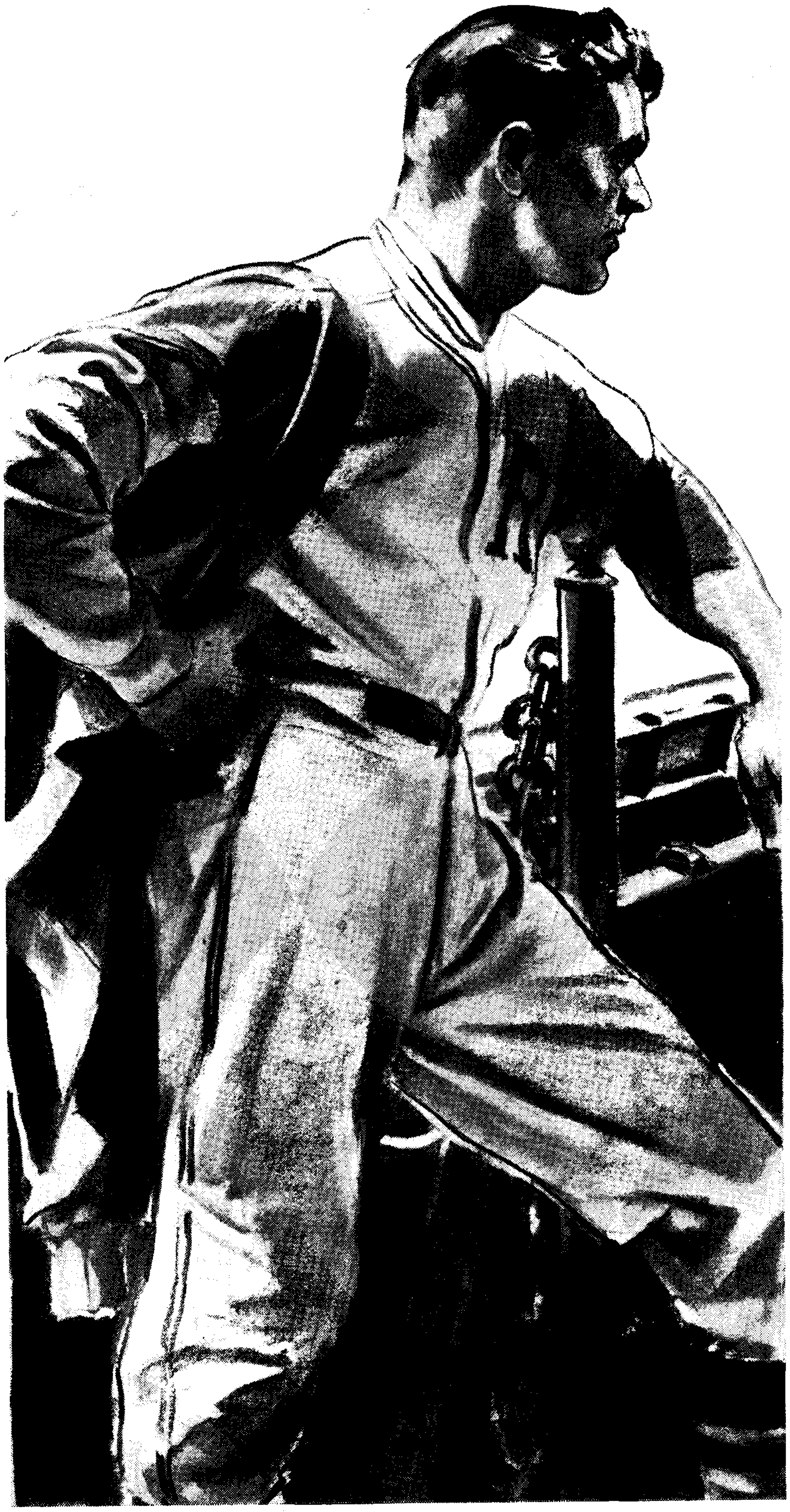
Philip Fordyce looked handsome and rosy and kind, coming in out of the cold, and he showed an expert friendliness with the two babies

Father's Day

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

The story of a heartbreaking ninth that wasn't played on the ball field



"What are you doing here?" the boy asked in a low, flat voice. "Was this Lucille's idea?" Quick tears were in the girl's eyes. Something in his eyes made her voice trail away into hopeless silence

IT WAS like all of Nick Russo's parties. There were bellboys bringing in drinks and sandwiches and over in one corner of the room Nick was holding court, surrounded by the usual politicians and party girls and some of the boys who worked the play spots and Hialeah. They were all giving him the song and dance about how swell it was to have the big boy himself down there in Miami. Nick sat there, enjoying it, smiling a fat smile that almost hit his little dark eyes.

For a moment Jim Bailey stood in the doorway, watching them and wondering how he could take a powder. Nick saw him first. "Come over here, Jim," he said, waving a pudgy hand. "I want you to meet the local firemen."

All of them laughed and some turned and glanced at the man in the doorway, a big, careless man with blue eyes and graying hair. There were large, sloping shoulders and an expensive suit that was meant to make him look younger, and you could tell he had been somebody. Nick motioned with his glass.

"Boys and girls, Jim Bailey." Then, expansively: "He handles the baseball pools."

The others nodded and a little man said wisely, "He oughtta. A guy who's been around—"

Nick frowned at him and the little man was abruptly, awkwardly silent. Jim's glance flickered over him, resting on the pert little blonde who was getting him a highball. He was smiling at her when a swarthy man in a sports suit tapped his shoulder.

"I remember you," he said. "I've seen a lot of them walk out there and I've never seen anybody who had as much stuff. One day I saw you stop Brooklyn with two scratch hits. Boy, you had it!"

"Thanks," said Jim Bailey, taking the drink from the girl. "That was a long time ago, though."

Nick let out a roar. "You hear that?" he demanded. "A guy who won a pennant singlehanded, giving us the modest business!"

Jim shrugged, laughing it off, still wondering how he was going to break away. Nick would be wanting to go some place and show him off. It made the big boy feel bigger than ever to have a guy like Jim Bailey taking orders from him. But there was one thing about Nick. Even if you didn't like him you knew you had a job as long as Nick figured you were a good front.

And, if you were smart, you were salting a little away for the time you could tell them all off and walk out for keeps.

It was the little blonde who came up with it then. She had been studying his wind-burned face with a puzzled little frown and now her blue eyes suddenly widened. "I know," she said. "You're the one who was a great ballplayer and—"

There was the usual awkward pause while Jim took his time about finishing the drink. "Sure," he said then, sounding just casual enough. "I'm the one who got tossed out on his ear. They don't like gambling men."

He didn't even bother giving her the story. Any fan could tell her Big Jim Bailey's record: a no-hit game, thirty wins in one season, for seven years the league's leading pitcher. They could tell her, too, how Big Jim Bailey had always liked the ponies and money and fast company. And how he had bet wrong just once. It took only once.

Nick was loudly ordering another round. "We're going out to the track," he told Jim. "You want to give the beagles a play?"

Jim was straightening his tie in the mirror. "Not today," he said, thinking of the letter in his pocket. "I've got a date."

Nick shook his head. "Always the ladies' man," he said in that half admiration of a fat, soft man for a tall, well-built one. "Would you believe it? Only yesterday he got a mash note!"

Jim winked at the others. "I'll be seeing you folks around," he said. "Leave a little at the track for me, Nick."

IT WAS an hour's drive to Suwanee where the Robins were training. The day was warm and sunny, and Jim Bailey wished he were at the track instead of driving out there, wondering if he wasn't making a grandstand play. Still, if the kid wanted to see him—

The girl was waiting for him at the entrance, a nice-looking girl wearing a plaid sports jacket and a little felt crusher. He had been trying to picture what she would be like and now that she was there before him he could think of only one thing: she looked like Ellen.

"I'm Lucille," she said a little shyly, and he nodded, feeling less sure of himself, as he always did around nice women. There was chestnut-colored hair and deep blue eyes and the tip of her nose was a little sunburned.

"I'm glad to know you," he said. "Is the kid around?"

She nodded, indicating the ball park. "I didn't tell him you might be down. I wasn't sure if you would get my letter or if—or if you would want to come." She waited and when he was still silent, added lamely: "One of the reporters told me you were in Miami."

She was watching him and he realized that it was too late to duck now. Squaring his shoulders, he followed her inside, swaggering a little, as if going into a ball park was still an everyday occurrence.

They found a seat up in the stands away from the crowd. The battery men were working out down front and suddenly Jim Bailey saw him. He was a tall, slender boy with good shoulders, standing there with his hands on his hips and the perspiration running down his tanned face. The catcher tossed him a ball and he went into his delivery, giving his shoulders a queer little hitch as he came back on one leg.

JIM BAILEY felt white and shaky then, as if it were fifteen years ago and he was seeing himself out there again, hitching his shoulders, ready to let fly. Then the ball smacked into the catcher's mitt and Jim Bailey's son stepped back from the rubber.

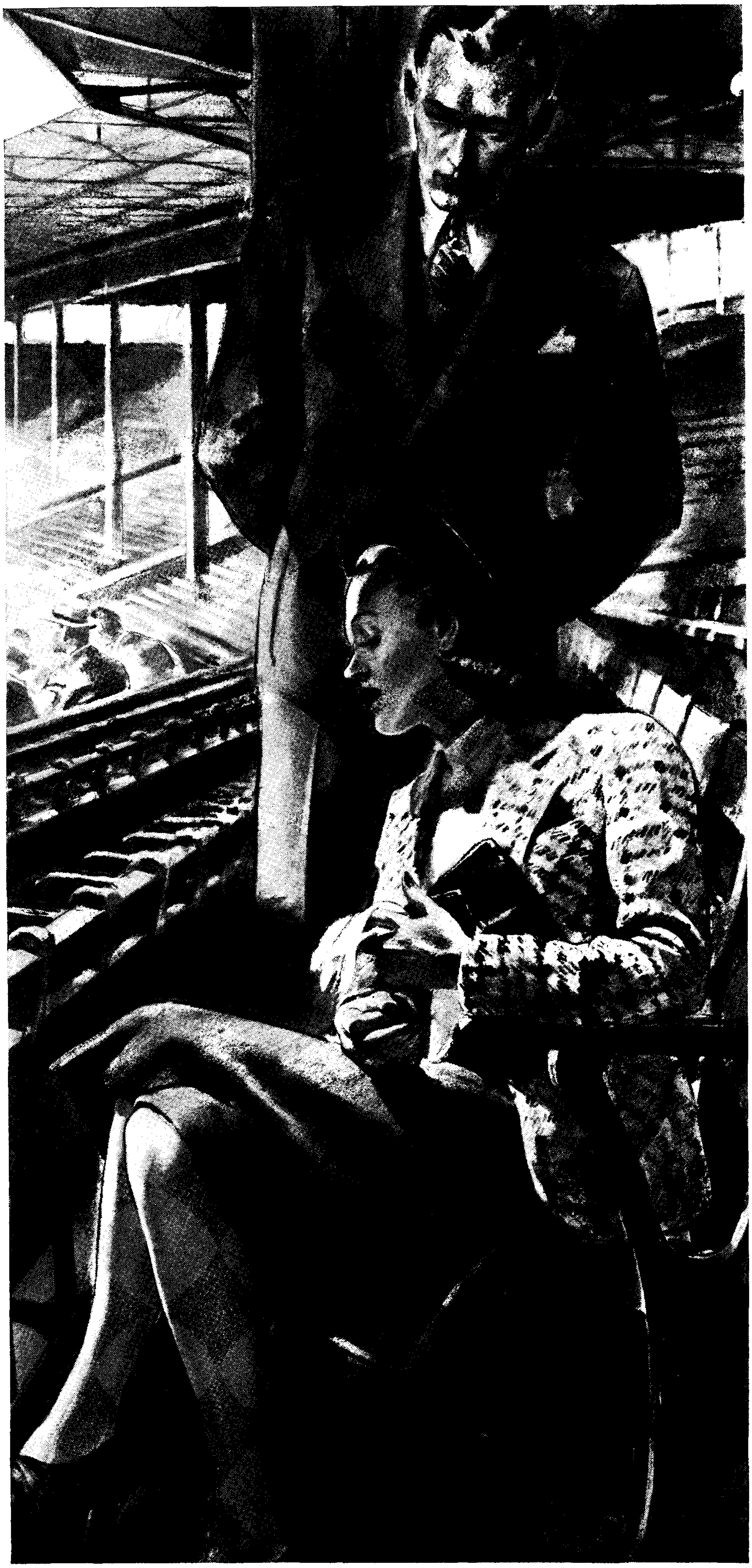
"He looks like you," the girl said. "They call him Young Jim."

"I know," the big man said slowly. "I've followed him in the papers."

Her grave glance told him that was an odd thing for a father to say but then he had been an odd father. When their world had gone up in an explosion of headlines, Ellen couldn't take it and had gone home to her folks with the boy. And Jim Bailey could never fit into his home town again, hearing that silence that fell on the cigar store whenever he came in. But you don't tell those things to a strange young girl, even if she is your son's wife.

"It's his big chance," said Lucille. "There's been a lot of publicity."

Maybe too much, Jim thought, watching the little lines around the kid's mouth. The Robins' business manager had discovered him playing semipro ball and had promptly pronounced him big-league material. Or was it big-league



copy—a name that was news, a name that would help fill the parks with the curious and with those who still remembered when Big Jim Bailey was the greatest of them all?

"It's been fifteen years," he said suddenly. "That would make him twenty-two."

"Twenty-three," the girl said gently. "We were married the summer after his mother died."

"Oh," he said, keeping his eyes on the field. Tom O'Connor, the Robins' manager, was out there knocking fungoes. Presently he called in some of the perspiring regulars for batting practice. Young Jim Bailey was the first to go out on the mound.

The kid looked tight, bearing down when there wasn't any reason for it. He didn't seem to be getting any fun out of it, Jim thought suddenly. The kid had a decent curve and a fast one that took a hop when he pulled the string on it, but he didn't need to show them now.

"He ought to loosen up," he muttered. "He ought to float 'em in there."

Lucille looked at him, wondering if he had been speaking to her. "Jim always tries hard," she said presently. "It means a lot to us. The—the money and everything."

He glanced at her, wondering if this son was going to be like him after all. Wanting money and the fun and excitement it could bring. It wasn't until you were getting up there that you realized you had to save some of it. Save it for the day when you walked out on fat little men who were big shots, walked out on the chiselers and parties. All you needed was enough to leave you safe out there in California, taking it easy under the sun among your orange trees. Twelve or thirteen thousand dollars would do it.

HE WATCHED the kid finish out his turn on the hill, unaware that the girl's throat felt parched and dry as she thought of what the next few minutes might bring. She simply had to tell him now that Jim *hadn't* asked her to write, that it had been her own idea. But it wasn't *right* for them not even to know each other!

"Mr. Bailey," she said, her eyes young and deeply troubled.

He glanced at her, waited, and she couldn't find the right words. "It was nothing," she said finally. "I—I just hoped you weren't sorry you came down."

His eyes were on the field again, watching the kid looking over the stands for his wife. The boy spotted her and climbed over a box, making his way toward them. Jim was looking at him as he said, "It's all right. It was just the way things broke. I was never much of a hand at writing."

Then the kid was standing beside them, staring at the big man and Lucille was saying, "Jim, dear—" His mouth was white and tight against the tanned face. "Jim—"

He didn't even glance at her. He had Ellen's clear hazel eyes and the Hogue set to his mouth. Only the crisp brown hair and those broad, sloping shoulders were like his father's. There were little lines around his lips and he looked older than twenty-three; he looked as if he had always been older than twenty-three.

Jim Bailey got to his feet—two big men facing each other. Then the older man smiled and held out his hand. "How are you, kid?"

Somehow it didn't sound right. It sounded corny, East Lynne without the snowstorm.

"What are you doing here?" the boy asked in a low, flat voice. "Was this Lucille's idea?"

Quick tears were in the girl's eyes. "Jim, you have to understand—" Something in his eyes made her voice trail away into hopeless silence. The big man in the expensive suit looked at her, wondering how he had ever fallen for such a sucker setup. Women didn't understand things had to be like this. But even so, he didn't like the scorn in the kid's eyes. He had sent money home for him plenty of times; sent it home when it wasn't easy to come by.

"I'm sorry," he said dryly. "It was just a bush-league idea all the way around."

He started to go then but the kid grabbed his arm. He was surprised at the strength in those fingers. "Wait a minute!" the boy said, his voice young and harsh. "I don't want you thinking I'm playing ball because of any hero worship. Ever since I was a kid in the grades I've been Big Jim Bailey's boy—and everyone took it for granted I'd be a ballplayer too. The only reason I'm out there now is so I can earn enough money that Lucille and I can go someplace and be somebody besides Jim Bailey's boy."

The girl was crying openly now. Young Jim looked at her and some of the harshness slipped from his features. He put his arm around her, glad he hadn't said more. Said how it felt to be heir to a legend—a legend that had gone down in scandal and headlines and whispers that followed you wherever you went. There were so many things he could have said.

Jim Bailey, too, was silent. It wasn't any fun finding out your kid was just a payday player. That wasn't the way Young Jim Bailey should have turned out. His old man had stood out there and loved it: the crowds, the brawling fans in the bleachers, *(Continued on page 33)*

THE TERRIBLE TWINS

By Winston Churchill

Mr. Churchill, again First Lord of the Admiralty in the British War Cabinet, cabled this article to Collier's a few hours before the war began. Distrustful from the beginning of the policy of appeasement, he lost no chance to warn the world of coming disaster. Here are his views, eloquently given, of the pact between Hitler and Stalin

MR. CHAMBERLAIN described the announcement of the Nazi-Soviet pact as a bombshell. It was certainly a very remarkable event and one that casts lurid but revealing gleams in many directions.

It was not without great difficulty and the hard pressure of danger that the Tory party in England brought itself to tolerate the idea of negotiation or even alliance with the evil beast of Bolshevism, but, when at last the British government decided that it would be wise on the whole to try to get Russia into the nonaggression front, the dominant elements in England dutifully swallowed the dose.

The Russian behavior, to use a neutral word, was no bombshell to the conservative forces in England or in France. For the first time for many years they were able to exclaim, gleefully, "I told you so!" . . . "What could you expect," they asked exultingly, "when you tried to woo the crocodile but a bite from poisoned fangs?"

But then again, some voices of the Right Wing in British, French and American politics—for these reactions affect all countries—were genuinely disappointed that Dear Herr Hitler should have betrayed the anti-Communist or anti-Bolshevik cause. Readers of my articles in Collier's will remember that I have always pointed out the many resemblances of Bolshevism and Nazism. I have compared them to the North and South poles. If you woke up one morning at either, you would not know which it was. There might be a few polar bears at one or penguins at the other, but these would appear only gradually upon the scene and for the rest there would be snow, ice and the blast of a driving wind.

Both these creeds of hatred, both these forms of tyranny, both these idiotologies march together in obliterating the rights of the ordinary common man and exalting into an idol, guarded by priests armed with automatics, the conception of the state. They were both ready to destroy the whole history and tradition that lies behind the march of humanity.

They were both eager to repudiate the Christian revelation, they both exalted the white-ant pattern of society. Yet they were opposed; they presented themselves as the two supreme antagonisms behind which all the reasonable and decent peoples in the world should arrange themselves.

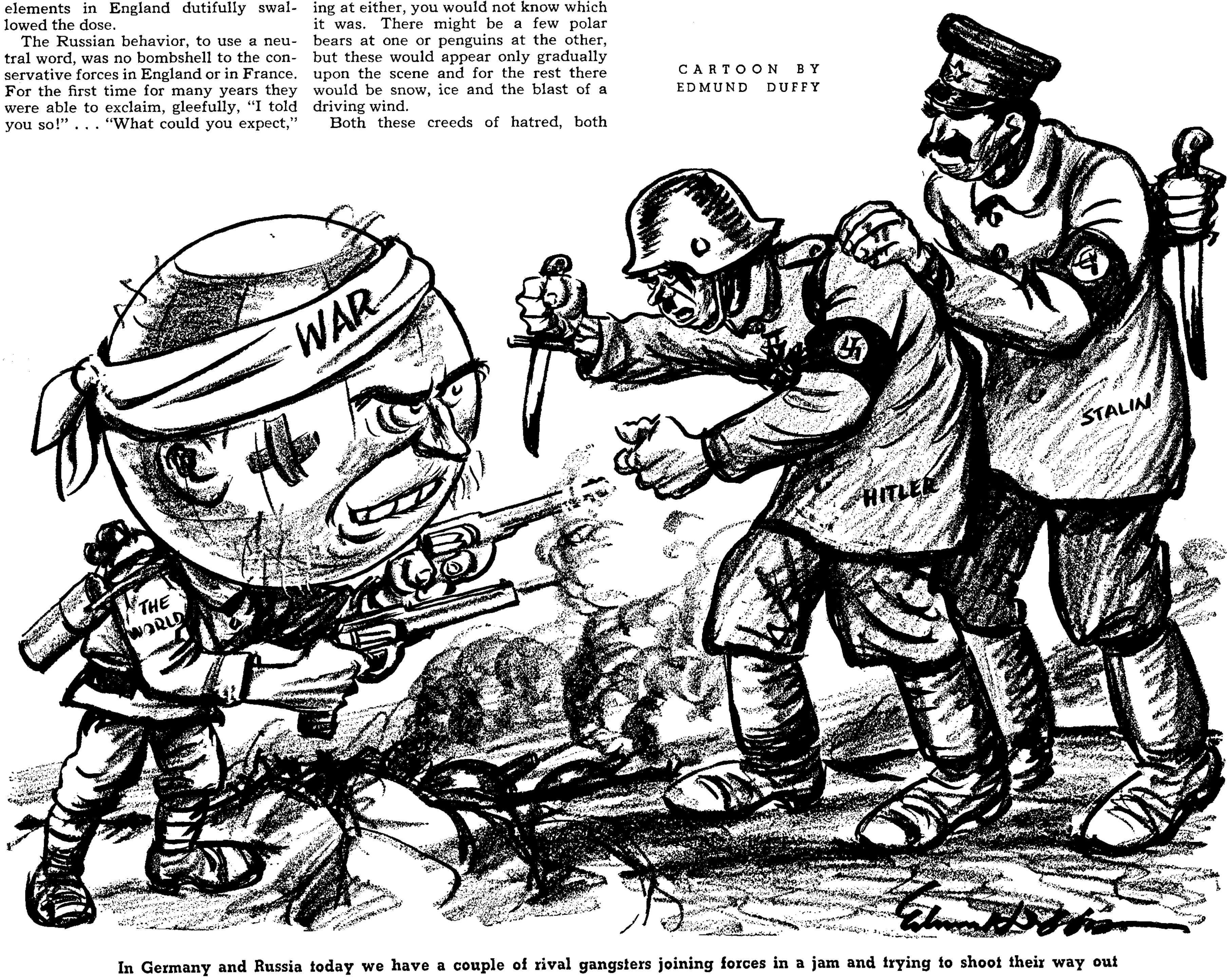
How short a time it is since we were being told that the future would be a struggle between Communism and Nazism! Everyone, we were assured, would have to make up his mind whether he or she—because women have something to do with it—would stand for the revolution of Karl Marx or for the reconstruction of society by Adolf Hitler.

Now these opposite sides are embracing each other. They have recognized their long-lost affinities; the swastika and the hammer and sickle fly side by side. Soviet Russia has joined the anticomintern pact. Nazi Germany is cuddling the Communists.

The longer the view we take of this astounding event the more must we rate it as a grand advantage to mankind. It has, at a single stroke, stripped Russian Communism and Nazi anti-Communism of their whole theme; of their credentials, of their means of appealing to the mind and spirit of man. Instead of two powerful and, to certain types of mind, captivating philosophies (if we may so strain that word) we have a couple of sets of rival gangsters joining forces in a jam, pooling their luck and trying to shoot their way out with any loot they can carry through the G-men of civilization.

I have never considered the Nazi movement, with Thor, Odin and Wodin included, as anything but the exploita-

(Continued on page 49)



CARTOON BY EDMUND DUFFY

In Germany and Russia today we have a couple of rival gangsters joining forces in a jam and trying to shoot their way out

Old Glory

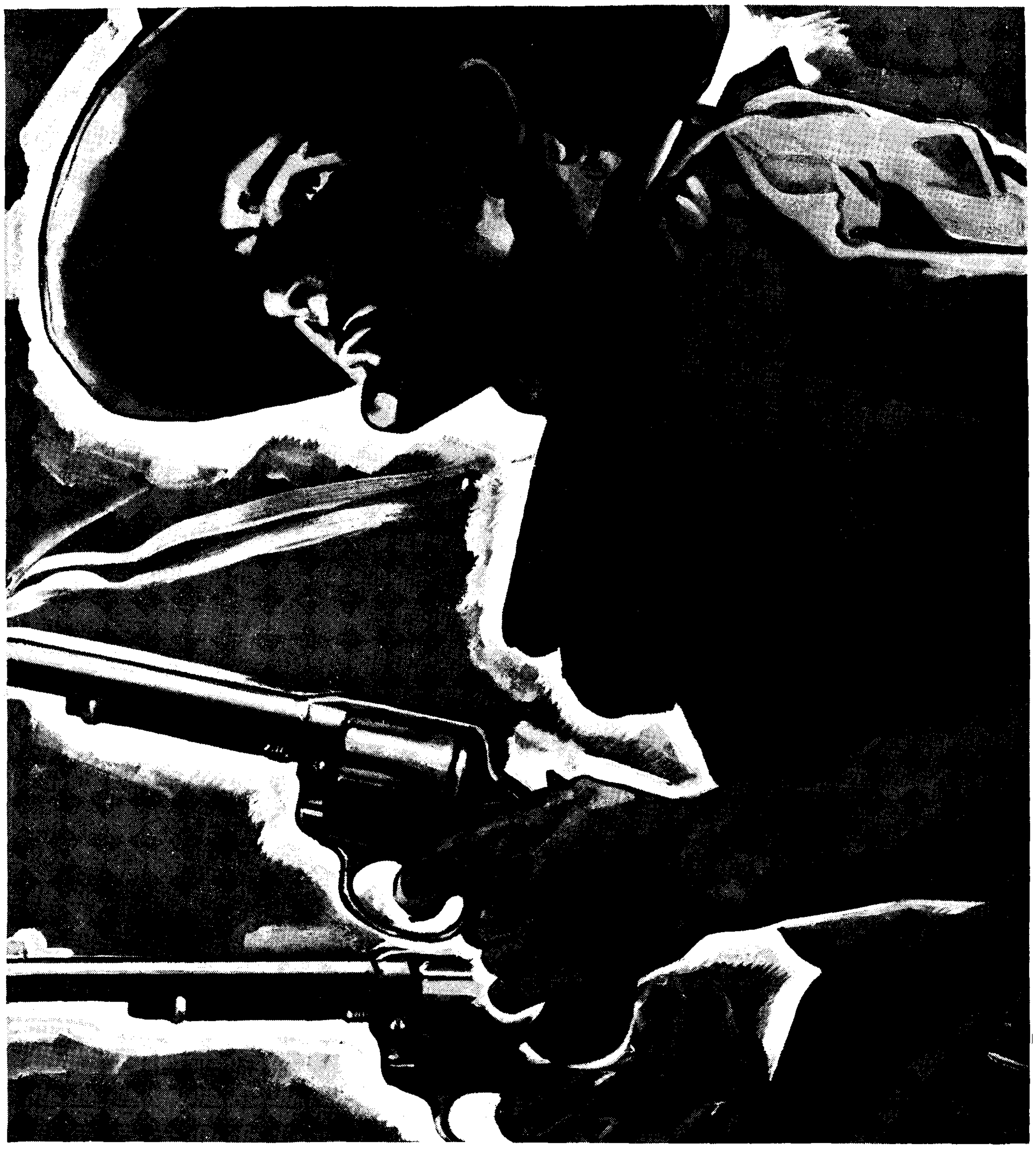
By Ernest Haycox

HE WAS at least eighty, and neglect and whisky should have killed him long ago. One day he had appeared at Henry Zink's livery stable in War Pass, saying, "I know horses," and had attached himself to the stable, doing chores in return for a bunk in the hay; and somehow or other it became a rule in Beefsteak Ben's to feed him.

Occasionally somebody gave him four bits for extra care of a horse, whereupon the old man would buy a pint of whisky and go to the back of the stable and remain there until the whisky was gone. Afterward he would sit on a box in front of the stable wall, arms locked over his chest and one leg slowly swinging, looking at the passing citizens with an expression in his eyes that hungrily asked for one casual word or one nod of recognition.

People showed him neither attention nor interest. It was apparent that he had been physically powerful but now he was only a bony framework with a gray unkempt beard and eyes from which an original blue coloring had nearly gone.

WAR PASS was a small cattle town set off from the main highway and there had long been a desire among the merchants to have some historic memento that might draw tourist trade. So they traced back fifty years to a time when War Pass had been young and sinful, with ten saloons and no church, when Sunday morning always revealed a dead man in the gutter; and they were commemorating this day the one great episode in the town's life, which was the singlehanded stand of Marshal McGarratt against the four Kertin boys.



"But McGarratt stood by this wall and called to them to put up their guns"

They had bolted a bronze marker to the brick wall of what had once been Lou Weil's general store. Here McGarratt stood with his back to the wall, one Saturday night long ago, when the Kertin boys came from the Belle saloon with their guns roaring.

From his seat on the livery-stable box the old man watched the small crowd gathered by the marker. The mayor made a little speech, describing the town as it had once been and dwelling on McGarratt's courage, the now rare courage of making a stand against fatal odds: "McGarratt knew the Kertin boys were in town to get him. He might have avoided them and later shot them down one by one. But McGarratt stood by this wall and called to them to put up their guns, knowing they wouldn't. The odds were four to one and he knew that too, but he held his fire until they pulled. When it was over the Kertin boys were dead. There never was a man in our town with that dead-chilled nerve."

The old man said silently to himself, "It was just a chore I had to do," and got up from the box. Skirting the edge of the crowd he came to the marker. Lou Weil's great-grandson, who was a ten-year-old redhead, stood in front of the marker, intently studying it. The old man gave him a close glance and went on a few feet, slowly rubbing his fingers along the brick wall, feeling the vague dimpling of bullet marks in the bricks.

Some of the men in the crowd were talking about the fight. Two or three old-timers vaguely remembered it, or said they did; for this was fifty years ago, far back in another age. Somebody said: "What became of him?" And somebody else answered: "He left town later. Probably got in a fight down the trail and his luck turned bad."

The old man thought: "They got that marker in the wrong place. It should be here. Here's where I stood, so's to get a better sweep of the street." He moved back to the marker and stood behind the small boy. There was the medallion figure of a man's head and shoulders on the marker. The man was young; he had a deep chest and a blocky face and a squinted expression at the corner of his eyes. Underneath the medallion was a short description of the fight and this last sentence: "McGarratt's subsequent career is lost in the mists of that long-ago day but his record belongs to the finest traditions of the old West."

"No," thought the old man, "not lost. Here I am."

Once he had been a great man with the respect of the town belonging to him. But his day went swiftly out with the longhorns and left him as a strange relic of the past, surviving his era and all his companions; gradually the onslipping years had made of him a broken and useless stranger on the outer edges of another age. Returning to the scene of his early greatness, once more to feel the town's affection, he had found only new faces passing incuriously by him and a natural taciturnity had kept him from speaking; and at last his only friend was an occasional pint bottle of whisky.

BUT this now was his time. The crowd was around him and he had only to say, "Here I am," to be once more within the close and grateful circle of the living, to warm his heart against the fire of friendship for the few remaining weeks of his life.

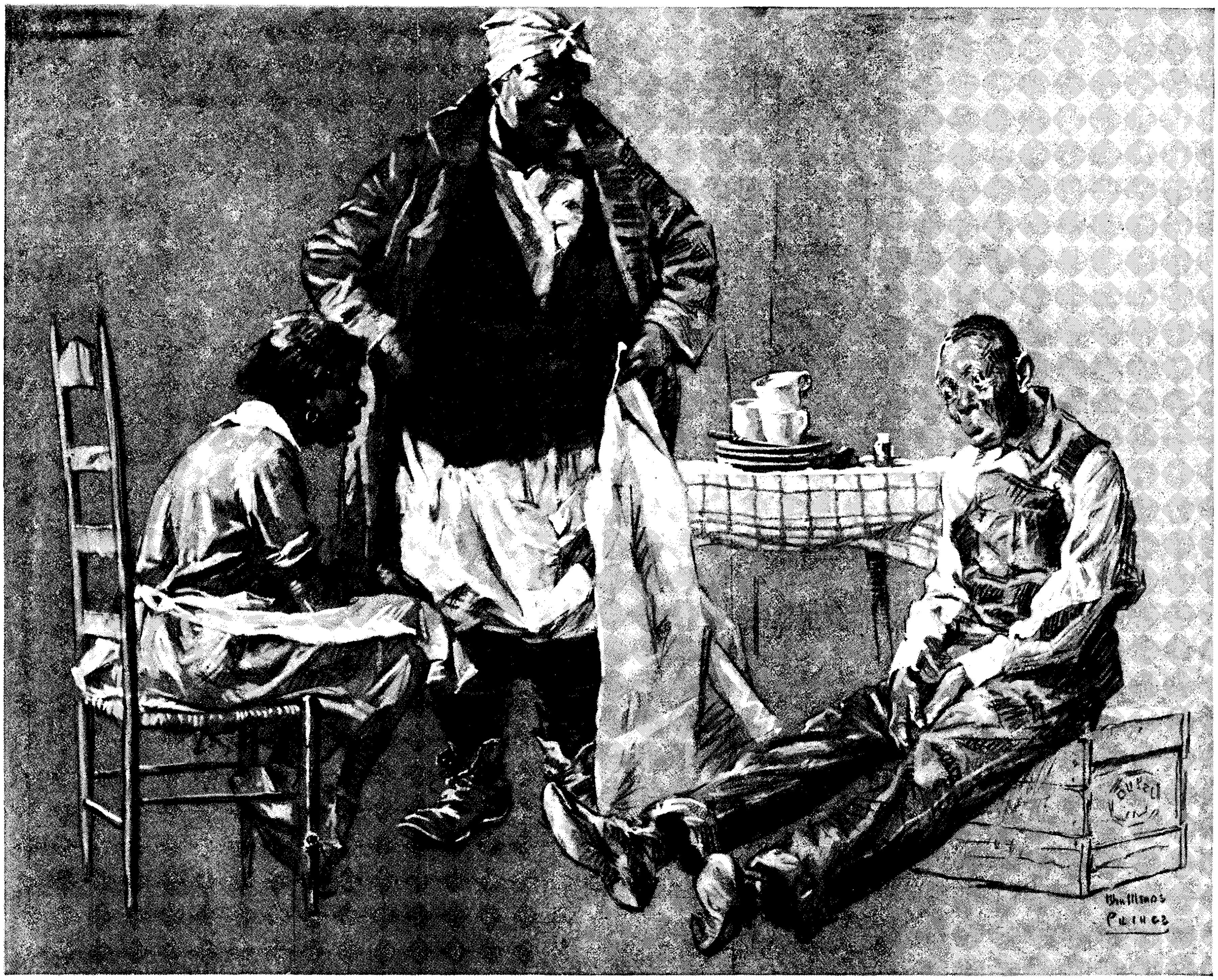
The impulse to speak pushed against his hard-grained taciturnity when he looked again at Weil's great-grandson.

The boy stood with his glance fixed to the medallion of Marshal McGarratt and on his face was the lost, deep-dreaming worship of boyhood coming upon its needed gods. Before the boy's eyes was the perfect image of a daring man in a world of great adventure; it was a bright starlight by which he set the course of his youth.

The old man noted this and the words he had meant to speak were never spoken. To the boy that figure on the medallion was alive and everlasting, and if he spoke now the boy's eyes would turn to him and see the faded and futile and bitter-aged ending of a great man; and the boy's dream would die.

When he turned to leave the crowd the old man felt his infirmity and put his hand on the boy's shoulder for support. The boy looked around, not curious but not impatient; and stood still until the old man went on. Back at his box in front of the stable the old man watched the crowd break up. Lou Weil's great-grandson went along the street with his head down, still lost in his dreaming.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"Pitiful," the Widow Duck commiserated. "Hit seem like bad luck overtuck y'all." She pursed her lips and shook her head sorrowfully

Guv'mer Blues

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

An economic crisis visits Little Bee Bend plantation. It doesn't amount to much. The Widow Duck just changes conditions

WHEN de guv'mer tuck to cotton farmin'," Giles observed, "hit ruled dat certain things had to take place."

The foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation did not expect the Widow Duck to come back with the right answer to that, but he had long since learned that the knotty riddles of management frequently were untangled if he could "tawk hit out" with the fattest and holiest sharecropper on the place. And Giles had problems weighing upon his mind. The Widow Duck ever was a patient listener. She worked the muscles of her jaw rapidly on a mouthful of snuff.

"Which is?" she questioned politely.

It was the bad season for cotton farming; the middle of January with a cold drizzle falling. Nobody had seen the sun in a week. For four days it had been too rainy even to get out and hunt rabbits. People just sat around their fires and moped and studied their minds.

"A heap," replied Giles. "And us ain't mo'n ha'f done gittin' ready for spring. De field won't be dry enough to plow for another week. Us got seventy-six head er mules in de lot chawin' on dollar-a-bushel cawn. Us got th'ee hund'ed and nine head er peoples eatin' fifteen-cents-a-pound salt meat, wid most er dat salt and not much meat. De guv'mer ruled us down to ha'f a crop last fall and us had to take nine cents in de loan for dat. De guv'mer say dis and de guv'mer say dat. Why don't de guv'mer stop all er dis rain, when us ought to be breakin' up de land?"

"Aw, Giles, dat's baby tawk," chided the Widow Duck. "I seed de day and time when I drug you 'cross my lap and paddled you for less. You know de guv'mer can't do nothin' 'bout de rain."

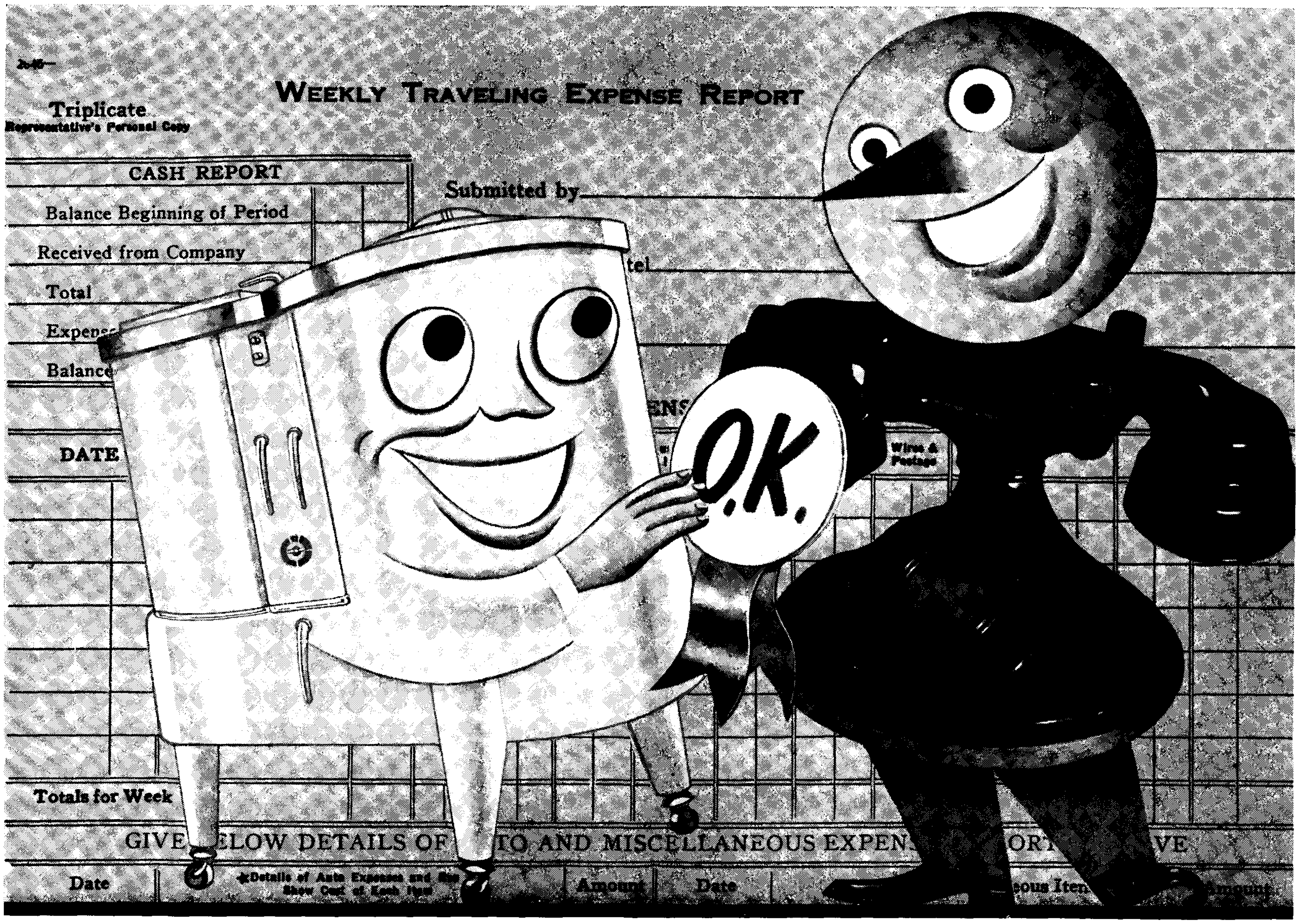
"Den why don't de guv'mer do somethin' hit kin do? Why don't de guv'mer turn me a-loose and lemme plant what I kin plant? Efn de guv'mer jest leave me be, I'll th'ow mo' cotton in de gin next fall—"

The Widow Duck grinned. "Son," she said, "yo' call-name might be Giles, but yo' rale name is de plain ole Pawlin Silas."

"My name," Giles stated defiantly, "is my name."

"Amen," agreed the Widow Duck. "But you was writ down in a parable in de Book er Rome, a thousand years befo' you was bawn. And when dey writ you down in de Holy Word, yo' name was Pawlin Silas."

(Continued on page 54)



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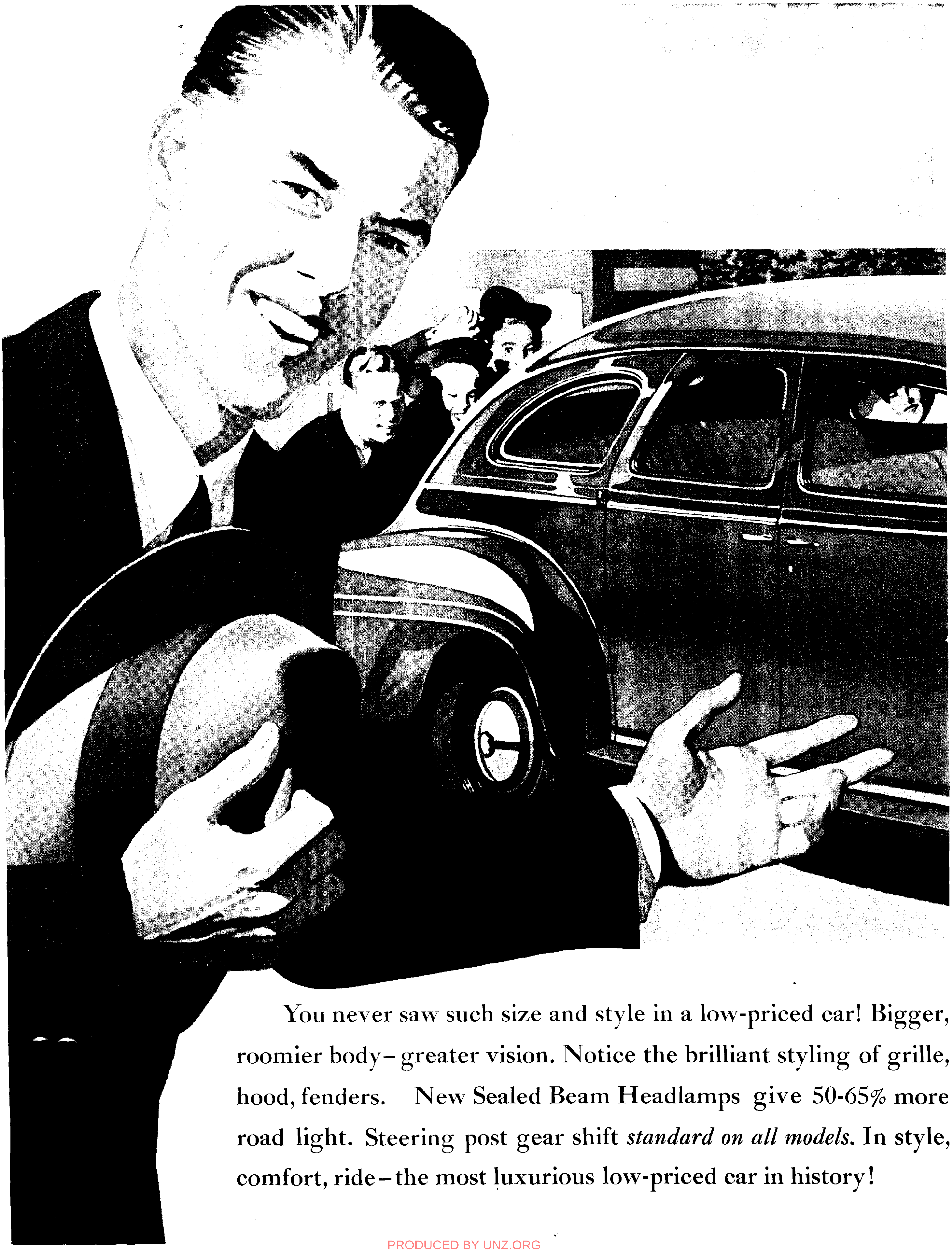

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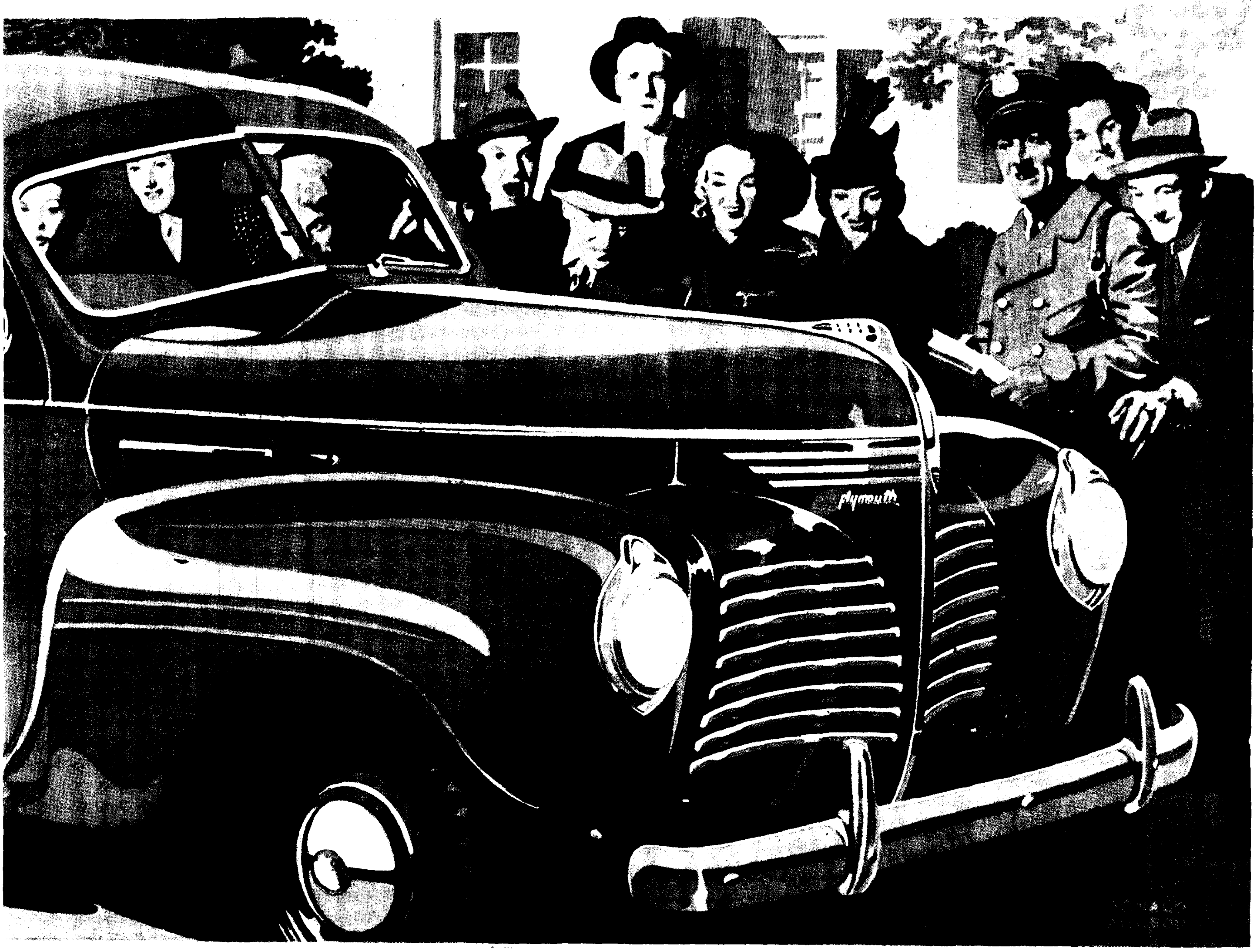

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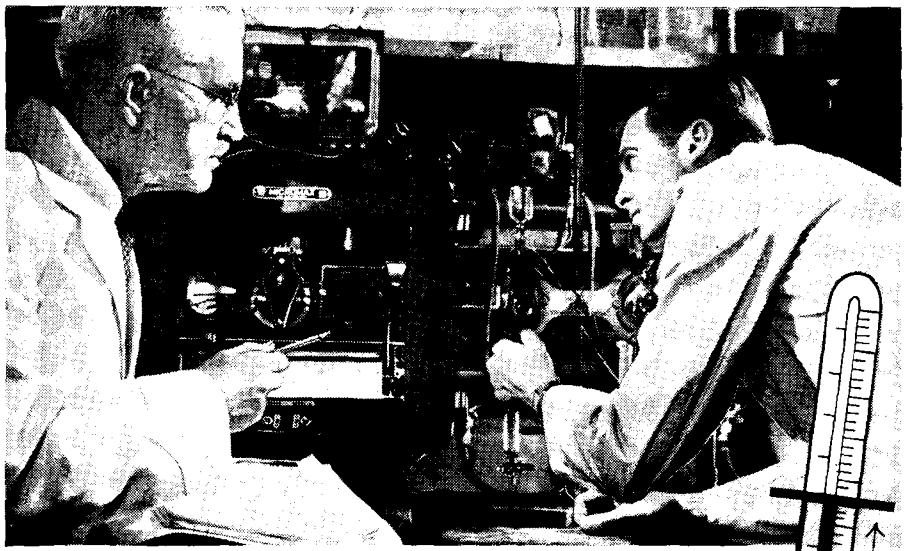
THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY with THE LUXURY RIDE

1940 PLYMOUTH



Experts of a nationally known laboratory observing the completely automatic finding and printing of pipe-smoke temperatures on Micromax, the scientific heat-recording device

The world's best-liked Tobacco

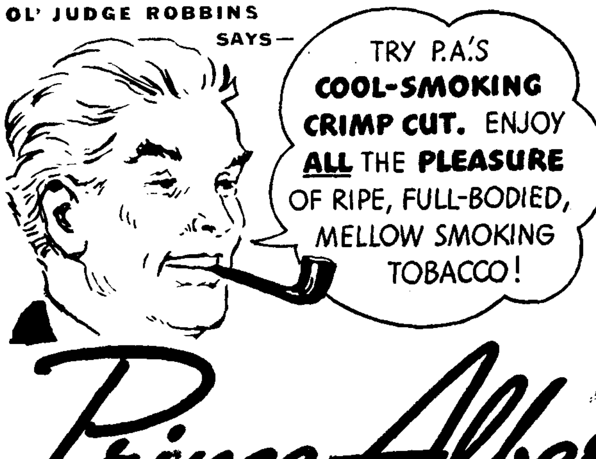
SMOKES COOLER BY 86 DEGREES

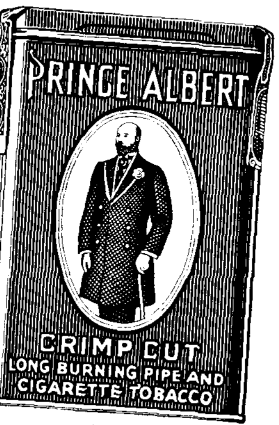
than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested – coolest of all!

SCIENTISTS who smoke a pipe feel as millions of men do about tobacco. They don't want *hot-burning*, "bitey" smokes, low in flavor. So a leading independent laboratory made impartial smoking-heat tests on 31 of the largest-selling brands. Completely automatic heat-recording equipment printed the results: PRINCE ALBERT SMOKED 86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the others tested – *coolest of all!*

Just imagine what a difference of 86° can make in *your* smoking – in mildness, fragrance, grand taste . . . in MOUTH COMFORT! P.A.'s secret of cool smoking joy is in its choice, rich tobaccos . . . its famous "crimp cut" and "no-bite" process. Full-bodied smoking, yet SO MILD, because free from the effects on your mouth of excess heat. Put *your* pipe in the cool, mellow joy-circle of the world's largest-selling tobacco . . . *today!*

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS—
TRY P.A.'S COOL-SMOKING CRIMP CUT. ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF RIPE, FULL-BODIED, MELLOW SMOKING TOBACCO!



Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Kona Nightingale

Continued from page 17

way when he got back aboard the Makena. Maybe that was because he had every intention of going up the following day before the ship sailed to see if Gabriel would blow his horn again. But he couldn't. He couldn't because the chief mate didn't show up in time. Things like that never worried Mr. Graham Newhall. When he did come aboard by way of the accommodation ladder, smelling strongly of *okole-hao*, it was much too late.

Matthew Grady mentioned the fact that he was four hours late for relief. Mr. Newhall shrugged. "Couldn't be helped," he said with curt insolence. "Did you get that foredeck red-leaded yet? The trouble with you, Mr. Grady, you baby that fo'c'sle gang of scum." He started off, but turned. "You stop annoying Lona Dorchester, Grady. Do you hear? She's been telling me about you. You better—"

Matthew Grady's steel-blue eyes went cold. "Newhall," he said, "if I'm in this ship long enough I'll be punching you square in the nose. It'd be a pleasure. So I think I'll stay." And he did.

WHEN the Makena came back to Napoopoo, he climbed the northern cliff, and when he heard a donkey's raucous bray he grinned a contagious grin. "Hi, Gabriel!" he said to the little donkey with the magnificent voice. "You waiting for her, too?"

Gabriel looked at him haughtily. For answer he only braced his legs and roared. But when Matthew Grady heard a stirring in the shrubbery along the trail, he sat down hastily. With a great show of carelessness, he began intently to study the pages of the book he'd brought. Till he heard her voice again.

"Well," it said merrily, "if it isn't the nasty red-haired man still studying Greek philosophy. I thought you were going to quit the ship, Mr. Snooty Third Mate."

Matthew Grady looked up as slowly as he could. "Changed my mind," he said shortly. "I need six more months to sit for chief mate. Might as well get it in the Makena." He grinned. "Swell of you to come up here again, Lona."

She put her arms akimbo. "I hope you don't for a minute imagine I came up here to see *you!*"

"Certainly I do. If you didn't think I'd be here, you wouldn't have that blue swim suit on at all. You'd be taking your sun bath with only Gabriel to—"

The color flew to her cheeks. "I ought to slap your face!"

"You did that once."

"Yes, and I can do it again!"

He sprang to his feet. "Is that so? Well, have you got it settled yet? When do you marry the Newhall millions? When do you—"

She stepped forward swiftly, glaring at him. He glared back. Then all at once he picked up his book and strode past her in a rage. "Goodby!"

"Goodby!" she hurled after him. "And don't come back!"

"Don't worry. I won't!"

But the funny thing was that he did, even though he knew well enough that he had no time for women.

Climbing the cliff trail toward evening one voyage, with heavy cloud shapes massing sullenly in the south and west, Mr. Grady's homely face puckered in a serious frown. Halfway up, he stopped to consider the weather portents.

Below him the little Makena was moored in her usual way in her usual place. The air was breathless. But a long, smooth, oil-silk swell kept running hugely into the unprotected bay. He could hear the faint thunder of surf breaking, and he could see the ship surge. He frowned again, not liking the look of those dark clouds towering heavenward. Especially with the Old Man on the way up the coast to Kailua Hospital in a Napoopoo flivver with the second mate and his infected arm. Then Matthew Grady shrugged. It was Mr. Newhall's watch aboard. So he started up the trail again.

He didn't hear Gabriel trumpeting, so he knew Lona was already there. Otherwise that roaring donkey voice would be sure to be blasting the air. Nearing the clearing, he heard her voice. He smiled. Talking to a Kona donkey as though it could understand! But when he rounded the bend he stopped short. Because she wasn't alone, and it wasn't Gabriel she was talking to. It was Graham Newhall. He whirled at Grady's approach, swaying a little with the quantity of native liquor—*okole-hao*—he had aboard.

"Just what I thought!" he snarled, his little insolent eyes narrowing. "What the hell are you doing here, Grady?"

The third mate looked seaward; then down at the ship moored far below. "It's still two hours before my watch," he said quietly. "There isn't a deck officer in the ship. Look at her surge! We got to get her out of there before—"

"So that's it!" Mr. Newhall's lip curled. "I stay aboard and take the crumby pot to sea for the night before she pounds to pieces on the reef while you and this wench here—"

He never got any farther than that. Because Grady took one quick step. His fist moved in a short, sharp arc. There was a dull thud of solid impact against the chief mate's chin. Newhall sagged to the ground. And just as he did the third mate felt the first wet puff of the Kona wind. It brought him to his senses; he knew what it meant. He looked up. The clouds were driving for the land now, black and swollen. And he heard Lona's voice, self-contained and a little dry:

"You didn't have to do that, Matt. I can take care of myself."

"Can you? Well, I got to take care of this for you. I've got to get him into the ship or his ticket's cracked wide. . . . Goodby."

THE rest happened quickly. Matt Grady went down the trail, Mr. Newhall across his shoulder like a sack of beans. When he reached the beach below, the Kona buster was whistling along the sand dunes. He heaved the senseless chief mate into the work boat and started to launch her through the surf. That's when he realized Lona Dorchester was still there. She had hold of the opposite gunwale, up to her hips in water.

"Get the hell out of here!" he bellowed at her.

"Don't you dare curse at me!" She leaped into the boat. "You can't make it alone, and you know it!"

He didn't answer. He didn't have time. So they hauled together on the oars. . . . And they reached the Makena's side, drenched in spray, a row of anxious faces peering down as Grady hooked on the falls.

"Heave 'way!" he roared, and when the boat swung inboard he leaped to the deck, cracking out orders: "Mate's not well, bosun. Get him to his room. Buoy the cables and mooring hawsers and slip 'em. Send a man to the wheel. Lively! Steam, Chief! Quick!"

He dashed for the bridge ladders. The

instant the fo'c'sle bell rang all clear, he yanked the telegraph to full ahead and ordered the wheel hard over. Then he held his breath. The ship swung slowly. The first squall slashed his face as he pointed the Makena's bows for the safety of the open sea at last. . . .

Lona came aloft with the first sign of pallid gray light, a heavy bridge coat over her pale blue swim suit.

She yawned luxuriously. "I had the most wonderful sleep!"

"That's fine," he growled. "I didn't."

Just then Mr. Newhall climbed the ladder shakily to the bridge, looking about him with a baleful eye.

"What damned nonsense is this?" he snapped. "Cruising on fishing junket? We've got lumber to discharge. We're going in. I'll take over."

"I wouldn't advise it, Mr. Newhall." The third mate's voice was ominously quiet. "Visibility is very poor and—"

"I said I'd take over! Get the bosun and his crowd for'ard to pick up the anchor buoys."

MATTHEW GRADY shrugged. There was nothing else he could do. When he got back to the bridge the Makena was rolling back to Kealakekua Bay. The rain came down in sheets. It came down vertically, thick as fog in that weird light, blotting every landmark out of sight. But Mr. Newhall kept the ship plowing blindly on. She was inside now, with no chance of turning back. Lona, silent in the bridge wing, saw Matthew Grady stiffen suddenly.

"You're too far to the south, Mr. Newhall! You'll have her on the reef!"

The chief mate's voice was full of acid scorn: "Steady as she goes!"

Matthew Grady hesitated. All he had to do was remain quiet. It wasn't any of his affair; he was in the clear. Ten minutes longer would end Mr. Newhall's seafaring career for good. And the Makena's. Grady was that sure the ship was headed straight for the reef! He looked toward Lona, his face haggard. But Matthew Grady had never learned to do a thing like that in any of the ships he'd served. So he stepped up.

"Mr. Newhall," he said very quietly. The chief officer turned, smiling acidly at the disarming innocence of the third mate's voice. "No hard feeling this time at all, Mister," Matt Grady murmured.

Without warning, his clenched fist slammed against Newhall's chin, crumpling him to the grating. Lona gasped: "Matt Grady, you—"

"Get him out of here! He's ill again." He put his head into the wheelhouse door. "Stop grinning!" he snapped to the helmsman. "Bring her up! Starboard! Quick!"

His face was grim. "Check her!" he cracked out to the wheel.

"Check her, sir," came the instant reply to the sure voice of command.

"Steady as she goes now."

That way Matthew Grady brought the Makena in stone-blind. And when the sheeting rain squall drove itself out at last and the ship was being safely moored, an anxious shipmaster came pulling out to his command in an outrigger canoe, storming rage the instant he hit the deck.

"If you had sense enough to get her out to sea," he roared, "why in hell didn't you have sense enough to keep her there?" He looked around. "Where's the mate?"

"He . . . he's ill, sir," said Matt Grady weakly.

The skipper snorted. But by the way his anger subsided, it was probable he guessed half the truth. Then he barked again: "What's this girl doing aboard my ship?"

Matthew Grady gulped. "Don't you remember, Captain?" Lona murmured sweetly. "I've got passage with you to Honolulu."

The captain glared. "You're early." His voice was dry. "We won't sail for two days yet!" He turned again to his red-haired junior mate. "I'll see you later." And he stomped off.

Mr. Matthew Grady swallowed hard. Then he heard Lona laughing quietly at his side. "So," he said, "you've got passage in the Makena to Honolulu, have you?"

She nodded brightly. "Yes, of course."

"Made up your mind at last, have you?"

"Yes. Last night. And this morning."

"Going to get married, I suppose!" Mr. Grady snarled.

"My, but you're smart!"

"There you are!" Matt Grady stormed. "What did I tell you? Didn't I tell you you'd marry the Newhall fortune in the end? In spite of—"

The girl's eyes blazed; she stepped up very close. "You're the stupidest man I ever knew! Anyone would think Graham Newhall is the only man a girl could marry in the city of Honolulu!"

"Oh, so you know others, do you?"

"Certainly I do!"

"Who, for instance?"

"You, you idiot!"

She took off his bridge coat and flung it at him, leaping to the Makena's bulwark to stand poised for an instant. Matthew Grady was in a daze. "Hey!" he cried. "Wait a minute!"

But she didn't. Her slim body arced gracefully through the air. She struck the water cleanly, starting off at once in a magnificent Australian crawl. Matthew Grady watched the wake of foam in her track. Till suddenly he grinned. And he was still grinning that slightly foolish grin when he heard his captain's gruff voice at his back: "Thought I told you I wanted to see you! Second mate's got to stay in the Kailua hospital. Can't be moved. You're to take his place."

"Me?" Mr. Grady spun around. "Second mate?"

"Yes; you. And Mr. Newhall is to be relieved when the voyage ends. He gets ill too often. There's only one thing I want to know, Mister. You brought this ship up to her moorings as if you had her on rails. I saw you do it. And you couldn't see a fathom's length beyond the bows. I want to know how!"

Matthew Grady was still grinning. "You just follow the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, sir."

"Gabriel's . . . !"

"Yes, sir. A donkey. A Kona nightingale with a voice you can't mistake. It brays in a spot I know that's in direct line of bearing with our anchorage. I heard it. So I used it for a foghorn, with a cross bearing on Cook Point Light."

THE skipper allowed himself the rare indulgence of a smile before he turned away. "You can have the day ashore, Mr. Grady," he growled. "I'll be aboard."

Mr. Matthew Grady looked up toward the cliff's face. Quite suddenly he remembered about that traditional native wedding ceremony. The girl went off in the hills on the back of a Kona nightingale, Lona said. She was supposed to be running away. And the bridegroom found her and brought back his bride. It meant good luck. So as soon as he could he went ashore astride a slingload of Humboldt County redwood.

Climbing that trail, he heard the splendid voice of Gabriel shuddering the earth underfoot. What a sweet and wondrous sound it was, he thought. Kona nightingale! A good and true name, that. Then suddenly it was still. But Matt Grady still could grin. Because he knew what Gabriel's silence meant. Hurrying along, he was certain he would find her waiting for him in that place where all the wide blue ocean could sparkle brightly in your eyes if you chose to look that way.

DON'T YOU EVER RUN OUT OF PEP?
1. YOU'VE GOT AS MUCH SPARK AT MIDNIGHT AS MOST GIRLS HAVE AT NOON! TELL ME, HOW DO YOU DO IT?
OH, I GET MY VITAMINS, YOU KNOW. AND SPEAKING OF VITAMINS, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE
2. IT'S A PERFECTLY GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO OF THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B1 AND D. WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOME FOR BREAKFAST?
3. BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING
I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT THOSE VITAMINS, MOTHER—BUT I DIDN'T KNOW PEP TASTED SO GOOD!
IT'S THE CRISPEST AND FINEST FLAVORED CEREAL WE'VE EVER HAD!
Kellogg's PEP VITAMIN-ENRICHED
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

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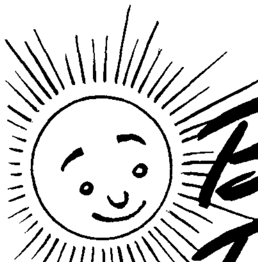
Guard your Hair today against

Baking Sun and Drenching Showers



Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

NOTHING HELPS to put you "on top of the world" as much as a week-end by the sea—sun-tanning on the beach, cutting a streak through the waves or gulping in lungfuls of salt air! But just look what happens to your hair—*sun-baked* until it's brittle; *water-drenched* until all your natural hair oils are soaked away.

But if you're wise, you'll go right after Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! Apply Vitalis to the scalp and rub briskly. Feel the pleasant tingling as circulation awakens. Your hair loses its "stringy", sun-cooked appearance—looks richer, more lustrous. Then the pure vegetable oils in Vitalis go to the aid of the natural scalp oil. Your hair is easier to comb, easier to manage—without that awful "patent-leather" shine.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. Use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" *daily*. Have hair that's healthier, more handsome—the kind of hair that is sure to win the admiration and respect of men, and women especially.

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Your hair has a lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to your barber's, insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Where Good Drinkers Go

Continued from page 15

wouldn't have done him good had it happened ten years ago. What the doctors did to Willie is pretty typical of what happens in proper sanitariums for souses. After sewing up his scalp, damaged by a night-club doorman whom Willie mistakenly challenged to combat, *they shot a few sedatives into him to* induce sleep.

On the following day, our dear nuisance entered upon a tapering-off and psyche-probing regimen. It was an honest souse trap, the nurses on the level and the doctors capable and ethical. It cost a hundred bucks a week—the minimum rate—and the guards and male attendants were decently paid so that they didn't have to be bootleggers to the inmates on the side. It takes at least six months to clear the abnormal drinker's system of the alcohol he has ingested in his struggle toward the madhouse. And there are numerous hard cases who can't be renovated in less than a year.

The Doctors Ask Questions

Among the first things the sanitarium doctors want to know about a patient, provided it's not a clip joint, is whether his mental condition is due to alcohol or whether he'd be a psychotic bone-dry. If your mentality is out of plumb because you're a souse the accepted system is to sober you up, put you on a diet warranted to restore your vitamin balance, vitamin B being the alcoholic's chief deficiency, and by rest and suggestion induce you to relax. Once you're relaxed the doctors become inquisitive. Granting that you're not a hopeless constitutional psychopathic inferior—incurably unstable emotionally, a hopeless liar, incapable of co-operation, a habitual cheat—in short a bad actor who loves his role—they'll bug-hunt you for anxiety states, neurasthenia, compulsion neuroses, hysteria, emotional deficiencies, delusions and inhibitions until you'll be positively ashamed of what you once considered a pretty hot family tree.

Unhappily we are unable to give you any satisfactory answer to the inevitable question of how many drunks who take "the cure" (a wholly fallacious term) emerge "cured." Naturally we asked all the authorities we could find. And they all turned pale. The very practical medicine man who gave us that short definition said that he doubted whether ten per cent of the persons treated in sanitariums remained cold sober forever after. So it's anybody's guess. Of only these unalterable facts may you be sure: Neither sanitariums, hospitals, doctors nor drugs can cure the drunkard who won't quit drinking.

When the doctors decide what mental snickersnee it is, or what psychological *inadequacy, that drives you to drink,* they tell you. Whereupon the doctors and you go to work on the filthy thing, bent on exorcising it. You, the owner of the mental canker, have by all means the harder job.

It's all a rather dreary process too—psychological ghost-laying and mental reconstructions. But like everything else, it has its moments.

For example, they had a bit of trouble with Willie at first. To our great surprise Willie, always having been a disconcertingly frank fellow, was tending to be reticent or modest about his drinking habits. Not lying, mind, because with all his faults Willie was ever a truthful man. But never having been at his best at higher mathematics, Willie was not giving satisfactory answers as they asked him how much liquor he drank a day.

Ten drinks? Oh, sure—ten—sure. Fifteen? Well, maybe—well, yes. Thirty? Good Lord—thirty? Well, no—Willie guessed not—maybe—but no—it couldn't be that many. Listen, Doctor—

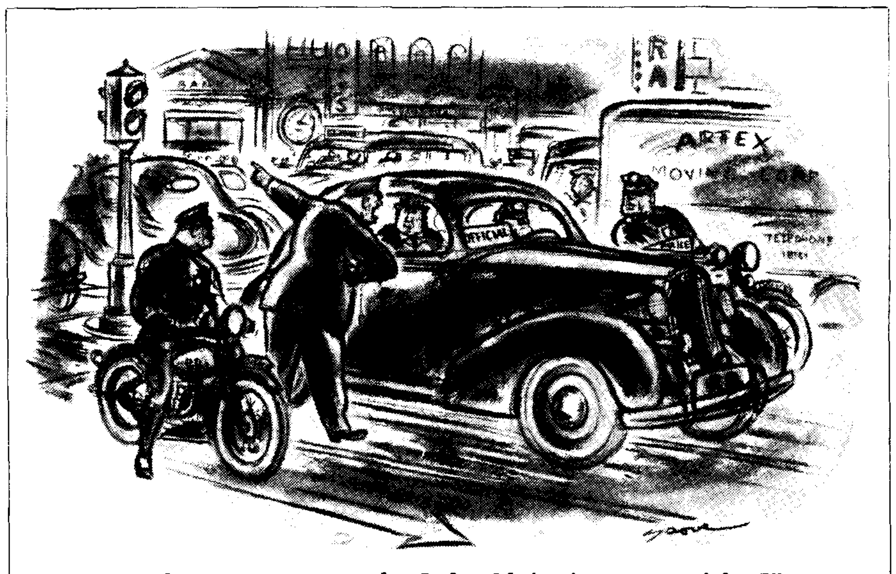
So at this psychological moment an old patient, a vulcanized old battler with an oopsy-daisy walk, happened by—innocently of course. The doctor called him.

"Jukes," said the doctor casually, "how many drinks were you taking before we got you? Thirty?"

"Thirty?" scoffed Mr. Jukes. "Hell, Doctor, I was a drinking feller. Forty s'help me. Off the stuff now, though." And he hotfooted off with an air of an undisputed champion—rum-dum but happy.

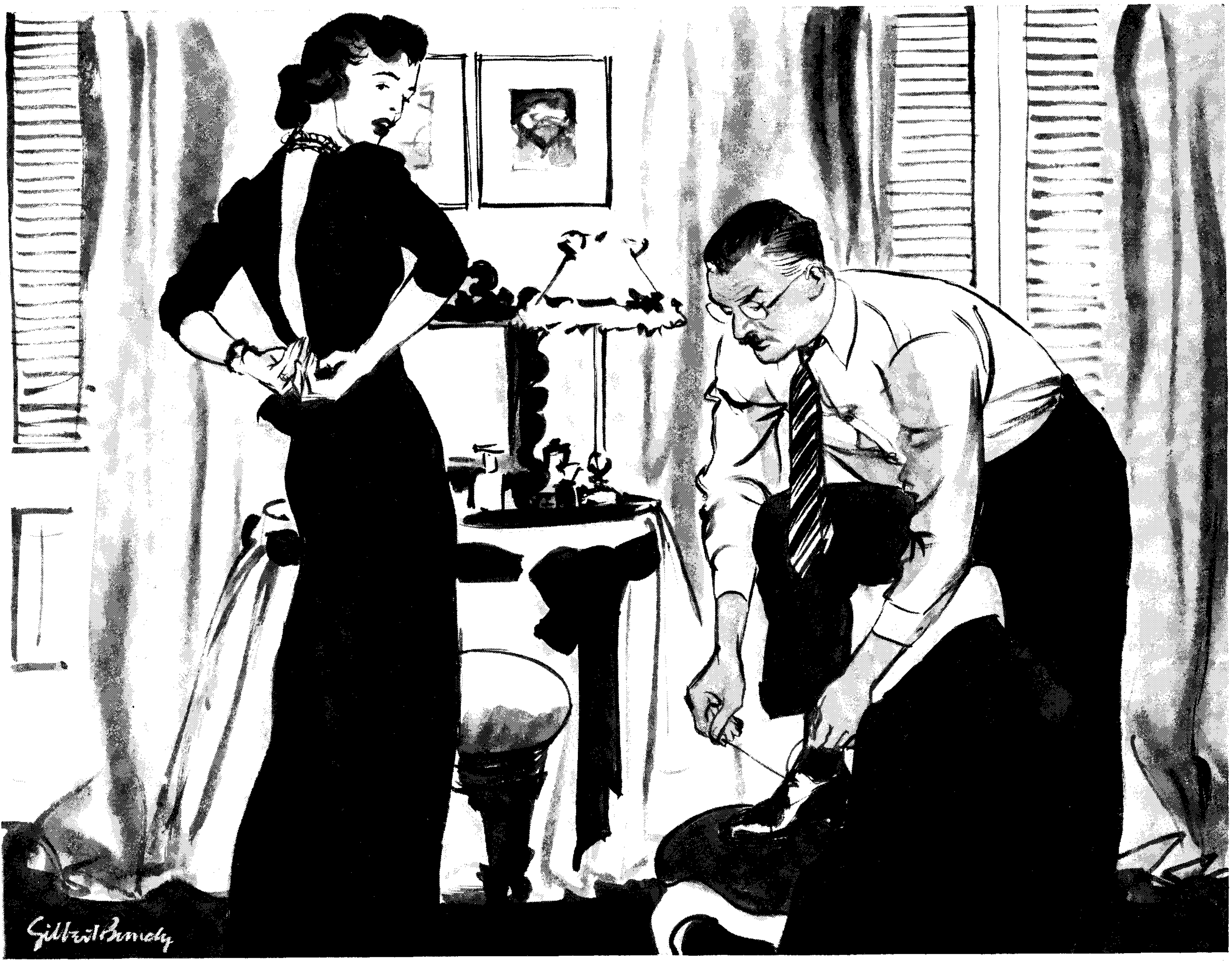
And this either aroused the competitive in our Willie or reassured him. Anyway he loosened up, admitting that Mr. Jukes had nothing whatever on him. After that Willie took the lid off and told everything—even about that night in Allentown, Pennsylvania, when with the help of four other gentlemen he drank all the Scotch in Gus Somebody's saloon and topped it off by swallowing the key to the place. The key made him sick and he never swallowed another one. It must have been the key.

Not every inmate of the alcoholic retreats becomes a problem drinker because of quirks in their psyches. We



"Is there any reason why I shouldn't give you a ticket?"

LEONARD DOVE



"Curtis Pratt, you're getting fat!"

WIFE: *Look at you—you're splitting right out of that shirt!*

HUSBAND: It's not me, sweetheart—it's this blasted shirt. It's shrunk a couple of miles. Fits just like a size 10 strait jacket.

WIFE: *Curtis Pratt, don't tell me you've been buying some of those "pre-shrunk" shirts again!*

HUSBAND: Well, I saw a sale and—

WIFE: *And you thought maybe this time they wouldn't shrink, eh? It serves you right for not asking for* Sanforized-Shrunk.

HUSBAND: But aren't they the same—Sanforized-Shrunk and pre-shrunk?

WIFE: *Heavens, no! Sanforizing is patented and* controlled. *Sanforized-Shrunk fabrics can't shrink more than a small 1%, by Government Standard Test. The tags say so. If you'd bought that shirt Sanforized-Shrunk, it wouldn't have shrunk out of size—not if it were washed a hundred times.*

HUSBAND: Well then, by golly, I'm going to put on one of my Sanforized-Shrunk shirts right now and show you *I* haven't got out of size.

WIFE: *They're in that second drawer, fresh from the laundry—along with some Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas I bought you the other day. None of these things cost a penny more than those goofies you pick up. And you can get them in all stores—at all prices.*

HUSBAND: (Putting on fresh shirt); Ah-h—wonderful! Fits to a T. . .Who said I was getting fat?

WIFE: *Only around the ears, dearie. Most men these days don't have to be told about Sanforized-Shrunk!*

Psst! Here's another tip—

You can get this shrinkage protection in other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas. Just look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" on *anything* made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

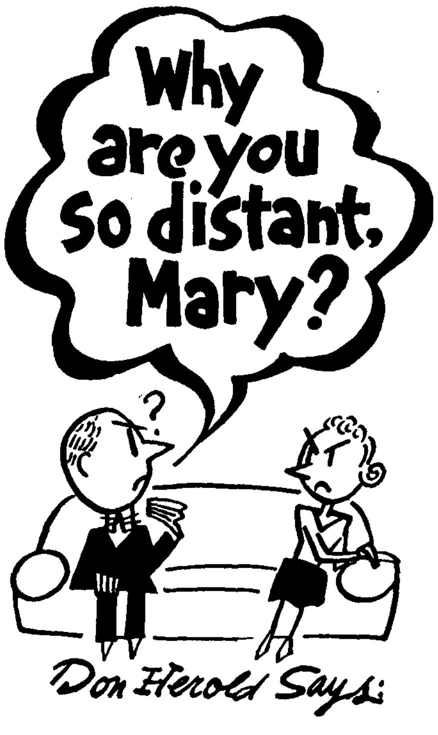
Work Clothes, Overalls

The New Flannelettes

Wash Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

To be sure of permanent fit...look for the words...Sanforized-Shrunk



Why are you so distant, Mary?
?
Don Herold Says:

Girls shun men who need Mum

It's social poison to carry perspiration aura.

It's fatal to friendship, lethal to love, and bad business in business.

Folks draw back—mentally, if not physically.

And baths alone aren't the answer. Baths are a great institution, but they work backward, not forward, and you may have a bad case of perspiration offendems a very short while after a hard scrub. The cinch answer is a Bath PLUS Mum.

Men used to think they'd be excused. They were men—so they had the right. But the world now barbed-wires a man with this stigma as much as it scorns a woman with it.

Thousands of successful men would now no sooner think of skipping their daily Mum than of missing their daily shave. Most of them use two dabs under*arm every a. m. and again before evenings out.* Many use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

I CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANYWHERE WITH PEOPLE
Better try Mum, Mister

Mum is no cheerless chore; it's a pleasant cream, harmless to skin and clothing, which definitely stops perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration.

You don't have to dive in deep at first. Start cautiously if you wish by sending your name today on the margin of this page, for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M2-99, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

met one chap (and were assured that he was not an uncommon type) whose subconscious was entirely innocent of pixies. His job had ruined him. He was a professional greeter and entertainer for a mammoth industrial corporation. It was his job to see that prospective buyers of his employer's wares did not languish in dull rectitude in hotel rooms. Under his knowing guidance customers were shepherded nightly through New York's most expensive night clubs and bordellos individually, in quartets, in convention lots. He held that job down for twelve years. And finally the souse catcher caught up with him and lugged him off to the green pastures of a drunk farm. It can all be as simple as that.

The Looking-Glass Tippler

He was an interesting type, a handsome fellow, worth stopping with a moment. He was what may be called a looking-glass drinker—a vain one given to asking those about him: "How do I look?" After half a dozen drinks he was wont to peer closely at himself in the bar mirror, adjust his necktie, massage his eyes, settle his shoulders in his coat, smooth down his lapels and brush his hair with his palms. Then: "How do I look?"

A good critical look at oneself after a spell of excessive drinking is not unlikely to be a shock. If you look before you're cockeyed you may have sense enough to call it a night and go home. And that is why, believe it or not, the old-time saloon owners soaped the mirrors behind their bars. It was not good for business to let all customers see themselves.

But to give the chronic souse what Mr. Runyon calls a gander at himself occasionally helps a lot. In some of our more elaborate souse traps the doctors will invite a patient to get drunk—give him a couple of bottles and bid him to go the limit. Naturally he makes a magnificent job of it. Several days later he is invited into a projection room. They have taken movies of him while he was plastered, including close-ups. Furthermore they have taken phonograph recordings of what he has said while saturated. They ran off a couple hundred feet of D. T. film for us. We listened to several maudlin disks. Highly educational. But after hearing and seeing himself, the drunk goes on the wagon for months. And sometimes he gets drunk all over again just to forget what he has seen and heard.

The spoiled child is more likely to become a problem drinker than one who is merely inhibited. The introvert—the shy, unsocial, lone-wolf type—will become a problem drinker sooner, but the extrovert or show-off will do it more often. These, of course, are generalities —observations not to be accepted too literally. But the doctors cite them as trends. The suburbanite is a harder drinker than he who lives in a city flat —the superficial reasons being that the suburbanite's social life is more concentrated in an area affording few outlets for amusement questings. The sedentary worker doing routine labor, particularly the white-collar lad—is less likely than the foot-loose to become a sot because his daily and nightly routine is apt to be more orderly and less fertile in vexations and temptations. His social arena is much smaller.

Willie in his hundred-dollars-a-week dry dock is taking treatment that is growing in popular acceptance—if you can afford it. It is a new theory that chronic alcoholism, problem drinking, dipsomania or whatever you'd prefer to call it is more frequently the psychiatrist's job than the medicine man's.

The old-fashioned "cures" were pretty tough joints. They followed several wholly unnecessary and almost invariably futile routines. There were the home cures, which consisted principally of pills that Mother dropped surreptitiously into Father's evening coffee. Generally speaking, the old man did the bulk of his drinking after supper, strolling down to the corner after the evening meal and getting himself thickly plastered.

But the pills fixed all that. They were straight dope, a sleeping potion, and Father was quite likely to fall asleep within five minutes after quaffing his coffee. Which meant that he didn't go to Grogan's that night. Of course the old boy was in danger of becoming a dope addict unless he discovered the trick in time and beat the stuffing out of Mother. Moreover, his hanker for strong drink being as sturdy as ever, he more than likely shifted his drinking hours to the afternoon with no noticeable benefit to anybody concerned. And if Mother doped him at breakfast or dropped the pills into the coffee container of his lunch kettle he didn't work at all, which in the prerelief days was nothing short of an economic boner.

The old-fashioned sanitarium cures also had their shortcomings. There wasn't much variety in them but quite a bit of skulduggery and impressive window dressing. The quack with the liveliest imagination got the most souses. Their treatment in the main consisted in saturating everything the patient ate with a particularly pernicious brand of whisky, the so-called theory being that the victim would thus become so sick of whisky he would not be able to tolerate even the smell of the stuff. But this, alas, was expensive nonsense.

If the patient had any liver or kidneys to speak of upon entering the cure, he had less when he emerged.

There were cures that followed the home-treatment idea—doping the patient. After you'd been there a few weeks you may not have felt much better, but you felt different. You felt different because you had cultivated a new appetite. And it isn't unlikely that for a time you abandoned alcohol for drugs.

Alcohol a Social Agent

If life means nothing to you without *alcohol, then you're an alcoholic*—or about to be one. When ninety per cent of what enters your stomach is alcoholic, you're almost certain to be on your way to the sanitarium, if you can afford it, or the workhouse if you can't. Your normal drinker uses alcohol as a social lubricant. He drinks because he likes the company he's drinking with, or wants to like them. Anyway, he likes the social exchange better than he does alcohol, which thus becomes a mere social agent. Rarely does he drink alone. The abnormal drinker, the alcoholic, is driven by some inner compulsion he does not recognize and which he, unaided, cannot isolate. He may even hate the taste but cannot resist seeking the effect of alcohol. His emotions are immature; his control of them lax; any small nerve twang serves him as reason for a bender.

Where science has failed to rehabilitate the alcoholic, the Church has sometimes succeeded. And naturally, the reverse is equally true. Both realize the therapeutic value of the mental catharsis—the confessional—as a basis for operations on damaged souls. But again don't kid yourself. You cannot legislate, pray, cajole nor punish cure into a drunkard. When everything else has been done by church and therapy, the ultimate cure is up to the lush himself. As the doctors told Willie, only a drunkard can heal himself. And he has to quit drinking to do it.

The doctors seemed agreed that just before the ambulance gets them, ninety

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"A WORD TO THE WIVES ......"

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"TODDLE HOUSES ARE ALL TWINS!"

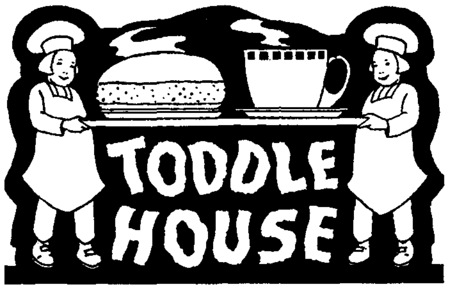
"You'd think it was done with mirrors—Genuine Toddle Houses are just exactly alike, in appearance, in the food itself and the way it's served. You'll wish you were twins, too, so you could eat twice as much!"

"HE'S THE TODDLE HOUSE MAN!"

The Star
LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD!

"You know all genuine Toddle Houses are locally owned but operated under a nation-wide system. You can get a list of all Toddle Houses at any one of them—handy to have when you're traveling—C'mon—step into

THE FRIENDLY DOOR TO BETTER FOOD



per cent of all true alcoholics have abandoned all food except alcohol. Again we regret that we have no official statistics to give you, but you'll have to take the sanitarium proprietors' word for it that what we have just said is particularly true of the woman dipsomaniac. As a sample they showed us the case record of one otherwise desirable lady whose diet, before she fell flat on her lovely face, read thus: Breakfast—coffee with brandy and a slice of Melba toast. At eleven o'clock in the morning she drank four glasses of sherry—an excellent foundation for serious drinking to come. At noon, four or five Martinis. For luncheon she ate two or three leaves of lettuce and perhaps several cups of coffee with brandy. Between then and the cocktail hour she was wont to take on four or five Scotches, sometimes with soda but not often. At six o'clock she began her serious drinking, sometimes interrupting it long enough to take a little soup and perhaps a cracker or two.

Oddly enough, she was quite apt to be a bit wobbly about midnight, having killed a bottle of Scotch and a few brandies. But it did keep her weight down, which pleased her no end. You see, the average person can get along on 1,200 food calories a day. And there are two hundred calories in an average shot of Scotch. The trouble is that if ninety per cent of your 1,200 calories are alcohol—alcohol, the great disintegrator—your brain may dissolve, your kidneys get out of hand and your liver—but we've said all that.

We had the vast pleasure of talking to a terrific gentleman whose job it is to subdue and strait-jacket sanitarium inmates when they have gone berserk—as they occasionally do. He is working in an all-male place. For a year he worked in a souse trap for women only. But never again.

"I'd rather take on the Green Bay Packers singlehanded," he said in a loud, firm voice. "I worked in a dame drunk joint for a year. Look at my nose. See that arm? Them's teeth marks. Listen: I been kicked in the stomach with number five triple A's so often that I gotta wear a special belt. When a lady gets the horrors, she could lick that circus gorilla. D'ye see this?"

He showed us a ragged scar on his scalp.

"Gimme two hundred pounds of tough, drunk gent, every time," he said. "No more D.T. dames for me."

To be a chronic alcoholic, you don't have to start young. They told us of an increasing number of drunkards who were either total abstainers or normal and moderate drinkers until they were forty. If one starts out at forty to achieve fame in the night-club circuit or win a place in café society, it doesn't take long. And such middle-aged infants don't last long. Their tired hearts refuse to take it.

"Example Better than Precept"

Well, there you have the sketchy story of abnormal drinking. Taking Willie to the sanitarium was a most interesting experience. Just before we left, Willie's doctor asked us to have a nightcap with him.

"Can't Willie have one too?" we asked. "Just one—poor sap."

"Wouldn't do him any harm," replied the doctor. "We always taper them off. But it can't be done. A rummy's doctor should never let his patient see him drink. The alcoholic is a screwball. Can't reason like you and me. If he sees his doctor drink it's hard to explain to him why he shouldn't drink. It's like a teacher of English speaking ungrammatically. Or a math prof making a bum of the multiplication tables. Well, fellow, here's how."

"To Willie," we replied.

Father's Day

Continued from page 21

the adulation, looking the toughest batters in the eye and then mowing them down.

And yet suddenly, perversely, he was flooded with relief. He was free now of the last strands to the past. He had done his part and now it was over.

"Okay, kid," he said. "It's your life," and he walked out.

JIM BAILEY and his boss were still in Florida when the Robins finished playing the grapefruit circuit and headed northward. Tom O'Connor—or was it the front office?—said tersely that Young Jim Bailey had what it takes and would be on the firing line when the season opened. As a matter of record, he appeared as a relief pitcher in the third game, getting credit for the win when the Robins put on a tenth-inning rally. The papers and the news services gave that a splash.

They saved him then for a Sunday game and thirty-five thousand people saw him last seven innings, giving nine hits and being charged with the loss. All he needed, said O'Connor, was a few more games under his belt.

Jim Bailey was back in town by then but he didn't read any of those things. With the opening of the season his only interest was in the final scores that figured in the pay-offs of the pool. He had his hands full checking up on the distributors, making sure there weren't too many heavy pay-offs, seeing that every district had a winner.

There was a reform police commissioner in office and there were several jams that Nick Russo had to square personally. The pool was only a lucrative side line with Nick but he had to show the boys that they always had protection.

By mid-June everything was running smoothly. There was money in town and downstate—fifty cents for a weekly lottery ticket that may win you ten or fifteen thousand dollars is always on tap—and after all the angles and commissions, there was still plenty left for Nick and some for Big Jim Bailey.

He made it and put it away, feeling more secure all the time as he watched that growing bank account. Now there was almost enough money to make that little ranch in California a real and tangible thing. Just this last season and he would have all he needed.

When the Robins came back from their first Eastern invasion they were in fourth place and struggling to keep out of the second division. Young Jim Bailey had dropped five games on the road—games they had needed badly. There were rumors that waivers were being asked on him—that some of the clubs had already passed him up.

Jim Bailey was leaving the cigar counter of a residential hotel when he met the girl again. It was the last day of the weekly pool with plenty of work ahead and he nodded coolly, intending to brush past. She stopped him.

"I just wanted to apologize, Mr. Bailey," she said, her voice so low he could barely hear her. "I—I know how you must feel. It was just that I hoped if Jim saw you again—"

His eyes narrowed slightly at the

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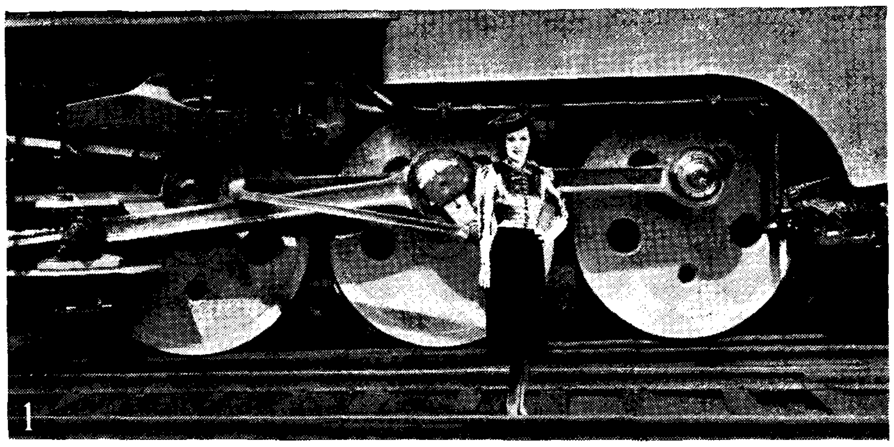

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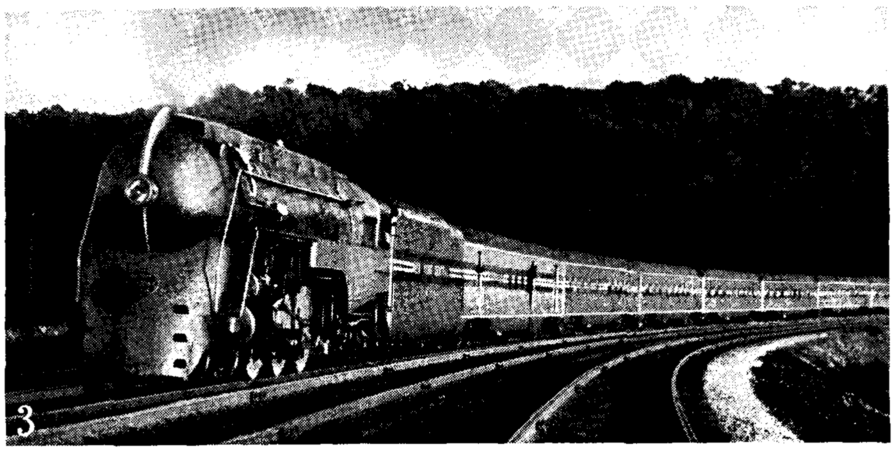

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color creeping into her cheeks and some of the tightness left his lips.

"Skip it," he said finally. "Things take a funny hop sometimes."

She looked at him as if she was trying to guess what he really meant. How a man could bet on the wrong game, for example.

"I know," Lucille said quietly. "It's been that way with us. Jim's not doing very well."

"So?" he said uncomfortably. "Well, you can't win 'em all."

She tried to smile. "I was just going out to the park now. He's pitching today." Then, simply, "It may be the last time."

He couldn't think of anything to say. He could only stand there and remember something he had long since forgotten: that ballplayers' wives take a beating, too. Maybe it was because of that or maybe it was only because she was young and upset, but he pulled one for the bleachers then. Taking her arm, he said, "I'll drive you out there. It's right on my way."

HE NEVER did quite understand how he suddenly found himself sitting up there in the stands with the girl when the game was called. When he had walked out of the commissioner's office and out of baseball, he had sworn that he would never see another game. Then, when she had told him that O'Connor was giving the kid his last chance that day, he had a long-shot hunch that he *had* to see that one.

One of the lottery boys came over and spoke to him, and when he was gone he explained that the man was one of his runners.

"Runners?" she asked.

"Sure," he said, feeling easier talking of such things. "He handles the tickets and collections in his district."

She wanted to know all about the pool then and he was still explaining the setup when the loud-speakers blared out the batteries for the day's game. The girl fumbled in her purse. She found a half dollar and thrust it into his hand. "I want to buy one," she said. "Maybe it will change our luck!"

She was a ballplayer's wife, all right, he thought. Superstitious as the rest of them. He smiled, slipping the coin in his pocket. "I'll see you get one," he said carelessly, watching the kid walk out on the mound.

Not even the boy could say that Tom O'Connor didn't give him an even break. He put him in there against the Phillies and everybody knew if he had anything besides a prayer he ought to win that one. There was only a sprinkling of fans in the stands and even the partisan faithful of the bleachers seemed to have little interest in a game between two clubs that were going nowhere fast.

The umpire tossed out a new ball and, seated far up there behind the screen shielding the plate, Jim Bailey experienced a strange tightening in his throat. The familiar flannels, the second baseman playing in, waiting with his hands on his knees, the steady chatter of the coaches.

The game was like all the others Young Jim had pitched. He got by the first two innings in good shape, fanning four men, and Lucille wondered why the older man frowned at those strike-outs. In the third he walked a batter and allowed two singles, a run scoring. The kid bore down all the more after that but in the fourth they still got to him. Four hits and three runs.

Lucille glanced hopelessly at the big man staring out on the field, wondering if he knew what was wrong.

"He works too hard," he said. "If he would just loosen up—"

But the kid didn't. He didn't understand there were seven men behind you, ready to go after the ball. Only a grandstander or a foolish kid would throw his arm away, trying for strike-outs. When you poured it on that way you lost your stuff. It never failed. Any good pitcher would tell him you only used your pay-day ball in the clutches.

The first man up in the fifth hit a double and when it was followed by a sharp single to right field Jim Bailey knew it was all over.

"He's always been that way," she said helplessly. "He gets a fine start and then—" Her voice was worn and tired. "I guess it's the only way he can play."

Jim shook his head. "It wasn't that way with me," he said, and it didn't seem funny to mention his baseball days again. It seemed quite natural.

The girl looked at him. "I know," she said wearily, "but it was you who made him that way."

Jim Bailey could have stopped her then, should have stopped her, but he didn't. Out of the dry wells of what had been hope and was now only despair, she was telling the truth and he knew it. How being Young Jim Bailey, always conscious of your father's record, made you bear down. Trying to make up for the ability you lacked—so that no one could say you were getting by on the name of someone who had forgotten you. Trying to make good when you knew you weren't good enough, when in your heart you wanted to do something besides play baseball all your life.

There was only one thing she didn't say and Jim Bailey could hear it in her silence. How you had to bear down all the time because of those dark and ugly whispers that followed Big Jim Bailey's name. To put it in there all the time so no one could ever point a finger at *you.*

Another run scored then and the stocky figure of O'Connor came out from the bench, waving the kid off the mound. He stood there a moment, a tall, slender figure looking at the barren bleachers and the sparse stands before wearily crossing the diamond for the last time, disappearing into the shadows of the dugout.

WHEN Jim came into the office they were already totaling the pool. Two girls were working at the comptometers and Barney Wolff was hunched over the master tally sheet. It would be midnight before the work was finished and already the coffee cup at Barney's elbow was half filled with cigarette butts. He looked up now, his hair thin and oily under the lights.

"You're late, Jim," he said sullenly. "All the runners were in by eight."

"Were they?" asked Jim, tossing his hat on the desk. He sank down in the big chair. He sat there, a big man with an unlit cigar in his mouth, his feet propped on the desk, staring over Barney Wolff's head.

It was always that way, he thought. You could never win one when you had to. He ought to know.

After a while Jim glanced at the bulldog edition on his desk. Down in one corner of the sports section was the item he was expecting. Young Jim Bailey had been given his outright release by the Robins.

The cigar was suddenly soggy and disagreeable in his mouth and he threw it into a cuspidor. He was growing more and more irritable, as if it were *his* fault that the kid had gone out there and lost today. It was a sucker thought and it annoyed him. It was just that the boy wasn't cut out for it. They had brought him up to the big tent, just a slim kid with a roundhouse curve and a box-office name. And now he was through—like his old man—for keeps.

Barney was saying something.

"How's that?"

"I said Nick was around looking for you," Barney repeated wearily. "He checked over the gross and we're in the

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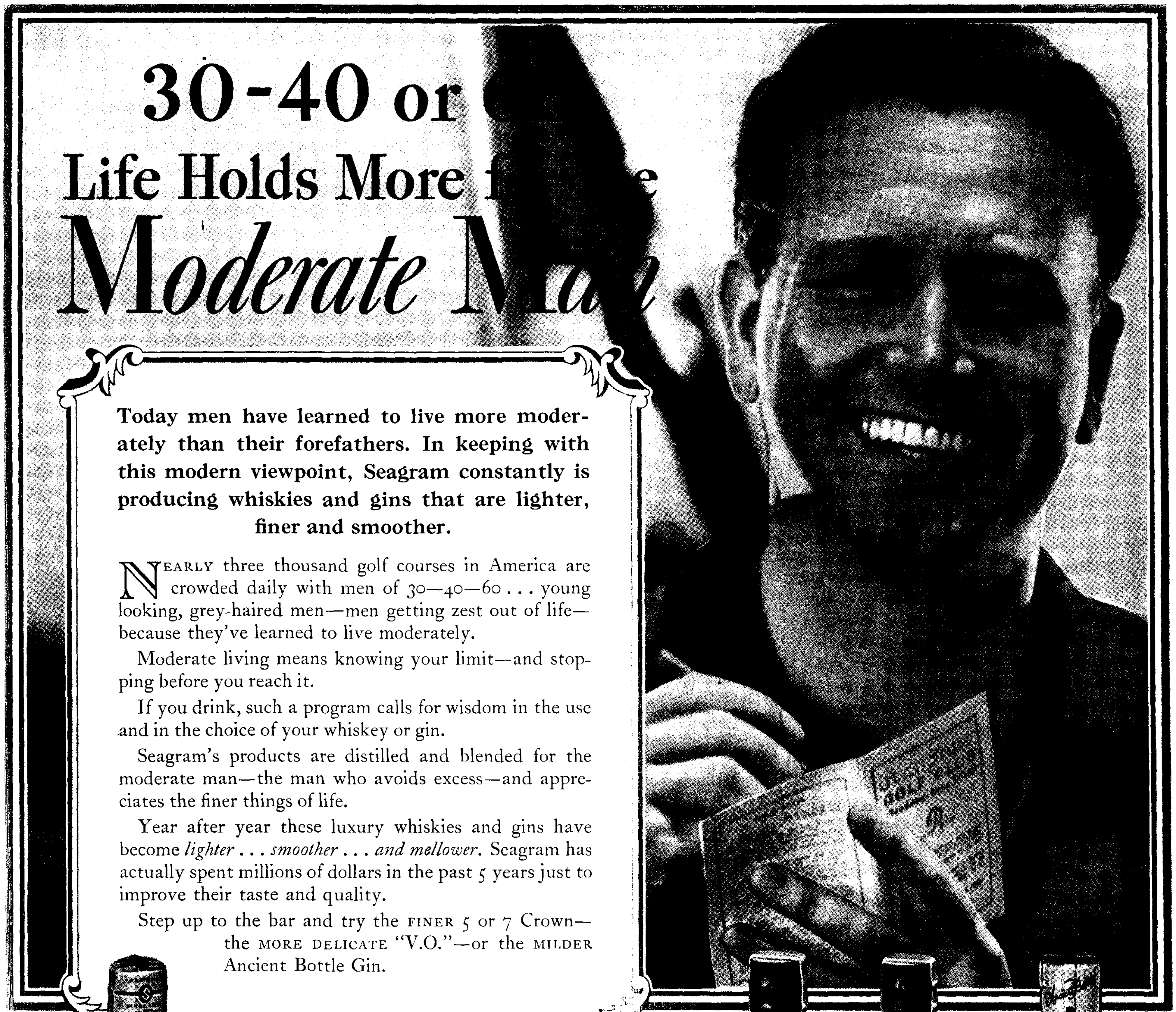
Life Holds More f

Moderate M



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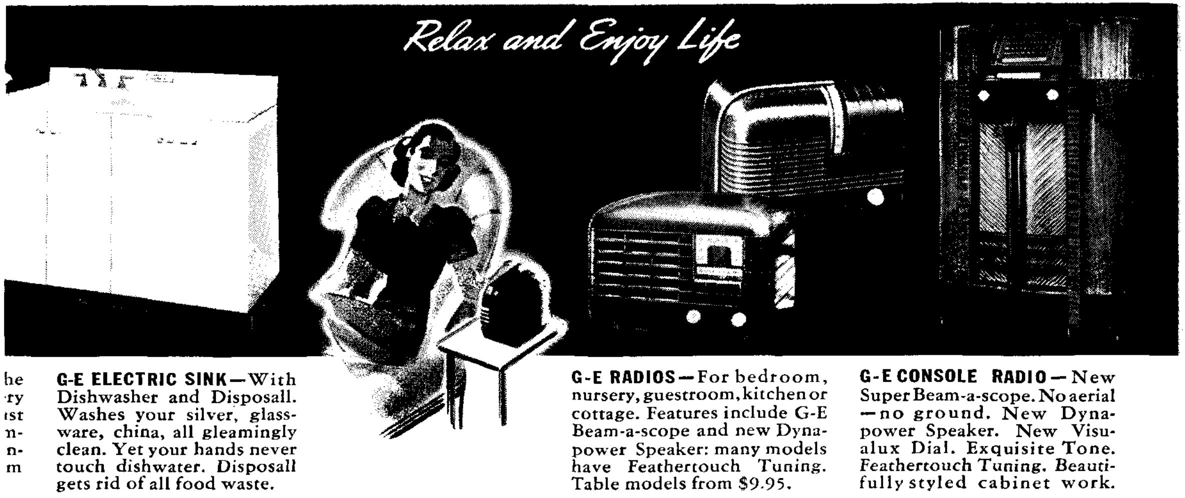

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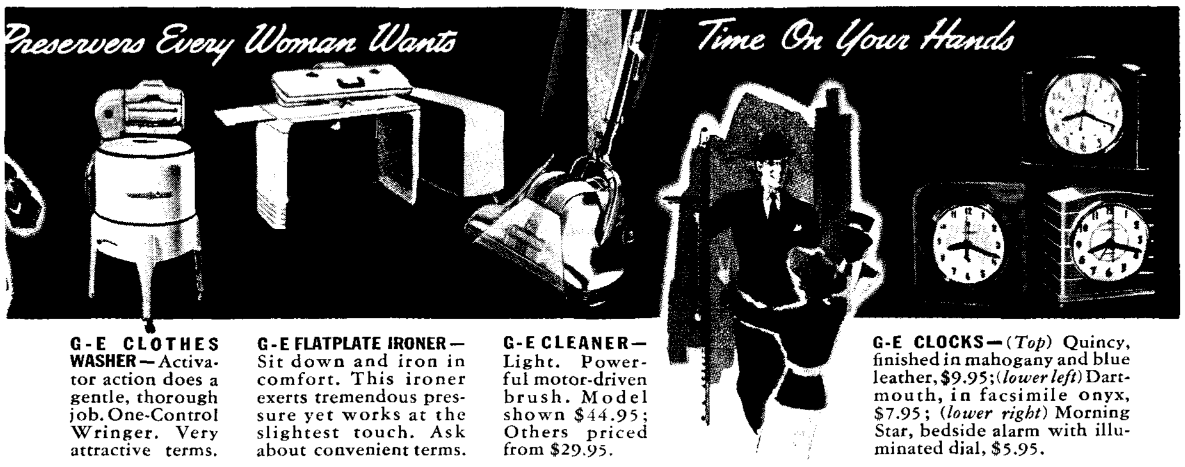

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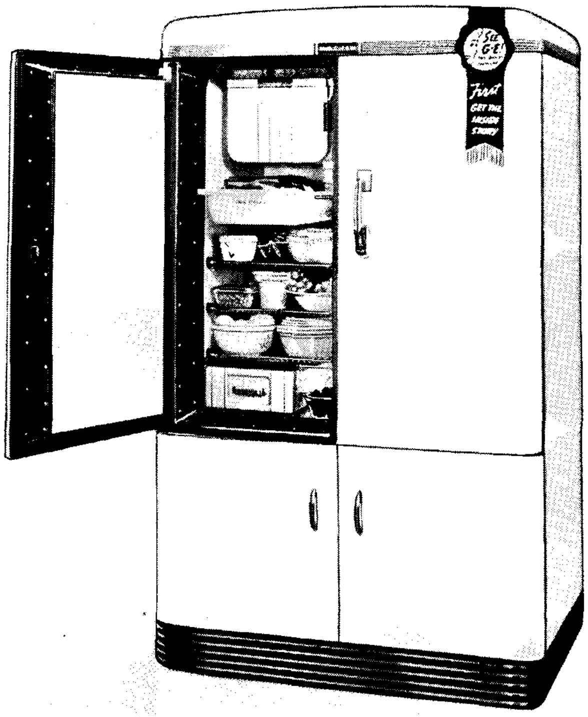

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Calvert "Reserve" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

heavy sugar this week. He says we better have a house roll."

"Oh," said Jim, stirring at that. Only a chump paid off a first prize that ran up into five figures when there was a heavy take. It was easy enough to finagle on weeks like this one, when a couple of tailenders that nobody liked had gone on a scoring spree. All you needed then was a perfect ticket—one that had all the high-scoring teams of the week—and you planted it on a dummy. There wasn't any squawk that way.

"Where's Maxie?" he asked.

"I already told him. He's making it up now."

Maxie came in a little before midnight with the winning ticket. Jim tore off the duplicate and put it in the big box with the other stubs. The number was duly registered to a residential district and Jim slid the original into an envelope, thinking over the best dummies. After a while he scratched an address on it and, when he left with Barney, dropped it into a mailbox.

"You want to come up to Nick's?" asked Barney. "There's a party."

There was always a party at Nick's.

"Not tonight," said Jim. "Tonight I'm going out and get drunk."

IT WAS after two when he woke up, his tongue thick and fuzzy, his eyes throbbing. After a long time he managed to get up and go to the bathroom to mix himself a bromo. He was washing his face when he heard someone come in the apartment.

He went out, the towel still in his hands, and saw Nick standing there with two of the boys.

"There seems to have been a mistake, Jim," Nick said. "A bad one."

"A mistake?"

"Uh-huh." Those little brown eyes were moving around the apartment. "We were going to have a house roll on the pool, remember?"

"Sure."

"Well, about noon, your kid's wife showed up at the office with a perfect ticket and we had to shell out twelve grand." The eyes were on Jim now and the words were slow and deliberate: "The funny thing was, it was the ticket Maxie made up last night."

"Oh," said Jim, looking at the boys standing behind Nick. Of course they had paid off. Nick Russo couldn't have them saying he welshed on the pool.

Jim Bailey walked over to his dresser and got a cigarette. For a moment his back was turned and his hand fumbled in a drawer.

Nick offered him an out then. "Barney saw you mail it," he said softly. "Maybe you got the wrong envelope. Maybe it *was* just a mistake, huh, Jim?"

Jim didn't say anything. He was looking at something in his hand. He turned then and tossed Nick the bankbook.

There was a balance of twelve thousand and eighty-six dollars. Nick stared at the book, the fat lids covering his eyes again and then he chuckled. "Jim Bailey saving his pennies!" He glanced at the big man. "People might think you were saving it to take a powder."

"Maybe I was," said Jim.

"Sure," Nick said agreeably. "Maybe you were." He slid the bankbook into his pocket. "That makes us even, huh, pal?"

"You can call it that," said Jim.

At the door Nick turned and looked at him a minute. "It was a sucker play," he said pityingly. "If you're not a soft touch you'll get it back. You may be needing it.". . .

At the desk they told him that Mr. and Mrs. Bailey had already checked out. He was standing there, wondering what he did now, when he saw a familiar plaid sports jacket seated in the coffee shop. He went over to the door and saw they were in there having a sandwich.

It was Lucille who saw him approaching and leaned forward, saying something in a low voice that caused her husband to look up. The boy's face was inscrutable.

"I was just going by," said Jim, "and I thought I'd stop in for a minute. They tell me you're checking out."

Young Jim went on stirring his coffee, keeping his eyes on the cup. "That's right," he said shortly. "For keeps."

Lucille was pulling out the chair beside her. "Sit down, Mr. Bailey," she said excitedly. "I wanted to tell you—" She stopped when she saw he was still watching the boy.

When the waitress was gone Jim glanced at him. "Look, kid," he said evenly, "I know you want no part of me but you're leaving now and there's something you ought to know. If I hadn't seen you pitch yesterday"—the kid looked up suddenly—"I wouldn't have gone to the trouble. But maybe now I can lay it on the line so you'll understand."

The kid's eyes were still on his coffee. "I didn't know you had ever been out," he said. Lucille opened her mouth but something in the big man's face stilled her voice. "I had a bad day," said Young Jim. "Not that it matters now."

"That's where you're wrong," said the big man. "It matters plenty." The hazel eyes met his and he went on evenly: "You had to win that one yesterday to stay in the league. Fifteen years ago I had to win one to stay in baseball. We both lost."

Somehow, after that it was easier to tell him how it had been. How Big Jim Bailey could never pass up easy money and how he was already into this bookie for three thousand when he had a hunch. The team was in the series and he figured they were a cinch to drop their next game, so he bet the works against them. Then, at the last minute, they had pitched him out of turn. When he had realized how it would look if he didn't win, he bore down so hard that he didn't have anything on the ball. So he lost, and when they found out about the bet he was through.

Young Jim was staring at him as if he were a stranger. Gradually that doubt and scorn faded from the hazel eyes, was replaced with wonder and, finally, belief.

"Oh," he said finally. "I'm glad you told me. I'm real glad."

Now was the time to speak up. This very minute. But Big Jim wasn't thinking of that. He was thinking that you made only one mistake when you worked for Nick Russo. One was enough. The word got around and that was that.

THE boy was telling him eagerly of their luck on the pool. How the minute he saw the ticket—one Lucille had bought from some fellow in the hotel—he realized it had a swell chance. Then they had checked the week's scores and grabbed a taxi and gone right out and collected twelve thousand dollars, first-prize money!

Lucille kept trying to interrupt and then she stopped suddenly, the color sliding from her face. Stopped as if she had only then realized what had happened, could read it in the face of the big, graying man across from her. Young Jim was telling him about their plans for buying some little business up in the Northwest and the big man was nodding. It was only when you were older and knew you were washed up that you wanted a place in California.

He glanced at the girl and his eyes were carefully blank. "You got a break," he said quietly. "A real break."

"I—I know it," she said shakily.

A bellboy came in and said their car and luggage were waiting at the door. They rose, looking young and happy, the way kids were meant to be, and Jim Bailey thought that maybe baseball had paid off for the whole family after all.

The boy was holding out his hand. "Goodby," he said awkwardly. "Maybe you'll get out there and see us?"

"Sure," said his father. "Why not?"

The kid remembered the check then and reached for it but the big man had already picked it up.

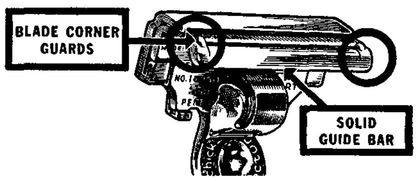
"Let me have it," he said, his shoulders straightening a little as he thought of how the boys would already be passing the word and people would remember that Jim Bailey had been mixed up in something crooked before. They would say that old dogs didn't learn new tricks.

"Let me have it," he said. "This one's on me."

"You was gone a long time. Who was it at th' door?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

THE SCHICK INJECTOR



Nicks from sharp blade corners are prevented by metal guards at each end of Schick guide bar. Double-thick blade is held in perfect alignment. Solid guide bar s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s skin taut ahead of blade edge . . . brings whiskers up out of natural pits for clean, comfortable shave.

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When winter gets down to real business, add enough "Zerone" for lower temperatures. A total of six quarts, put in as needed, can protect a car with an average size cooling system (15 quarts) for the entire winter. And six quarts cost only $1.50.

You may need a little more or less, depending on the condition and capacity of your car radiator and the severity of winter in your neighborhood. But the unusual efficiency of "Zerone" will save you real money.

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Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE

We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 10

She made a face and pecked at his cheek.

And then, gruffly, he said, "Beat it. I don't want you around. There's a client coming up, a swell blond client, and you'd be in the way."

"You," she said, "are a wonderful liar."

Peter Kincaid took a long step and booted her gently toward the door. Paula managed a convincing yelp and scooted down the hall.

"By the gods!" she heard him roar. "It's mutiny in the ranks. It's treachery!"

The dress turned out to be red—a sleek little thing with a low, square-cut neck, clinging Grecian lines and practically no back at all. And it was nearly six o'clock when Paula reached the apartment house.

SHE let herself into a lower hallway that was warm and heavy with the odor of food. The apartment house was like that. The manager liked sauerkraut at least three times a week. The tenants had come to accept that the same way they accepted the leaky faucets, the aged refrigerators.

"One big case," Peter had said, "and we'll leave this place. We'll have a suite in the Ambassador. The bedroom won't be a gadget you pull out of the wall. The bathtub will be man-size, not something designed for a midget. Give me six months, or a year . . ."

That had been nice and easy to believe. The confidence in Peter's face had been as real as his smile, and Paula's doubts had vanished with the flat movement of his hand. The lumpy, faded furniture was just a means to an end. And that end, like Christmas, was a thing worth having, worth planning. It would be something grand. A big shiny package wrapped in bright tinsel and labeled: The future of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kincaid.

Six months. And that had been two years ago.

The upper hallway was long and usually quite dark. Tonight one door was open, its outline marked in dusty yellow on the carpet. A woman waited there. She spoke as Paula passed:

"Mrs. Kincaid, I'd like to talk to you, if I may."

She said it quickly without expression and somehow Paula felt the words had been chosen hours before. The woman had waited for a long time. There was that in her eyes. Paula said, "Of course, Mrs. Bascom."

The woman said nothing more until after Paula unlocked the door of her apartment and ran down the blinds. And then, quietly, she said, "Freddy's in trouble again."

"Freddy?"

"He's my son."

"I think I know him," said Paula.

And she did, as you know a person who lives across the hall from you. They had passed on the stairs and on the walk outside. He had never spoken and yet Paula knew his voice would be thin and impatient. He was like that. Small and dark and older than his years. He had a hurried sharpness that you remembered. For the rest—he could have been any one of the boys who hung around the corner bar.

"The police took him away." Mrs. Bascom's voice was almost listless. "I knew your husband was a lawyer and I thought . . ."

"Why was he arrested?" Paula asked gently.

Mrs. Bascom's mouth twitched. "The police say he robbed a store."

"Do you know any of the details?"

There was dejection in the slump of Mrs. Bascom's shoulders. She was small and gray and the years had brought little but pain. Each new hurt had only added to her confusion. Resentment had died in her long ago.

"The police," she said, "told me he robbed a grocery store in Rosemont. They say he used a gun." Her eyes came up. "Freddy says he had nothing to do with it. I . . . I can't be sure. Freddy has lied to me before. . . ."

Paula said, "I'm sure Mr. Kincaid will be able to do something. I'll have him stop in and talk to you."

Mrs. Bascom stood up. "I'd be awfully glad if he would. Freddy isn't really bad. It's just that he can't find work and he does want things. If . . . if Mr. Kincaid could get him off, this once, I'm sure he'd straighten up."

And then Mrs. Bascom had gone and Paula was alone. Peter would take this case, she thought. Even though it meant defending a guilty man for a small fee, or no fee at all. Peter's whole practice was built on such cases. And that was the trouble.

He could go on this way for years without particular success. They needed luck and the kind of a case that made screaming headlines. The kind that people remembered.

The phone rang and Paula answered it. It was Peter, calling to find out if she'd bought the dress. He asked about the color and laughed when she told him.

"A little red fire engine," he chuckled. "Nice."

"I like it," Paula said stoutly. "And, m'lord, why stop along the way to make phone calls? You're late now."

"Be there in a minute. Tell my valet to lay out my top hat and tails, will you?"

Paula said, "What valet?"

"The one with the little white forelock."

Paula laughed. "Come home and draw me a diagram. And hurry. You've a chore to do before we can leave."

"Such as what?"

"You might," Paula said, "come home and find out."

SHE was in the tub when Peter finally arrived. She heard him whistling in the kitchen, heard the thump of packages on the table. He called, "Hey, Ugly, come here. I brought something."

Paula obeyed, knotting the sash of a terry-cloth bathrobe tight around her. Peter was holding a square bottle up to the light. Paula frowned faintly as she read the label.

"Scotch! It's nice, but did you have to have this kind?"

An amused tolerance looked out of Peter's eyes, a secret enjoyment. "What's wrong, isn't it good enough?"

Paula said, "That's just the trouble, Pete. Did you have to buy the very best, when we need money so badly?"

And then she saw the small, square box wrapped in plain paper. She looked quickly up at Peter to find his grin had widened.

"What's this?" she asked.

"You might open it."

And Paula did, her hands trembling in a strange mixture of anger and anticipation. Knowing Peter, she suspected the contents even before the wrapping came away and disclosed a florist's box.

"An orchid," she breathed. "So that's why you wanted to know the color of my dress!" She turned and caught his hands. "Pete, you glorious fool! You're a nut. I'll strangle you, but kiss me first. . . ."

And afterward Peter said, "We're a couple of fools. You're as crazy as I am. And thank God for that."

She was smiling and he grinned down at her.

"Sometimes," she said, "I think you're swell."

He drew her close. "How's for a drink?"

Paula helped him with the ice. He said, "Now!" and lifted his glass. She raised her own and touched his. Their eyes met and held. The moment became bright and still.

It wasn't a light moment, nor deeply serious, but a warm thing of their own invention. It was a mood they'd brought along the years for just such occasions. Peter's eyes were quiet and grave. Paula's were still, with warm lights far back in their depths.

"I give you," Peter said, "the imminent prosperity of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kincaid."

THEY drank slowly. Peter put his glass down. "Now. What was it I had to do before we could go?"

"Freddy Bascom's in trouble, and I told his mother you'd defend him. She's waiting for you now."

"Hey!" Peter protested. "I've done my day's work. This was to be our night out. Remember?"

"I know. But I'm not ready yet, and you'll only be gone a minute. I promised her you would."

Peter made a wry face. "All right. Have a drink ready when I get back. . . ."

He was gone less than half an hour. And then he got his drink and came to stand behind Paula, who was finishing her make-up.

"My dear," he said, "you're a very fortunate woman. Did you know that?"

His face, there in the mirror beside her own, was contented. There was something like triumph in his eyes.

"Whose goldfish did you eat?"

"You don't appreciate me. You don't realize your husband is probably the most brilliant lawyer in the city."

Paula began to understand. "Pete, are you trying to tell me you can get Freddy out of this mess?"

"In a word, yes."

"But how?"

A bantering note came into Peter's tone: "That's a professional secret. If we told riffraff all we knew how could we retain our cloak of mystery?"

"Who's riffraff?"

"Don't feel badly—you're a very pretty one."

"Now stop it!" Paula was provoked. "What *can* you do about Freddy? Even his mother's not sure he's innocent."

"I work miracles," he said. "Kincaid and Kincaid. Miracles done to order. That's me."

"Pete, so help me . . ."

Peter Kincaid laughed. "All right. It's one of those things from heaven. The store Freddy's supposed to have robbed is out in Rosemont. And Rosemont, you'll remember, is just outside the city limits. A good twenty miles from the courthouse."

"I don't see . . ."

"Patience, my ugly. I want you to remember that twenty miles. It's quite a distance. You'd need five hours to walk it; a little more than an hour to go by bus, and about forty-five minutes to go by car."

"There's a limit to my patience."

"The judge," said Peter, grinning, "will kindly keep her lip buttoned and let the witness tell the story in his own way."

"Get to the point."

"The point is this: the store was robbed at two o'clock this afternoon. I saw Freddy at five minutes of two—but not in Rosemont. He was in front of the courthouse, twenty miles from Rosemont. He would have had to travel four miles a minute, after leaving me, to be in Rosemont in time to rob the store."

"In short," said Paula, "you've an ironclad alibi for him."

"Correct. And now you see why I'm smart."

Paula smiled. "If luck was brains, my friend, you'd be a genius."

"My public," Peter complained, "doesn't appreciate me."

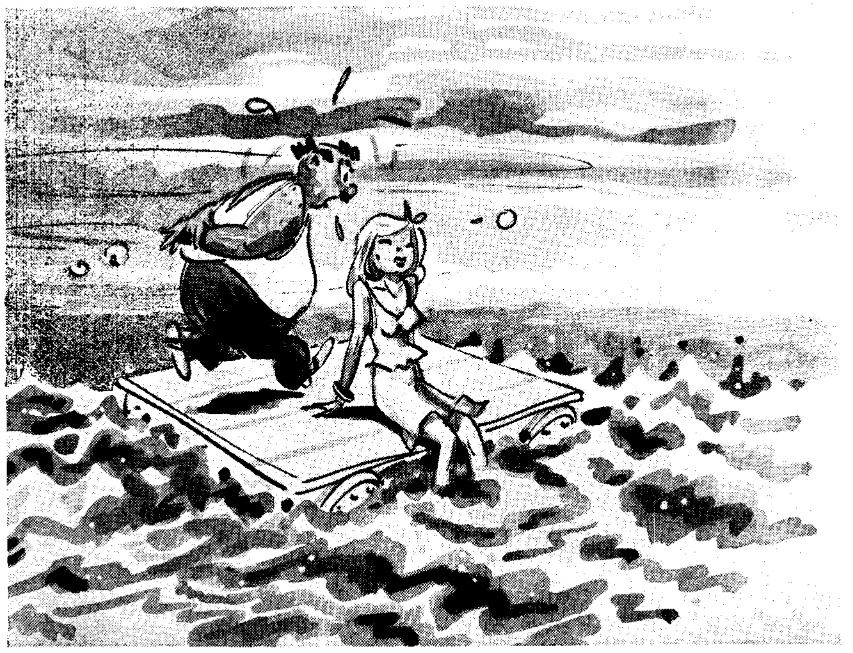
THE evening began in Henri's. And there, against a background of soft music and dimmed lights, Peter went back to building dream castles. Only these were—

". . . fact and not fancy. We'll get these things, like money, prestige and all the rest. What I need to start is a really big case. . . ."

It was nice to think about, and Peter had a way of making things seem real. In a taxi later, he unfolded an "extra" just on the streets. "Here's what I mean," he said. "Look at this headline:

"FRANKLIN CALHOUN FOUND MURDERED!

"Calhoun—" Peter went on, "one of the biggest names in the state! That's the kind of break I want. If I could defend the man they charge with this



"When we land, remind me to see the steamship company about a refund on our tickets!" REAMER KELLER

ADDITIONAL PROOF DAILY... Enthusiastic letters and *verified* reports prove that Knox Gelatine promotes muscular endurance and less fatigue.

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MORE "AFTER HOURS" FUN

Don't let fatigue keep you from enjoying the recreation you need after the day's work. White collar workers, manual laborers, business executives, clerks — people in all walks of life say they find new zest for work and play by following this simple routine. Pure, plain Knox Gelatine has certain properties that *store* energy in the muscles for use when needed. Test cases show high rate of increase in energy output with this new diet principle.

Cut Fatigue! Take

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THIS WAY: Empty 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in glass ¾ full of cold water or fruit juice (or half water, half fruit juice). Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink rapidly or it will thicken. Take 4 envelopes a day for 2 weeks, then reduce to 2 envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

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OVER THE TOP

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Also in handy candy tablets of sheer wholesome goodness. Insist on Horlick's—a stand-by for over 30 years. Ask for Horlick's at the fountain, too.

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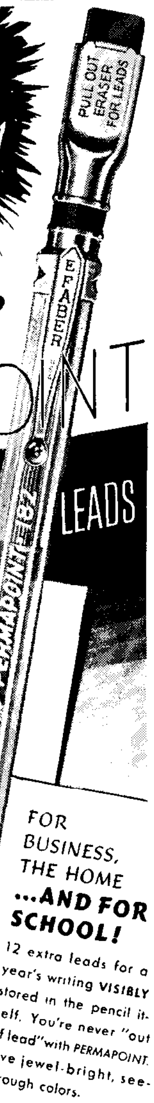

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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS MONGOL PENCILS

murder; and could clear him the way I'll clear Freddy, I'd have the world by the tail."

Paula said, "You're too darned impatient. Things don't happen that way. It takes time, lots of time."

"Maybe you're right. We'll see. . . ."

The play was good and they both enjoyed it. After leaving the theater, the night became a succession of dimly lighted, smoke-filled places where the music was either soft and smooth or brassy and strident, but always good.

They drank a little too much, but they danced a lot and laughed often. The world became a fine place, crowded with fine people. Nothing mattered except filling this one short night to the brim.

And they were entering the Silver Club when Paula saw that Peter walked with a definite list to port. But she did not see it soon enough to steer him away from two people who were going out. Peter collided with the woman.

He apologized a little too gravely, and the woman's escort laughed it away. Paula remembered him later as a stocky, broad-shouldered chap whose eyes were china-blue.

Peter blinked. "That was Max Sandstrom."

"And who is he?"

"My dear," said Peter sternly, "you're supposed to know people who count. And Sandstrom counts, politically, financially and every other way. And say—" He turned and looked at her, thinking.

"Say what?" Paula asked.

"Franklin Calhoun, the guy they found murdered, was like that with Sandstrom. Partners, or something."

"What of it?"

"Seems funny Sandstrom would be out having fun, with his partner just killed." He took her arm. "Well, let's go in and have a drink. Let's."

They had a drink. And then they started home, in a taxi. Peter rested his head on Paula's shoulder.

"Let's snuggle," he whispered.

In a sudden tender moment Paula decided she would be perfectly contented if they could always snuggle. . . .

PETER KINCAID reached the police station at ten. Myer Rosen, the bondsman, was there. He was fat and he smiled too often. He smiled now.

"'Lo, sweetheart," he said. "I got the dough you sent. I took care of Freddy Bascom's bond. All you got to do is go get him."

"Thanks, Myer."

"I'm in the business, ain't I?" Myer Rosen's voice was hard and colorless. "You got a bad one, kid. Bascom's record ain't so hot, an' his story smells. They'll throw the book at him."

"Worried about your bond?"

"Maybe," said Myer Rosen.

Peter Kincaid laughed. "Plenty of your clients forget to show up for trial, but it doesn't cost you anything."

"Can I help it if I'm smart?" the fat man asked. "You still got a pig, even if it don't cost me a dime."

Peter Kincaid rode the elevator to the tenth floor, and went into a big room that was heavy with the smell of jail. Benches stood in stiff rows, and the frosted ceiling lights burned always. There was a weary timelessness about the place. The people seemed always the same: the tired cops, the reporters, the happy drunk at the booking desk, the whiskered vagrant who swept the floor.

The desk sergeant said, "Fred Bascom," and turned to the card index at his elbow. "Sure. Rosen asked us to hold him till you got here. Want him now?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Yes," and waited beside the desk until a turnkey brought Freddy Bascom there.

"Mom sent you, huh?" Bascom bobbed his head and smiled uncertainly. "She said she'd have bail for me today. Did you bring it?"

"Yes," said Peter Kincaid. "Let's get out of here."

They had coffee in a near-by tavern. Peter Kincaid waited until Bascom had pushed away his cup and lighted a cigarette before he said, "Want to tell me about it?"

"I didn't stick up that store," Bascom said. "But the cops know I been in trouble before, an' that's enough. They'll send me up, see?"

"Don't bet on it."

"Here's the way it was," Bascom said. "It's screwy, but it's the truth. A guy hires me to take a package to a place on the west side. He give me a name an' address. I go over there, but there ain't no such number. It's a phony, see?"

Peter Kincaid nodded.

"That package had nuthin' in it but a wad of newspaper." Freddy Bascom leaned forward. "The guy hired me at one-thirty, see? Then he pulls the stick-up at two, an' I ain't got a chance at an alibi."

"What did this chap look like?"

"He's a thin guy, wears a black suit. I seen him around a time or two. Maybe I can find him for you."

"Go home," said Kincaid. "Stay there."

"I still think I . . ." Bascom began.

Peter Kincaid finished his coffee. "You might find the man who gave you the package, and you might land in more trouble. We don't need him. You're innocent, and I can prove it. . . ."

Donald James came then. He was a stocky, brownish man who wore tweeds well, and knew it. He had an easy smile and a deeply pleasant voice. He was the youngest of the city attorney's assistants. "My pal," he said, and touched Peter Kincaid's arm. "Swell!"

Peter Kincaid said, "I haven't a dime."

"But naturally, and so what?"

"You're being fraternal," Kincaid grinned. "That usually costs somebody money." He turned to Bascom. "We can finish our talk tonight, Freddy. All right?"

Freddy Bascom whispered a grateful "Okay," and hurried away. Donald James sat down in his place. "That wouldn't," he said casually, "be a guy named Bascom?"

"So that's why you're being clubby."

"That's it," James admitted. "His case is on my list. I went up to pry something useful out of the guy." He grinned. "The ceiling fell in about that time."

"Life's full of little jokes like that. And wait till this thing goes to court."

"What do you mean?"

"Bascom's in the clear and I can prove it. This case is simple and perfect and we can't lose. Brace yourself, you're going to take a licking."

"Like that?" Donald James sighed noisily. Then, seriously: "You're not kidding?"

"No, Don, that's straight. Freddy's innocent, and I can prove it."

Donald James shrugged. "Well, stick around, and I'll let you buy me a lunch."

THERE was nothing special about Thursday. The forenoon dragged, as it always did, and the boy was late with the box lunches. Paula was saying, "Deviled eggs, again . . ." when the phone rang.

Peter Kincaid looked up. He heard Paula's careful, "Yes . . . Yes, of course. I'll ask Mr. Kincaid to call as soon as he returns from lunch." He smiled.

"Liar," he said. "Wash your mouth out with soap."

Paula said, "That was Max Sandstrom calling."

"Sandstrom?" Peter said. "What could he want?"

"Wait five minutes and call him. Then we'll know."

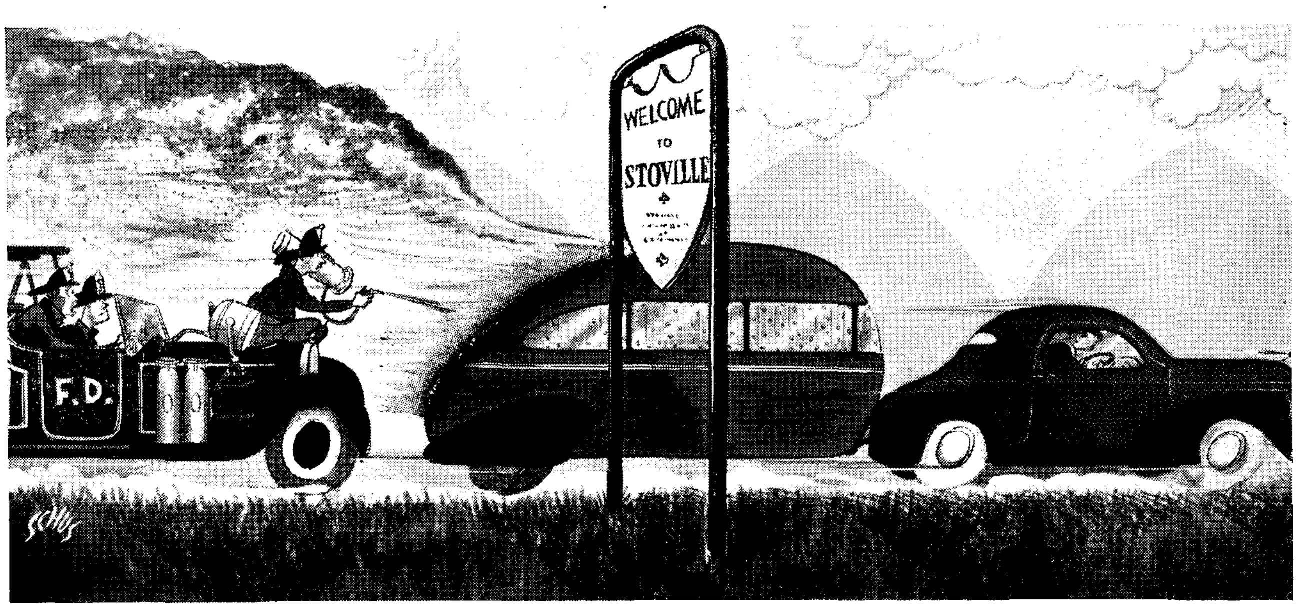
But they didn't. A secretary said, "One moment, please," and Peter Kincaid had time to grin at Paula. Then the voice of Max Sandstrom was in the phone, clipped and swift and a little harsh. And it wasn't until afterward that Peter Kincaid realized he'd said just what he'd been made to say—no more.

"He's smooth," Peter said. "He could talk you out of your shirt."

"What did he want, Pete?"

"I'm not sure. He said he'd heard about me and wondered if I could do some work for him. He asked if I was married, and wound up by inviting you and me to dinner."

Paula's eyes shone. "You mean . . . ?"



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ADOLPH SCHUS

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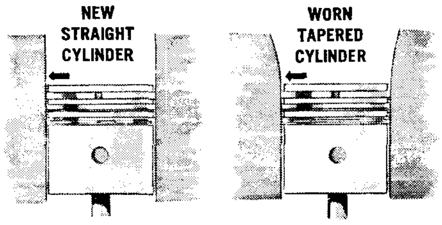

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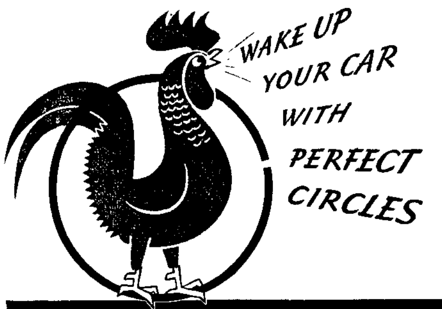

WAKE UP YOUR CAR WITH PERFECT CIRCLES

PERFECT CIRCLE Piston Rings

Peter Kincaid frowned. "That's right. We dine with Sandstrom at Twin Hills, the show place of the state. And it doesn't make sense!"

"Why not?"

"The best legal brains on the coast work for him now. There are a hundred lawyers in town who'd turn handsprings if they thought they could get inside his office. He can have anyone he wants—and he sends for me!"

"Anyway," Paula said contentedly. "I'm glad I've got a new dress."

TWIN HILLS was a full twenty miles south of the city. A narrow road left the main highway there and climbed steeply into hills that were rolling and green. The river was a dusty ribbon of silver, far below.

The house was above and to the right—a massive thing of brick and native stone. There were towers, two of them, hard-pushed against the lowering sky. The grounds had a carefully formal air, and the curving drive of crushed shell was a white scar between box hedges.

"That's not a house," said Peter Kincaid. "It looks like a hotel or a Hollywood movie set. Maybe they cut it out of cardboard and pasted it up there."

Paula smiled. "I hope the dinner isn't cardboard."

And then the crushed shell of the drive was whispering under the wheels and Peter was saying, "Don't burn any bridges. We may need them for retreat."

"What do you mean?"

"This whole thing," Peter said softly, "smells bad."

"Pete, you're being silly."

Peter Kincaid grinned. "Ugly," he said, "I can see where I'm going to have trouble with you. I should have brought a blonde."

Max Sandstrom met them in the hall. "Kincaid," he said, "it's nice having you. And I'm glad Mrs. Kincaid was able to come." He said it warmly, but it was a practiced warmth. His smile was a politician's smile.

He was stocky and brown and his hands were good. He had a wrestler's build and you felt his strength, for he wore it as easily as he wore his dinner clothes. Not the strength of his body, though he had that too, but a darker strength, a secret and restless inner drive.

"A drink first," Sandstrom said, "and then food, and then we'll talk. Come along and meet the others."

Peter Kincaid smiled. "Why not?"

The living room was large. An open fire made a cheerful, crackling sound and there was the clink of glass, the quiet hum of voices. Three people waited there, a man and two women.

A servant appeared with a tray of cocktails and Sandstrom murmured names, "Lee Johnson, Mary Johnson." And they were alike, these two, in their thin, dusty blondness. They smiled and the man took Peter's hand in a clasp that was brief and warm.

Sandstrom said, "Lee's my secretary."

That somehow fit, for they had a shadowy air. They were flesh and they were alive. And yet they were here, you felt, because they could wear the proper clothes and use the proper forks.

"He's saving me," said a cool voice. "I'm the happy ending. I'm what the children cry for. I'm Marion Cantrill." Peter took her hand. "I'm glad."

"You should be," said Max Sandstrom.

Marion Cantrill lifted white shoulders. "Good old Max," she said. "Always in at the finish." There was no anger in her voice, no laughter. She had beauty without warmth, the grace of some smooth, expensive thing that was at once lovely and cold to the touch.

Max Sandstrom shrugged. "You need a drink."

"Of course," said Marion.

Peter Kincaid found himself beside her then, upon a wide couch, and again at the dinner table. "Why are you here?" Marion asked. "Business?"

Peter Kincaid smiled. "I think it's business, but there's nothing definite yet. Let's say I came for the ride."

"Then try the wine. It's good."

And afterward, Peter Kincaid couldn't remember quite how the thing came about. There was a pause, startling in its completeness, and into the quiet came Sandstrom's words:

"I am an ex-convict!"

Marion Cantrill whispered, "Here we go again!" and Peter Kincaid looked quickly to Max Sandstrom. He had a feeling that this was old and had been done many times.

Sandstrom said, "Did you know that, Kincaid?"

"I did," Peter answered. "Does it matter?"

"I think it does."

And with that Peter Kincaid knew why he'd wanted Max Sandstrom to remain silent The words were directed at him, but they were meant for Paula. And her chin was propped in her hands. She was oddly intent, listening.

Max Sandstrom said, "I'd be in prison yet, but for Dave Farmer. You know who he is, don't you, Kincaid?"

"Dave Farmer's a political boss," Peter said slowly, "a manufacturer. If there's anything in the state worth having, Dave Farmer has it."

Max Sandstrom spread his hands. "Dave Farmer is the grandest guy God ever gave breath. He never forgets a friend. I know. I met Dave Farmer in prison."

"I didn't know . . ." Peter Kincaid began.

"That was ten years ago," Sandstrom said. "He was sent to prison because he told a judge to go to hell. He believed a man's business was his own, he refused to open his books, so they sent him away.

"I was there because I'd stolen twenty thousand dollars. The judge called me a man beneath contempt." Sandstrom lifted a glass and his eyes were blue and hard above the rim. "I was a kid from the wrong side of the track. The money was there and the chance to take it. I did take it."

MARION CANTRILL stirred restlessly and with bitter brightness she said, "We need a couple of violins. This would be better with music."

A smile pulled at Sandstrom's lips. "That bad?"

Paula said, "I think it's interesting."

"You're overruled, Marion." Crisply, a hardness came into Sandstrom's voice: "Prison taught me a lot. Any man will steal when he's hungry and there's food for the taking. Money can mean more than food. Once it meant more to me. Now it doesn't."

There was a pause and Max Sandstrom said, "I changed my mind about money the day I met Dave Farmer. He had everything I wanted and yet we were locked in the same cell every night. He was there because he thought enough of his beliefs to go to hell for them. And it was hell. The cons saw Dave as just another 'big shot' who'd stubbed his toe—fair game for any torture they could devise.

"I stopped all that. Dave didn't forget. He was waiting at the gate the day I was released, and I went to work for him the next morning. Today, I run Dave's plant."

Peter Kincaid said, "And four others."

Max Sandstrom laughed. "That's right."

"That's an odd success story," Paula said.

"Success," Max Sandstrom said, "is like love—it has no definition."

Marion Cantrill's voice was low and

clear: "My cue, children. Success is more than a matter of position. It's not where you are, it's how far you've come."

Lee Johnson said, "You're right."

"Intermission," Marion Cantrill murmured. "More wine?" There was a quiet laughter in her eyes, and she leaned toward Peter to say, quite softly, "Your wife is beautiful. Is that an asset to a young lawyer or a liability?"

"I hadn't given it much thought."

"You might."

"I will." Peter Kincaid's voice was as soft as Marion Cantrill's. "But just now I've been thinking the man talks too much. There must be a reason."

"You'll do," Marion Cantrill said briefly.

SANDSTROM'S study was a many-windowed room on the second floor. The ash of his cigar was long before he said, "I suppose you're wondering why I asked you to come here, instead of to my office?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Of course."

"I need a man not identified with my organization." Max Sandstrom frowned. "I want to buy a certain block of property. If I tried to do it openly every foot of that ground would double and triple in price. That's why I need you."

Peter Kincaid said, "I see."

Max Sandstrom made a temple of his fingers. "I'll need your whole time, of course, so you'll have to drop your present practice. That isn't as harsh as it sounds, really. You've worked hard for your present record. That record got you this chance. I'd say that was enough."

"This land?" Peter said. "Suppose I buy it for you? The city wouldn't announce a new highway about that time, would they? One that cut through your holdings?"

The tightening at the corners of Sandstrom's mouth was his only change of expression. "I've been in prison," he said slowly, "and I'm not going back."

Peter Kincaid said, "Sorry."

"You shouldn't be. You had a right to ask the question. You'd have been a fool if you hadn't, and I don't want fools working for me." Max Sandstrom's eyes were narrow. "A judge once called me a name I didn't like. No man will ever do that again and make it stick. Remember that."

There was one awful moment when Peter Kincaid thought he would say, "Hell, you're afraid!" Sandstrom's fear was that real, that tangible.

And that was the reason he had talked at the table; and why he'd said, first, everything another might say about him. "I'm a thief," he'd said, and by that simple act had hung the cloak of glamor about his shoulders. He had told the truth and that was at once his strength and weakness. He wanted, terribly, the respect of those who knew him.

And then Max Sandstrom was saying, "Think it over. Let me know in a day or two. There's no real hurry."

"I'd like to," Peter Kincaid admitted.

They went downstairs then, and found the others grouped about the fireplace. Paula looked up and smiled.

"I was admiring the painting." Paula nodded to a huge oil hung above the mantel. "Marion tells me it's a portrait of Mr. Farmer."

"It is," Sandstrom said, "and a shrine if I have one."

Peter Kincaid brought flame to Marion Cantrill's cigarette. "So the lamb is back from the shearing." Her eyes were speculative, her voice very low. "Did you come away with your wool?"

"I wouldn't know," said Peter.

"The wine may have something to do with it, or the white forelock." Marion Cantrill's smile was ugly in its strain. "Whatever the reason, the result is good. Your wife is making quite an impression."

"I think," Peter Kincaid said steadily, "that you can stop worrying. We are leaving now."

Marion Cantrill thanked him with her eyes.

And then they were at the door and Max Sandstrom was bending over Paula's hand. "You'll come back," he said, "many times. You must."

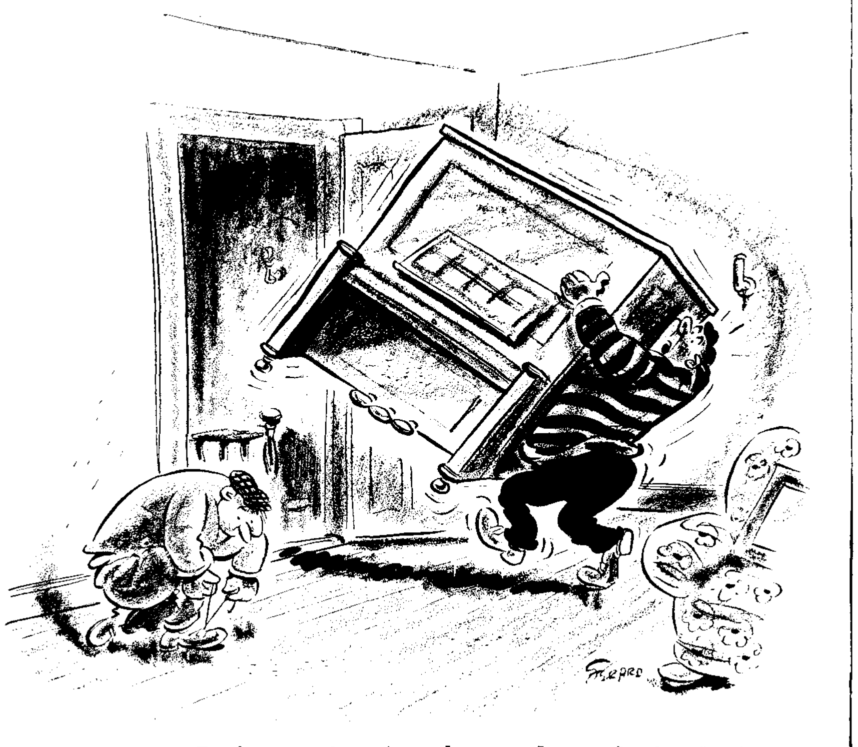
Paula laughed. "I think that's up to Peter."

"But do come," Marion Cantrill said, and her voice was thin and smooth. "I'll be here. I'm one of the trophies. Max usually displays me between the armor and the silver plate."

Sandstrom said, "Marion, you're tight."

"But yes," she whispered. "What else . . . ?"

(To be continued next week)



"Easy now, Fred, easy does it—whoap, whoap, don't take it so fast—watch out for that door—that's better—easy now—"

DAVE GERARD

Caledonia Gazette
EXTRA

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GEORGE GRAU

The interest in gardenias at the San Francisco World's Fair is one indication of their increasing popularity all over the country

Fragrance Farmers

By Frank J. Taylor

The rise of the gardenia—a story of big business and the McLellan brothers

AROUND six o'clock on Friday evening Mrs. Van Astorbilt of Long Island burst out like a Roman candle with her bright thought about the gardenias. By 6:01 she was on the phone, shooting it to her favorite New York City florist.

"For my party tomorrow night," she commanded, "I want a thousand choice gardenias delivered promptly at three o'clock."

"Yes, Mrs. Van Astorbilt," agreed the florist. "And thank you."

Then, running his fingers through his hair, he turned a worried face to his assistant.

"My gosh, where are we going to get a thousand more gardenias?" he asked. "Everything in town is sold for this week end."

Shortly, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, things began to happen.

The florist grabbed a telegram blank and scribbled: "Rush thousand select gards tonight's plane without fail acknowledge." Twenty minutes later the telegram dropped on the desk of Mr. Wake McLellan, The Gardenia King, 3,000 miles away in San Francisco. He, too, began to tear his hair.

"Get my brother on the phone," he shouted. "This you, Rod? Say, New York's crying for a thousand selects on tonight's plane. Can you find that many?"

"We cut them close this morning, but I'll take a look," said the younger McLellan, who is boss man of the world's largest and most scientific fragrance farm.

Through the ten-acre glasshouse, crowded with long, narrow beds in which thrive 80,000 gardenia plants, Mr. Rod McLellan hustled, spotting the soft, velvety white flowers that stood out starlike among the shiny green leaves. His practiced eye soon told him there were a thousand of them, so he called in Mr. Don Lucas, the greenhouse foreman, and Mr. Johnny Hale and Mr. Benny Morrow, ace pickers.

"We've got to cut a thousand more in time for the night plane," he said. "Let's get going."

Two minutes later, each man was pushing down the long aisle a queer little car piled high with flat boxes. An hour later, two dozen trays of flowers were in a truck, speeding to the packing plant on Merry Street in San Francisco's wholesale flower district.

There Mr. Joe Brown, the packing foreman, was waiting with four girls, all veteran packers. With lightning speed, yet without touching the petals, the girls tucked the freshly picked gardenias into waxed cardboard shipping cartons, a pocket of cotton around each flower. When twenty-five gardenias were tucked in a box the packer reached for an overhead nozzle, sprayed the flowers, spread another layer of cotton above them, sprayed that, then slipped on the airtight lid. Mr. Brown slapped on a gummed label marked "Gardenias."

Another hour and the thousand gardenias, in their sturdy traveling cases, were at San Francisco Airport, shifting from a company truck into an eastbound transport plane. Some of them rode in the hold, the rest in a sleeper compartment. That explains why two

"That's Hawaii, where this swell Dole Pineapple Juice comes from!"
PURE
PINEAPPLE JUICE
FROM HAWAII

Color Photograph for Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., by Z. Alexander

DRINK DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE WHEN YOU ARE THIRSTY

Dole Pineapple Juice increases the enjoyment of any event—anywhere!

CHILDREN LIKE DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE

Entrancing Hawaii gives Dole Pineapple Juice its delicious flavor.

Breakfasts start with zest when you serve tall, cool glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice.

Keep plenty of Dole Pineapple Juice on hand for your family and your guests.

How a [illegible] whiskey "makes sense"

1

Sense of Hearing:

Keep your ear to the ground. Listen to what people are saying about whiskies. "I don't like a sweet drink." "I like a drink that's *dry*." "I'll take *Paul Jones*."

Sense of Sight:

Keep your eyes open. See how often you see the Paul Jones bottle—at the better bars ... in clubs ... *fine homes*. Watch the smile of satisfaction that follows a drink of this really *dry* whiskey.

3

Sense of Touch:

Do as whiskey experts do ... pour a drop of Paul Jones into a jigger and rub it around the glass with your finger. *Feel* the smooth film, the *richness* that tells you Paul Jones is full-bodied ... *all whiskey*.

Sense of Smell:

Inhale the subtle bouquet of dry Paul Jones. Breathe it in slowly and deeply to get the full depth and balance of its fragrance. Did you ever meet such grand whiskey aroma?

5

Sense of Taste:

Now *taste* Paul Jones' *dryness!* Mark that keen, brisk tang ... that utter lack of sweetness. Note how the *dryness* points up the flavor ... gives *zest* to the drink ... whether cocktail, highball or straight. Try Paul Jones today, and see if you don't agree that *dry* whiskey "makes sense."

TRY

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY*

every drop is whiskey!

*DRY means not sweet

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

travelers, eager to speed east, didn't fly that night. "Flowers first," is the rule with the air lines.

The flowers glided into Newark Airport about 9 A. M. Saturday. By ten they were in a florist's refrigerator. At three o'clock, to the dot, they were delivered at Mrs. Van Astorbilt's door.

The gardenia men could have duplicated that delivery feat for almost any other large city in the country. The McLellans ship 200,000 gardenias every month to Eastern cities by air express.

All of which throws the spotlight on one of the country's glamorous and fascinating businesses, the cut-flower industry. A few years back, you could buy only the flowers that grew in your neighborhood, plus a few off-season greenhouse products. Today you can walk into your florist's shop in any city and buy just about any flower that grows anywhere in the U. S. A.

Flower styles run in cycles. Now it's carnations, then it's roses, and so on. But florists say they've never known a flower to sweep the country as has the gardenia during the past few years.

Mr. Al Podesta of San Francisco, the country's leading cut-flower merchant, keeps forty assistants busy making corsages and floral pieces the year round. He sells ten times as many gardenias as any other flower. In Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Detroit, gardenias have become the florists' biggest money item.

Wake McLellan's father, Edgar W. McLellan, was the man who first grew gardenias in mass quantities the year round. He was first to tease them into blooming prolifically in midwinter when the prices are high, and into retaining their form and fragrance and pristine beauty for a fortnight. He first shipped from the greenhouses on the Pacific to the markets on the Atlantic in refrigerator cars.

The elder McLellan ran a dairy twenty miles south of San Francisco. As a hobby he raised flowers. Because he raised more than he knew what to do with, he sent them to town with his milk-delivery men, and one of the delights of being a customer of the McLellan dairy was that, like as not, you'd find a big bunch of flowers as a bonus with your milk.

So E. W. McLellan added greenhouses to his dairy barns. Soon the dairy was a side issue, then only a memory, and E. W. McLellan was the largest grower of flowers on the Pacific Coast, his specialties being heather and roses. Now the McLellans have thrown out the roses to grow gardenias, but being Scotch they can't give up the heather.

Popularizing the Gardenia

On a trip east, a quarter of a century ago, E. W. McLellan discovered the gardenia, then a rarity grown only in conservatories, except for certain humid sections of the South. It grows wild in Central America and the Orient, and was named after Dr. Alexander Garden of Charleston. Down in the vicinity of Beaufort, you see great signs which claim that South Carolina is the native home of the gardenia. But the authorities deny that.

The gardenia wasn't so much when it came out of the Orient, being small, single-flowered and having little lasting quality. However, it did have its delectable and incomparable fragrance, and that led horticulturists in England and Italy to give it the build-up. The plant breeder who first made something of the gardenia was a Signor Guido Mariotti of Genoa, Italy, and practically all of the several types now in favor are off-shoots from the large, double snow-white flowers he developed. The gardenia still has to have a nursemaid from infancy to old age, which is, incidentally three to four years.

Gardenias live longer than that, but their wood turns hard and yellow and the flowers become smaller. Consequently, the gardenia men root thousands of new cuttings in incubators each year to replace the older bushes, which are destroyed at the end of their third season. The young plants start to bloom nine months after they are stuck into the sand as cuttings. A healthy plant will yield around 200 flowers before it begins to slip and produce small blooms. Flower sizes are decidedly important to the gardenia grower, because he often gets ten times as much for a "select" as he does for a "small." There are two other sizes in between, "large" and "medium." Only five per cent of the yield of a gardenia is "select."

The McLellans' 80,000 plants provide about 2,500,000 cut gardenias for the market each year. Mr. Rod McLellan, the scientific brother, has thought up all sorts of tricks to spur his gardenias on. He has 180,000 candle power of electric lights strung over the plants to add six hours to the normal winter growing day. He uses overhead sprays that toss out a mist to approximate the humidity in the tropical jungles of the Orient. He has steam pipes to keep the plants' toes warm and ventilation to keep their heads cool. He uses peat and chemicals to keep them on the acid side, as all good gardenias should be.

It isn't just in the McLellan greenhouses that they are doing this. There are about forty other growers and shippers around San Francisco. Several of them, like Henry Avansino, Joe Mortensen, Albert Dettrier and J. A. Axel, learned the gardenia game from the McLellans, then struck out on their own.

They Ride the Air

Last year, the McLellan air-express bill was around $44,000. All the leading Western shippers use the air liners when gardenia prices justify the fifteen cents it costs to ship one. By railway express, a gardenia can ride across the country for a nickel. But last year, sixteen tons of them rode out of San Francisco by air. The total cut in the little area swept by the cool Golden Gate breezes was around 5,000,000 blossoms last year.

These breezes make San Francisco second only to Covent Gardens, near London, for world leadership in cut-flower production. The breezes keep the district around the Golden Gate cool in summer and warm in winter, resulting in sturdier, more lasting flowers.

The bulk of the cut flowers go to Chicago for redistribution. St. Louis, Detroit and Denver rank neck and neck for the next three places. New Yorkers are great flower buyers, but they buy by spasms.

In gardenia growing, San Franciscans find their main competition in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts, where the fragrant flowers are reared in scores of small greenhouses. Eastern growers are troubled by buds dropping during the dark winter days and their main crop comes in summer.

"We are just learning to use gardenias," Mr. Wake McLellan assured us. "People think they are fragile because they wilt after an evening's wear in a corsage. That's because they get hot or crushed during the dance.

"But if you keep your gardenias cool and moist, they'll last a week, sometimes even two weeks. Dip them in water or sprinkle them once or twice a day. Don't touch the petals except with damp hands or damp cotton. Dry hands or dry air turns the petals yellow.

"If you want to give yourself a treat, float several gardenia blossoms in water in a shallow dish. They'll last for days and keep a room as fragrant as a greenhouse."

The Terrible Twins

Continued from page 22

tion by a small set of bad men of the agony of defeat. Still, among the docile German population, the idea of standing against the horrors of Communistic revolution had gained a wide and sincere measure of acceptance. The shepherds may turn round but the flock is bewildered and perturbed. They lift their heads and bleat in the cold night.

But the Russian Communist conception was a deeply rooted school of thought. Millions of men scattered about many countries had this doctrine of Communism rooted in them as their main principle of life. Perverted, distorted, diseased, undersized souls as they might often be, at least they had their theme. Strong forces in every nation surge up against the inequalities of material fortune and the old rules of respect for private property by which, during thousands of years, the human race has slowly and clumsily climbed out of barbarism.

Two Roads to the Same Fate

Other harsh, self-assertive elements have declared that only by National Socialism or Nazism could this assault be met. This, then, was to be the battle of the rising generation. Now they are all mixed together in a hopeless blur and flurry, and this is the time when those who have held consistently to the principles of democratic freedom, parliamentary and representative government; who uphold the rights of the individual against the state; who respect the continuity of history and value variety and originality in human evolution; who stand for faithful, honorable family and social relations, for good faith and the moral law alike in private and in public life, are left in sole possession of the intellectual field.

Now we know that to its leaders Communism is only a trick by which large masses of poor people can be reduced to one form of servitude, and that Nazism is only the reverse of that trick by which another large lot can be reduced to the same melancholy condition. Out stand the ten commandments. Out stand the principles of individual rights against arbitrary authority, out stand the processes of collecting the will and the opinion of the ordinary workaday citizen by free elections, free speech and parliamentary institutions; out stands the whole message of the English-speaking race throughout the world. These false philosophies have mutually smirched and mauled each other in a ridiculous fusion: Stalin-Hitler, Hitler-Stalin, topsy-turvy, inside out.

So much for the ideological aspects of this about-face. It will be an easement to the free nations to see their antagonists, the champions of opposite forms of tyranny, thus stultified, exposed and deprived of all credentials in the realm of thought.

But the consequences in the sphere of action also demand serious attention. The British and French governments were ready to ally themselves with Soviet Russia in order to restrain the violence of Nazi Germany. They were ready to do this because one has to meet the dangers and difficulties of life in a practical spirit.

I have often been asked which is worse—Communism or Nazism. I have always replied whichever one is likely to dominate in any particular country and at any given time. Although the Russians wear a Communistic mask the vast bulk of them are good, decent people, toiling under heavy loads and anxious to do the best they can for themselves, their families, their neighbors and their country. One must always be careful to distinguish between the grimace or image presented by the ruling clique in any country and the goodhearted, kindly, poor, puzzled, human beings who lie helpless in its grip.

The mass of the people oppressed by the grinding labor and absorbed by the stinted pleasures and easements of daily life feel very much the same way about politics in every land, but if they have not been educated over long periods in the firm principles of freedom, law and justice, and taught to work toward these goals, they readily fall a prey to various kinds of monstrous subhuman obsessions. Also among these masses there rises the love of country, the pride of race, the hope of better days and, when all is said and done, this force of national sentiment and national interest is found to be far stronger, more persistent, more deeply rooted than any ideological uniform a government has ordered its people to wear. When it comes to the crux the German is led by German ambitions and the Russian by Russian interests.

It may long remain a matter of controversy whether any real agreement between the Western democracies and the Russian-Stalin system was possible. Many think that if at the outset, immediately after the seizure of Prague or, better still, earlier, the British and French governments had frankly addressed the Russian Soviets in a cordial spirit the great swing and counterpoise of Russia might have been turned against Nazidom.

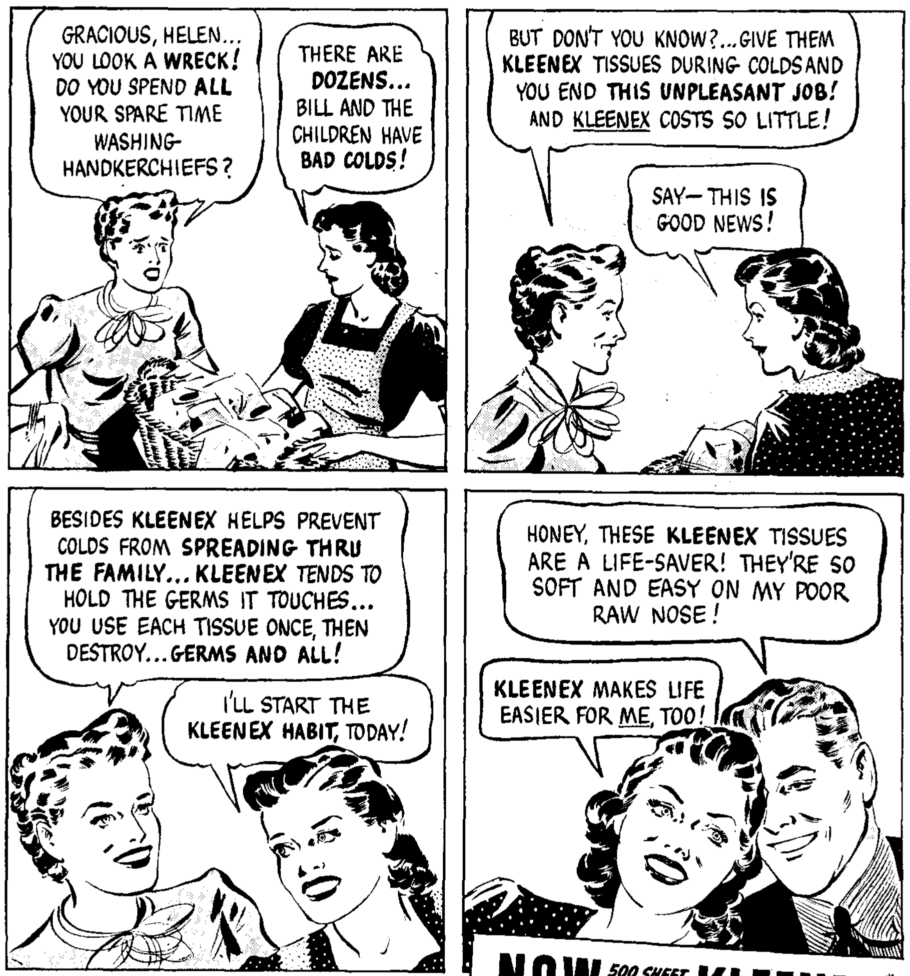
No well-informed person ever expected that Russian armies would fight the battle of Western civilization. There were great armies numbered by the millions. They seemed to tower up as a factor in European affairs. The Communists in every country and all the parties of the Left and Left Center saw in these armed Russian masses a means of cowing Hitler, and everyone hoped they would be a means of preventing war, but the military men were always very doubtful whether in the event of war these ponderous Russian masses could be moved.

Poland Wanted No Russians

There was a general agreement that they could not move far out of their own country. They might defend their frontiers. They would certainly be formidable in the recesses of their vast land, but no French or British military expert imagined that they could act offensively against German regular troops. All their best generals had been shot. Tukatchevsky, the able marshal, was shot by Stalin for trying to do two years ago what Stalin has now done. His body lies amoldering in the grave but his soul goes marching along in the bosom of his executioner.

The Poles, who were nearest to the Russians as well as to the Germans and who were vitally or mortally interested in the upshot, were the most determined not to allow Russian troops upon their soil. Anything, they thought, was better than that. Whether this was a wise decision we cannot tell. It was the point upon which the military conversations were broken. The Russian generals, meeting the Anglo-French military, naval and air-force mission, said that if they were to resist the German menace effectively they must advance to block the two lines of advance from Germany into Russia which lie on either side of

IS THIS WHAT I MARRIED FOR?


GRACIOUS, HELEN... YOU LOOK A WRECK! DO YOU SPEND ALL YOUR SPARE TIME WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS?
THERE ARE DOZENS... BILL AND THE CHILDREN HAVE BAD COLDS!
BUT DON'T YOU KNOW?...GIVE THEM KLEENEX TISSUES DURING COLDS AND YOU END THIS UNPLEASANT JOB! AND KLEENEX COSTS SO LITTLE!
SAY—THIS IS GOOD NEWS!
BESIDES KLEENEX HELPS PREVENT COLDS FROM SPREADING THRU THE FAMILY... KLEENEX TENDS TO HOLD THE GERMS IT TOUCHES... YOU USE EACH TISSUE ONCE, THEN DESTROY... GERMS AND ALL!
I'LL START THE KLEENEX HABIT, TODAY!
HONEY, THESE KLEENEX TISSUES ARE A LIFE-SAVER! THEY'RE SO SOFT AND EASY ON MY POOR RAW NOSE!
KLEENEX MAKES LIFE EASIER FOR ME, TOO!

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the broad barrier of the Pripet Marshes.

From a purely technical standpoint these were reasonable proposals, but the Poles had no need of Russian troops, as I explained to the House of Commons. What they required was not Russian troops but Russian munitions and supplies. Poland had no lack of brave and loyal soldiers. She has more than she can arm and keep in the field. What was the good of cumbering the Polish railways from Russia with supplies of Russian divisions when these same supplies could have flowed directly to Polish troops in the line against a German invasion?

Here, at any rate, was a natural difference of opinion, but was it the cause of the breakdown or was there Soviet bad faith running all through? It certainly looks very ugly for the Russians. Of course one may cheat and win, yet the long experience of mankind has been that honesty is the best policy. It was surely a situation which no form of human society could justify when the Anglo-French military commission was discussing common action against Germany day after day with the Russian generals and ministers and when all the time these same ministers and this same high command were negotiating a pact with Germany, hostile to Britain and France and most dangerous to Poland.

It is a maxim of Communists and Nazis alike that no faith need be kept with states or persons outside their particular creeds. Hitler has made it plain in Mein Kampf, and also by his actions, that a promise or a treaty is only valid as long as it is convenient to observe it. It is a root doctrine of Communism not only that no faith need be kept but that no faith should be kept with non-Communists.

It is therefore very difficult to handle these kinds of gentry, as they are powerful, well-armed and live in large numbers in the world which we also inhabit. There must be a persistent attempt to establish relations; to find some language in which, whether in war or peace, parley can be held across the gulf. But we may be quite sure that in the long run fidelity and strict observance of honorable engagements is a means of survival and of victory and that the contrary only leads to a squalid and barbaric convulsion and welter.

We shall probably see this truth illustrated in the next few years. I have dealt with the profound reactions, to which no man can yet see the end, produced by the Hitler-Stalin agreement upon the sincere Communists and anti-Communists throughout the world. They are deprived of all headship and theme. They are left only with appetites, opportunism and, let us never forget it, armaments.

Japan's Estrangement

But the effect of Herr Hitler's desperate turnabout has been already strikingly marked in the countries that have tried to identify themselves with the Nazi creed. It is worth while tracing these repercussions in the various countries concerned, whatever may be thought about the Soviet treatment of Great Britain and above all of France, with whom they had a signed agreement.

There can be no doubt that Hitler's treatment of Japan reaches the highest level of cynicism and faithlessness. In this case he was the suitor. He had persuaded Japan to join the anticomintern bloc and the military party in that country was eager to convert this engagement into the definite alliance for which the Nazis were pressing. The whole process of forming opinion in Japan was being sedulously undertaken. Now at one stroke they find Germany working in harmony with the great power whose Siberian army towers menacingly over Japan from the north.

From the British point of view we can no doubt expect an easement of our difficulties in the Far East. The Japanese military men, nursing the sense of having been insulted and betrayed by their European partner, will perhaps begin to remember that from Great Britain and the United States they have never received anything during their rise to power and modernization except help and good will.

If today they are estranged from the English-speaking world it is only because they have embarked upon a policy of wanton aggression and conquest in China. They have but to desist from this cruel policy of ambition, in which success is by no means certain, to find the path back to sanity and health.

I have never considered Italian Fascism as on the same plane as Nazism, and everyone has been struck by the great deterioration in the position of Italy that has followed from the violent expansion of Germany in the north. This is no moment to make predictions that may be falsified by the time they are in print, but one cannot doubt that the whole basis of the ideological association between Berlin and Rome has been destroyed, and that neither sentiment nor interest unites the axis powers.

How Democracy Has Gained

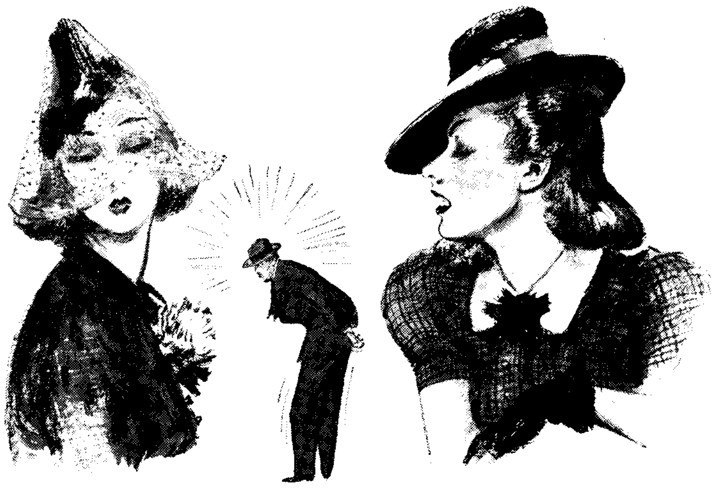
Let us then survey the whole scene and try to assess the consequences of the Nazi-Soviet deal in a political sense.

There need be no disappointment in the field of foreign relations. The Western democracies have gained one easement in the Far East and the possibilities of another in the Mediterranean. Hitler would never have gone against the convictions of his lifetime if he had not desperate plans in hand. The fact that he had been willing to clasp those hands that he had spurned and branded, and rupture the main principle upon which his political conceptions have stood, proves how deadly was his need and his desire. The fact that Soviet Russia could withdraw itself from the European scene in this manner and at this juncture was the cause of letting loose upon the world calamities which none can measure. But among the deep reactions which flow from this strange and sudden change none is more important than the clear light which is thrown upon the cause of freedom, now challenged as it has never been before.

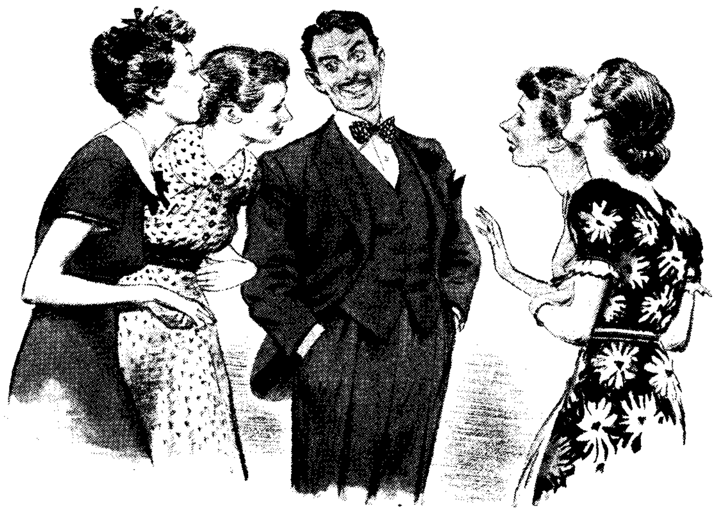
All that the architects of the American Constitution carried with them across the ocean and embodied in the structure of the new world is involved, but behind these large ideas and systems of free government and of the stature of the individual citizen there rises in its giant splendor and simplicity the moral issue. This can be judged by every man in his own conscience. The path along which the human race is toiling is often obstructed and obscured, but the beacon lights of honesty, justice, mercy and good faith have never burned more brightly. By following them, armed with the sword of courage, we shall surely make our way forward to the broad uplands where there will be room for all and where all the men in all the lands will again become serviceable to one another.

We in this old island have no fear that these absolute powers entrusted to the king's government will be abused. They will not be exploited for any party or class interest. They will be devoted only to the service of the great cause and we look forward confidently to the day when our ancient rights and liberties, which we have voluntarily resigned, will be restored to the British nation and when it will be within our power to share them with races and peoples to whom their blessings are unknown.

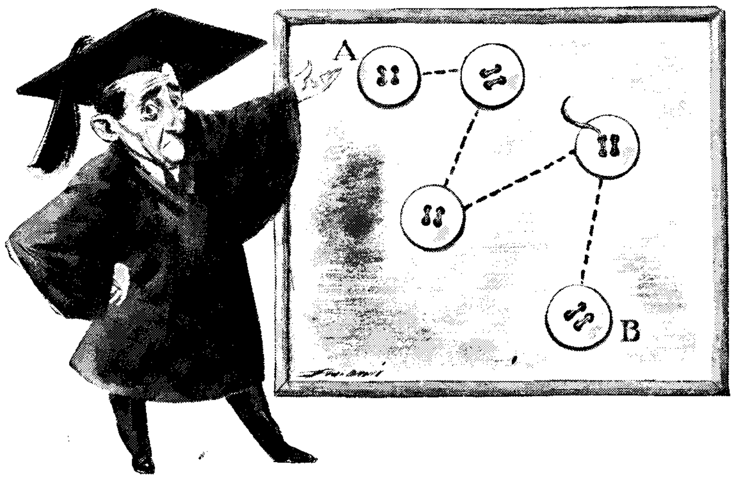
Why buy "Dated" Pants?



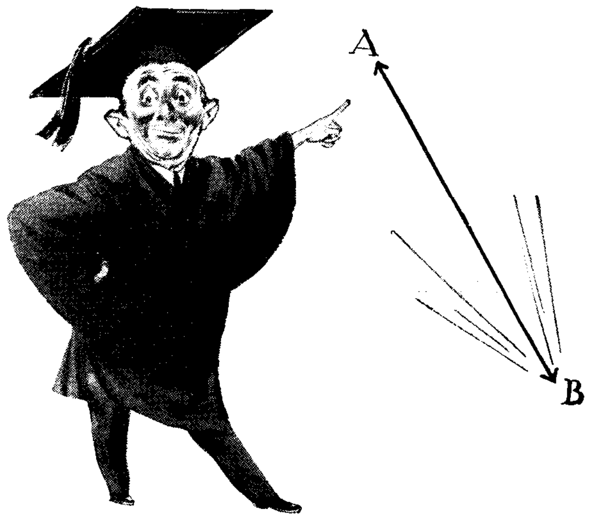
1. Why expose yourself to "mortifying moments" by accepting trousers with fastenings that frequently come open by accident—and sometimes break off entirely?



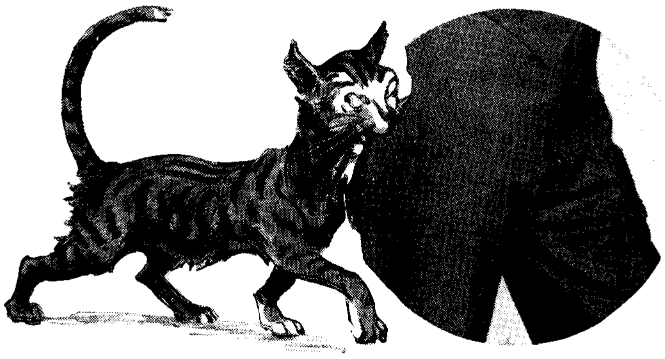
2. This Fall, most better-made suits have the Talon fastener. You never have to "check up" to be *sure* you're okay. For the Talon fastener *locks* securely when you close it.



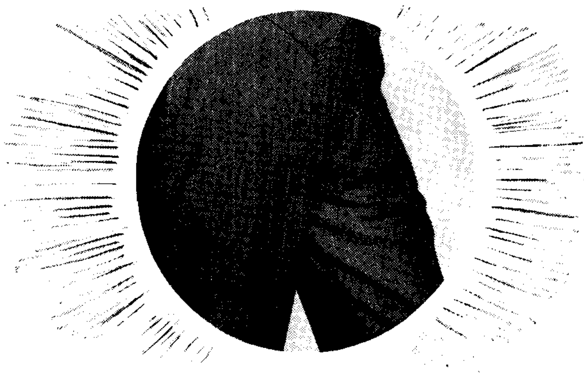
1. Why complicate your life by wearing pants closed with *five* fastenings? It's awkward, annoying . . . unnecessary.



2. This Fall, you can have the ease of the Talon fastener in every new suit you buy. *One* fastening instead of five!



1. Why make yourself conspicuous by wearing trousers that look like something the cat dragged in?

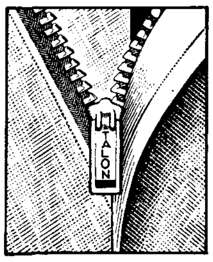


2. This Fall, if you select a suit that's *really new*, you'll get the seam-smooth Talon slide fastener.

HERE *is a word of caution to the millions of men who have already enjoyed Talon fasteners on their trousers . . .*

Because of the popularity of the Talon slide fastener—unreliable imitations have appeared on the market.

When you buy clothing, it's important to "take a second look" for the word "Talon" on the slide fastener. Then you'll be *sure* of getting a fastener that will give the same dependable service you have enjoyed in the past.



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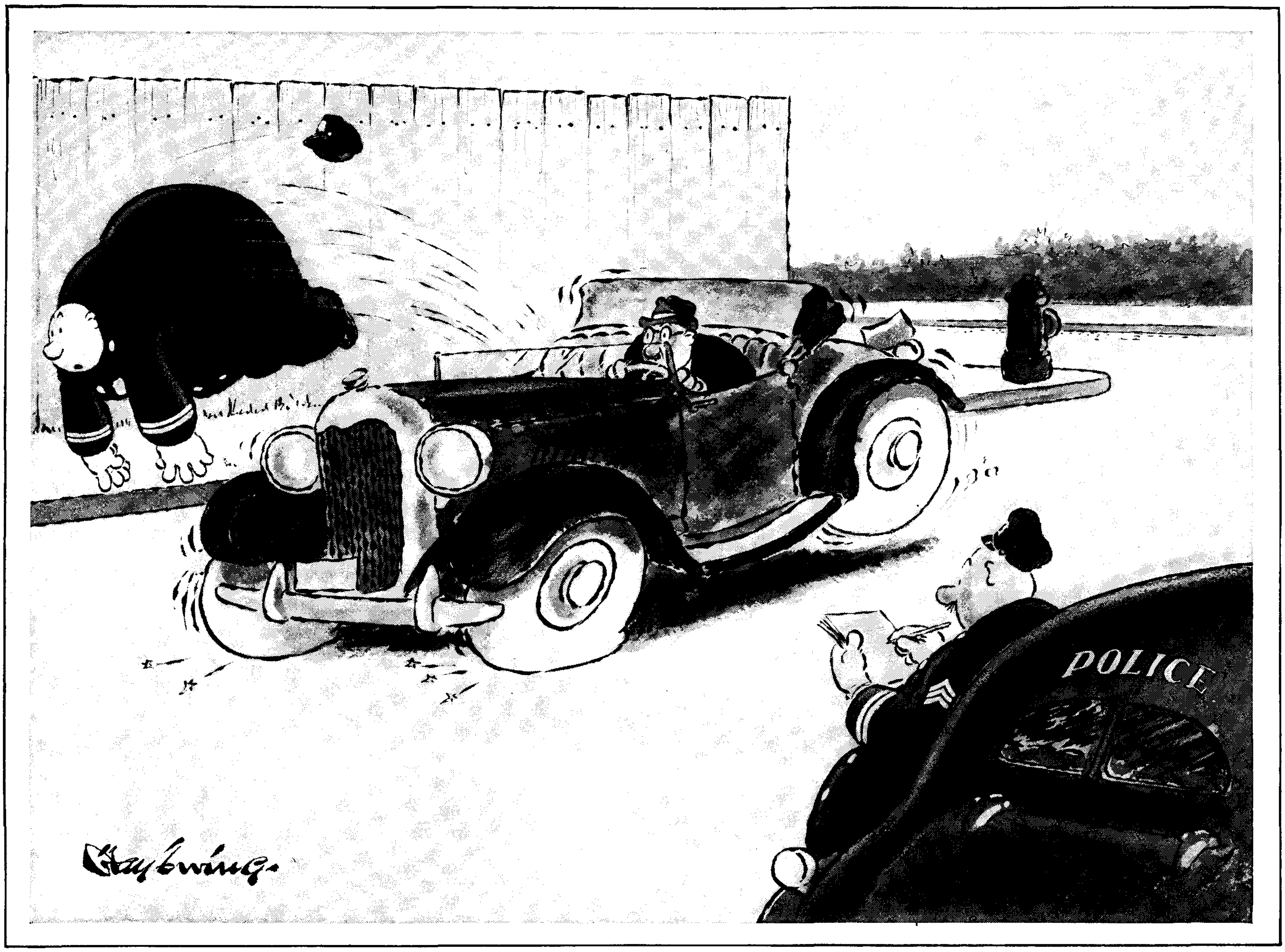

Brakes...okay!

"BRAKING EFFICIENCY HAS DOUBLED IN THE LAST TEN YEARS." Behind that laconic statement lie the hopes, dreams, work, and sweat of the great automotive engineers. The motorist reading these words doesn't picture the pale pools of light burning over drafting tables, the droogled containers of coffee on cigarette-scarred desks, and the fervent eyes in the tired faces of men as they plot advances in engineering efficiency!

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Someone has said the motor car has passed its engineering phase and is now in the age of culture; beauty and refinement, class and distinction, have taken the lead because mechanical excellence can now be taken for granted.

That may be. The 1940 models now rolling off the assembly lines represent new peaks in beauty, color and novel accoutrements. Soon we will see them on parade in the pages of this magazine, and in your neighborhood showrooms.

And, as we marvel at these new ideas in ease, luxury and comfort, let's not forget that behind the shining facades are the engineering achievements which have made American cars the envy of the world.

Collier's FOR AUTOMOTIVE ACTION

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Smart Guy

Continued from page 13

“While he was sick he used to talk to me and tell me things. He used to tell me about crooked riders and crooked owners. And he told me that they all wound up the same. He said that racing was the big thing—honest racing. The crooks had their day and then they slipped and disappeared, he said. But racing went on, bigger than any of the men who tried to tear it down.”

“Huh,” said Ossie. “A sermon.”

She crossed the room and put a hand on his arm.

“Please do one thing for me, Ossie,” she said. “Tell Jerry you're not going through with it tomorrow. Tell him you're going to ride an honest race.”

He pushed her away and reached for a cigarette.

“Even if I wanted to,” he said, “that brother of yours would kill me if I did. He figures to cleanup too, remember.”

“He can't hurt you,” Frieda begged. “He wouldn't dare hurt you if you went to the commission and gave them the whole story.”

He whirled on her, his mouth twisted.

“What kind of a rat do you make me out?” he snapped. “Asking me to holler copper! And on your own brother, too!”

She looked at him and he noticed the dark stains that circled her eyes.

“He may be my brother,” she said, “but you're my husband. I love—loved you, Ossie.”

The little man shrugged as he dragged at his cigarette.

“What's love got to do with it?” he asked. “A guy's got to be smart.”

“You're not smart,” she said, softly. “You're stupid.”

RAGE swept over him. This dumb woman was telling him he wasn't smart! Him, the guy who was going to land on Easy Street the next day by being smart. His hand swung out and there was the crack of a slap. He dropped his hand and saw Frieda looking at him. She stood there for what seemed a long time. Then he turned and walked to the window, looking down into the dark street. He heard her leave the room. Behind him a door opened and closed. Ossie stood at the window, smoking, telling himself that he was right.

He saw her leave the house and walk up the dark street, carrying her small handbag. Well, if she wanted to go, let her. If she wanted to walk out on all that dough, she could. There were other dames.

He was nervous and irritable the next day when he walked to the paddock to mount Journeyman. He had slept hardly at all and the silence in the riders' room, when he had walked in, had bothered him.

Journeyman's owner gave him instructions and he nodded automatically, hearing nothing. His eyes roamed around the paddock fence until he saw Jerry. As he looked, Frieda's brother slowly placed a cigar in his mouth and chewed it thoughtfully. He didn't like the look on Jerry's face. If something went wrong—hell, nothing could go wrong!

“—and give him a good ride, Ossie,” the owner was saying. “He's in shape and he wants to win.”

That was a laugh. A horse wanting to win. Like a horse would know that this was the Big Race. Like a horse wasn't a big, dumb animal that ate hay.

HE WENT up into the saddle and sat there, testing his stirrups. He did not look at Jerry again. They paraded past the stands and wheeled back to come up to the barrier. Journeyman was quiet in the stall. Sondoo was on the rail, three spaces from Ossie. The starter kept up his monotonous chant:

“Get back there, Gilroy. Get 'er back. Hold that hoss, Thompson, or I'll send you to the outside. Steady. Steady!”

There was the rush of the webbing. The clang of the bell.

“Eee-yah!” they screamed as the horses leaped forward.

It was just as Ossie and Jerry had planned it. Sondoo took the lead going down the stretch past the stands. Journeyman was behind Sondoo and then came the others. They swept around the first turn without changing position. Ossie half heard the noise of the crowd.

The pace was fast at the first quarter. Sondoo, Ossie knew, liked best to run in front. Well, that was fine with him. He pulled Journeyman in a little as the big horse strained forward in the fight to catch Sondoo. Couldn't get too close. Had to have room to maneuver, when the time came.

Journeyman was running well. Maybe, if the big mug was let run his own race he would land down in front.

“Too bad, toots,” he told the horse, “but Jerry and me got other plans.”

They were in the backstretch now and the others were making their bids. Ossie looked back over his shoulder and saw two horses coming up on the outside. He gauged the distance carefully, waiting for the exact second to pull Journeyman out. Just the least trifle would be enough. It was ticklish work, but a smart guy could do it.

Sondoo was widening the distance between himself and Journeyman. Okay, maybe this was going to be just a romp for the favorite. It was all right with Ossie. He glanced back again at the two horses coming up on the outside.

Now! He bore down on the rein in his right hand.

Journeyman fought the bit without losing his stride. The big horse held to his straight course without swerving.

Ossie cursed and tugged harder. The two other horses were coming fast now. Journeyman refused to turn out! For a terrible second, Ossie remembered the words of the owner:

“He wants to win.”

He shrilled another curse at the big horse under him and yanked recklessly at the rein. He had to stop those other two! Even if it meant that he'd pile them up, they had to be stopped! Every cent he had was on the horse in front of them, Sondoo! And there was Jerry with his big hands, waiting.

He pulled harder. Then—there was the sudden, sickeningly empty feeling of his right stirrup dropping away. Ossie lurched, nearly fell! He clutched wildly at Journeyman's braided mane. He lost his other stirrup. The reins dropped from his hands as he struggled frantically to prevent the spill that would land him under the hammering hoofs of the mounts behind him.

For a terrible second he thought he was going over. Then his knees gripped Journeyman's shoulders and he clung to the heaving, pulsing mass of moving muscle that carried him down the track.

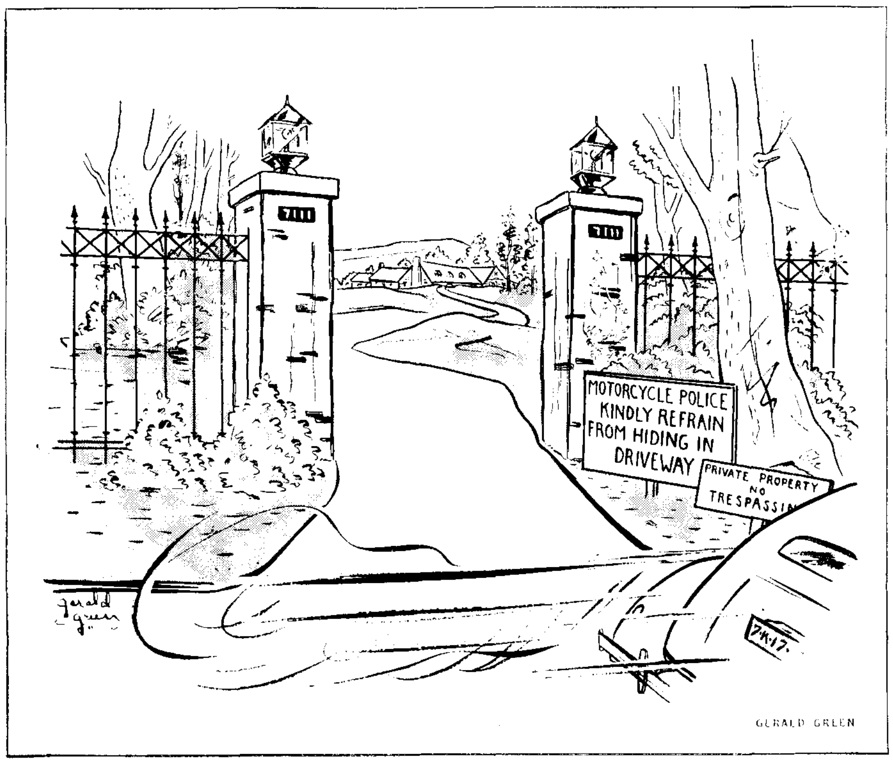
He knew what had happened. A groom, careless or overexcited by the Big Race, had not pulled a cinch strap tight enough. And now the saddle girth had slipped, pulled out of position by the strain Ossie had put on the stirrup as he had braced himself to haul at that right rein!

The postage-stamp saddle had slid over until now it was almost under Ossie's right knee. The right stirrup dangled out of reach. The left stirrup had been pulled up almost to Journeyman's back. Lacking footholds, Ossie Whalen could only cling to the big horse, his knees gripping until his thighs were shot with pain, his hands fumbling for the reins that were useless now.

HE FELT Journeyman leap forward as the pull of the bit slackened. Ossie's brain clicked again as that first rush of horror faded. He felt the pace go up and up. He clung to his mount, stricken by a new stark, chilling realization.

Journeyman was running his own race now! Running as he never had run before. Covering the ground with great leaps that brought him ever closer to the favorite.

The jockey thought wildly. Without his feet braced in the stirrups, he could not use the reins without risking his balance. He glanced desperately at the fence, streaming past him on his left, and closed his eyes. He couldn't. He'd fall. He'd land on the fence and drop to the ground—a bundle of broken bones. Or he'd go off to his right, into the middle of the track and there'd be the thunder of hoofs rolling down on him—cutting—smashing—crippling. That was what had happened to his father, Old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MOTORCYCLE POLICE KINDLY REFRAIN FROM HIDING IN DRIVEWAY
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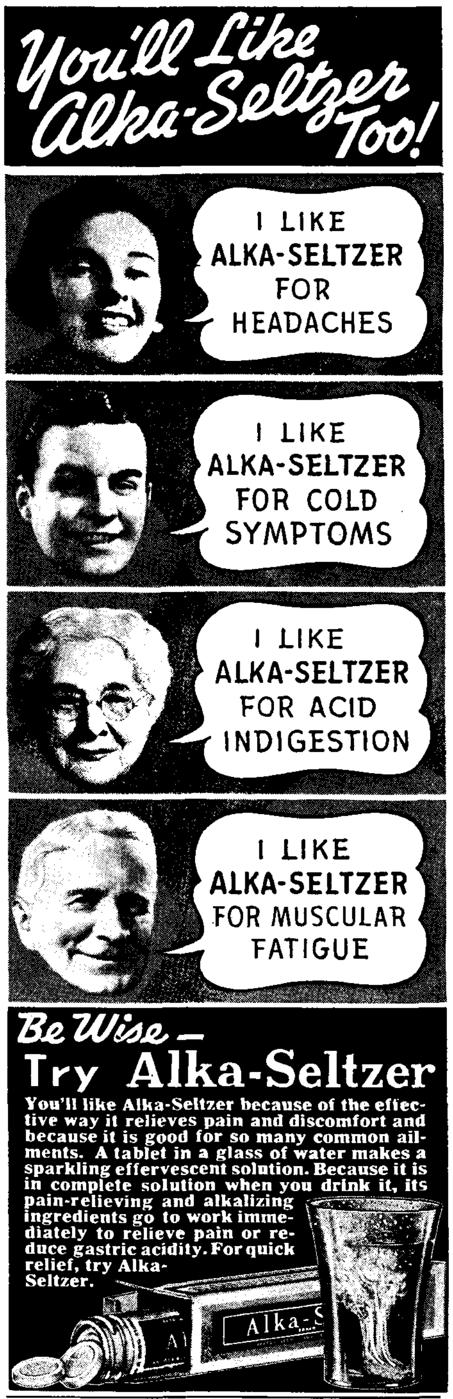
Gerald Green

GERALD GREEN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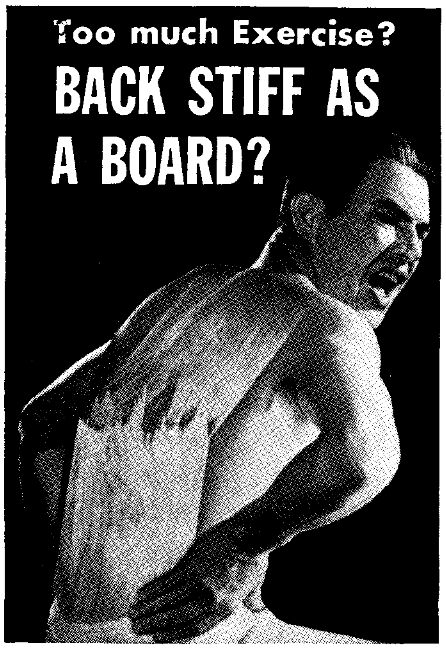
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Man Whalen. He couldn't take the chance of being what his father had been, a gray-faced old man in a bed.

He opened his eyes and looked up again. Journeyman had taken the race away from him. The horse—the damn', rawboned animal—was riding him to an empty pocketbook! To Jerry with his big hands and the cruel light in his little eyes!

He clung there, mouthing senseless curses, his left foot scrabbling along the horse's side in a futile attempt to get his toe in the high stirrup, as Journeyman drew up on Sondoo. He had a glimpse of the desperate, grimacing face of the boy on the favorite. If the two horses had been closer he would have risked reaching out to grab at Sondoo's saddlecloth, the bridle—anything that would have disqualified Journeyman. But the distance was too great. He couldn't risk a fall and death beneath the rolling avalanche that swept along behind them.

THEY turned into the stretch. Journeyman edged up on Sondoo, slowly, inexorably. Journeyman went into the lead.

Ossie glanced back over his shoulder and sudden hope surged through him. Sondoo was coming on again!

The favorite had courage. Beaten once, he tapped some hidden reserve of power for one last sprint. He came up on Journeyman's flank, edged his nose to Journeyman's saddlecloth.

"Come on!" Ossie begged. "Oh, come on!"

He remembered suddenly that this horse, Sondoo, was the horse that had tried to win that day in Florida, had tried to win and had been held back to seventh place by the smart guy on his back. Now he was trying to win again.

The finish crawled nearer and nearer. Then Ossie gasped as he saw Sondoo falter. The void of utter hopelessness swamped him again as the favorite's nose, with its flaring red nostrils, dropped back and back. Sondoo had tried, had given more than his best, but it had not been enough to save Ossie.

He looked up to see the thin finish wire sweeping over his head. The din of the crowd screamed in his ears. He crumpled over Journeyman's neck, the sweat on his own face mingling with the foam that covered his mount.

Ossie Whalen was coughing in dead, dry sobs.

That night he sat in his apartment, a newspaper crumpled at his feet. The place was still, too still. It had been too still ever since the door had closed behind Frieda.

Ossie sat in a deep chair, a bottle on the end table by his arm. From time to time, he gulped from the bottle. It did not help.

He looked down at the newspapers at his feet. Black headlines blazoned the story of Journeyman and Ossie Whalen. Staring up at him was the article he had just finished reading.

"Today's triumph," the famous sports writer had said, "more than vindicates Ossie Whalen in the eyes of the racing public. Without his stirrups and with his saddle slipped halfway around his mount, this boy who only a short time ago was under the stigma of suspicion brought in a horse generally recognized as an outsider to a driving victory over a great horse and a gallant favorite.

"It is fitting, somehow, that the horse which Ossie Whalen rode on that day he met his misfortune, Sondoo, should figure in today's triumph. The story of the ride that Ossie gave the stout-hearted Journeyman in today's Big Race has made one of the finest chapters in the history of the American track."

The door to the apartment opened and closed. There were footsteps crossing the rug. Ossie did not look up. He continued staring at the rumpled newspaper at his feet. The footsteps, he knew, were too heavy to be Frieda's. They were not too heavy to be Jerry's.

He was looking down at the article titled "Vindication" when the big hands reached for him.

Guv'mer Blues

Continued from page 24

"Humph!" grunted the foreman.

The Widow Duck took the poker, raked a sweet potato from the ashes and handed it to him.

"Git on de outside er dis," she suggested. "I knows you claims to be a low-down sinner, and I knows you don't read in de Bible, none, but I knows you hyared 'em sing de song about you."

"I ain't never hyared 'em sing no song about me," Giles denied.

"Dat's 'cause you's deef in yo' heart," the Widow Duck stated. "De Bible say, 'Verily you won't find nobody so deef as de blind man which can't tawk.' But God will change conditions."

Giles blew on the sweet potato and hazarded a small bite. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "Dat's de hottest yam I ever bit into!"

"Eat on, son," urged the Widow Duck. "Let de yam wawm up yo' belly, whilst I wawm up yo' soul."

She raked out another yam and began to peel it for herself. "Dat song which you ain't never hyared," she continued, "go like dis:

" 'Pawlin Silas layin' in de jail,
And he begin to pray.
So de Lawd come down and turned
him out,
And hit sho' was a mighty day!' "

"I hyared dat song," Giles grunted, "but hit ain't got nothin' to do wid me. I ain't never been in de jail."

"You's in de jail right dis minute," corrected the Widow Duck. "Yo' soul is in de jail. De devil done locked de door and chunked de key *under* de river."

Giles shrugged noncommittally.

"In de Book er Rome," the Widow Duck related, "hit speaks about dis parable comin' to pass about ole Pawlin Silas. He had de all-overs so bad he hated hisse'f. And what I mean, he raley had de all-overs. He was so mad he didn't want to be round nobody. So he got out and wawked de big road. And I means, he was layin' hit down. He had his elbows pulled back, and his fistes doubled up hard. And he stepped high wid his left foot and cussed and grunted ev'y step. What I'm tawkin' 'bout he was ready!"

THE Widow Duck paused to take a bite of cooled yam.

"So 'bout dat time," the Widow Duck continued, "up wawked de high sheriff and say, 'Boy, what you doin' wawkin' de road on a day like today?'

" 'I'm wawkin' de *road* on a day like today,' say Pawlin Silas.

" 'Bad, hunh?' say de high sheriff. 'Well, I got a jail for bad fo'ks. Come wid me.'

"So de high sheriff locked him in de jailhouse. And ole Pawlin Silas jest whupped hit up and down de jailhouse floor, archin' his back and steppin' high wid one foot and cussin' and grumblin' way back in his th'oat. Den after while,

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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

hit got to be dinnertime, and they brung his dinner. Some peas and cawnbread and collards, and maybe a yam er two. And when he got his grub et, he felt better. So de high sheriff sont for him, out in de office, and he say:

" 'I been peepin' about, and I didn't see no devilment you been in. But you sho' was mad. How come you was like dat?'

" 'Well, High Sheriff,' say Pawlin Silas, 'I jest had de all-overs. I didn't hardly make enough cotton last fall to pay out and de tawk is now dat de guv'mer gonter cut us down again next year, and in case hit do, I won't make nothin'.'

" 'Whar you livin' at?' say de high sheriff.

" 'Up de river,' say Pawlin Silas.

" 'You eatin', ain't you?' say de high sheriff. 'You got a house to live in, ain't you? You got clothes to wear and wood to burn, ain't you? You jest let yo' Bossman worry 'bout how much cotton you gonter make, and all. And come a day and time like today, you git out and shoot you some rabbits to eat.'

" 'I ain't got no shells,' say Pawlin Silas.

" 'I'll give you some shells,' say de high sheriff. And den Pawlin Silas kilt hisse'f a mess er rabbits. And the next thing he knowed, de weather turned off good, and he got to plowin' and goin' on, and his troubles floated off like de seven branches er de stream er Life. Amen, soul, God will change conditions."

GILES pitched the yam peeling into the fire. "You git pneumonia huntin' rabbits in weather like dis," he argued.

"You git de notion," the Widow Duck insisted. "Dis ain't de fust time I seed you down in de mouf. What ailin' you? Not de guv'mer and not next year's cotton crop."

"Well," the foreman confessed, "hit ain't exactly de guv'mer, but hit do have to do wid de guv'mer, in a way. De guv'mer ruled us can't move nobody offn de place, and at de same time hit cut down in de crops. So dat give us mo' folks on de place den us kin use."

"Dat's right," the Widow Duck nodded, "us got mo' field hands den us got fields to toil therein."

"Us can't hardly feed what us got, and us *daid* strickly ain't got no business movin' nobody else on de place."

"Dat's right," the Widow Duck agreed. "De Book say, 'Enough is aplenty, and he which taketh more shall abide therein.' I wouldn't move nobody else on de place."

Giles bit his lip and looked into the fire for a long time before he spoke. Presently he said: "Candy and Stella come back hongry and raggity and cold, today."

"Now!" said the Widow Duck. She studied her mind for a few minutes before she spoke. "De Son er Man didn't had no place to lay His haid," she said. "But Candy is de son er Big Jim Haley."

"Yeah, I know," said Giles. "Bawn on Little Bee Bend and one er we's own. Candy is a good careful plowhand and Stella is one er de best. Dey was so smart and worked so good I named a pair er big gray mules after 'em de fust year dey was married up. Hit was a good pair er mules, too."

"And a good pair er people," seconded the Widow Duck. "Dey worked hard and saved dey money, and branched out in de hills wid a place er dey own."

"And dey couldn't make enough to eat."

"Did de guv'mer take dey farm?"

"De guv'mer can't use hit," Giles said. "Hit ain't wuth de patience. When Candy and Stella can't make a livin' on a piece er land, ain't nobody else fool enough to try."

The Widow Duck nodded. She had heard from time to time of the hard struggle Candy and Stella were having in the hills with their little cotton farm. But she knew hard work hurt nobody and she figured the extra struggle was paid for in the joy of ownership. She had been proud when one of Jim Haley's boys was farming his own land—the same Jim Haley that she had taken, years ago, from a frail brown on Duke's Bend. It had meant something to her; just what, she did not know. But now it had failed.

"Water under my bridge," she mumbled sadly.

"Say which?"

"Say, Candy and Stella can live in my house to dey git straightened out."

"I knowed you'd let 'em do dat," Giles stated. "But I ain't gonter let you let 'em. On account er dey can't git straight hyar. Hit ain't no place for 'em. Us got too many, now. Dey can't make no crop, 'cause de guv'mer got all de land. And dey can't do no wage work 'cause hit ain't gonter be no wage work. Ev'y man got to do his own."

"Big Jim Haley's boy," the Widow Duck insisted, "kin eat at my house f'm now on. And efn hit ain't no work for him to do, he can lay by de fire and rest hisse'f."

"Naw, he can't," Giles told her. " 'Cause you ain't got dat much to spare. You ain't got no mo'n you need, and by de time de Bossman git done gittin' his credicks at de bank figgered up you might not have dat much."

The foreman stood up. "I'm goin' out and knock down a couple er swamp rabbits," he added. " 'Cause Candy and Stella is eatin' supper at my house tonight. And whilst I'm doin' dat you see kin you figger out some ole lie about what was writ down in yo' Bible a thousand years ago, which speak a parable about what Candy and Stella gonter eat tomorrow."

After the foreman left, the Widow Duck indulged in a jellylike chuckle. "I swear to my soul!" she laughed. "Dat Giles is strickly a case! Hard in sin, he claim, but he swallowed dat parable plumb down to de handle!"

Presently, the Widow Duck grew serious. A wet-weather parable to uplift the soul of the foreman was a good thing, but she realized that her trick had not removed certain hard facts that were worrying Giles. The government had cut down the cotton acreage, so that her own patch was little more than half its original size.

"But de guv'mer didn't cut down on my appetite none," she grumbled. "I was fixin' to buy me a new cookin' stove, when my cotton sold. But efn I'd a bought dat stove, I sho' wouldn't been able to buy nothin' to cook on hit."

SHE got out of her chair and threw a stick of wood on the fire.

"I don't blame Giles for gittin' de all-overs," she declared. "I kin chop over my crop in two days, and den trade one day for de plowin'. I works jest about ha'f er my time. And when my crop git sold in de loan, dat's jest about how much I got. Ha'f! Hit's enough to give anybody de all-overs."

Suddenly, the newly applied log blazed up brightly. The Widow Duck accepted it as an omen.

"Now!" she exclaimed. "I was gittin' bad as Giles. I better git about some or else I'm liable to git to mopin'."

She tied up her head with two kerchiefs and an old towel, and covered the whole with a piece of oilcloth from her kitchen table. Next she put on a heavy overcoat and buttoned it tightly about her neck. Then, she removed her shoes and stockings, tucking them safely into the coat pockets. And, finally, she pinned her dress up to her knees.

She went out into the rain. "Lemme see what is dis bad weather got to hits mustache," she challenged.

As she sloshed along the bayou path,

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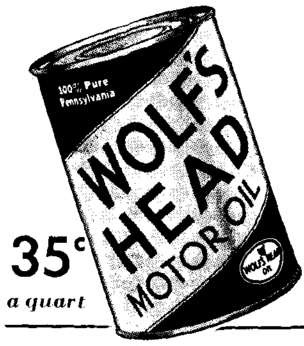

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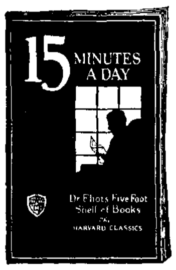

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people opened their doors a crack, peeped out and called, "Hy-dy, Mis' Duck?"

"Po'ly, soul, and you?" was her invariable reply.

Giles, she knew, would be out hunting rabbits for supper, but Betsy would probably be home, unless someone were ill on the place. At any rate, she knew Candy and Stella would be there, and she had a feeling that a talk with them might help her to figure a way by which the couple could remain on Little Bee Bend despite hard times and a surplus of labor.

As she neared the house, she noticed the door was closed tightly though smoke was pouring from the chimney. She paused on the front porch long enough to wash her feet in the foot tub, and put on her stockings and shoes.

"Yeah, Betsy!" she shouted. "Open up."

THE door opened a crack, and Stella's nose appeared. "Miss Betsy ain't hyar, Mis' Duck," Stella explained. "Her down at Johnny Mayberry's house."

"Well, you open up, den," the Widow Duck ordered. She stepped inside and found Candy hunched over the fire.

"Hit's bad weather," Candy observed.

"And dat ain't all dat's bad, too," the Widow Duck snorted. "De air in dis room is bad. Hit's so closte in hyar, hit smell. Open dat window, yonder."

"Mis' Duck," protested Candy, "hit's *raley* bad weather, outside."

"And I'm bad, too," declared the Widow Duck. "What you mean by th'owin' up yo' hack-feathers at dat hill farm? Whyn't you make a go of hit, Candy?"

"Mis' Duck," Candy explained in a halting nasal voice that sounded much like a whine to her, "I planted fo'teen acres in cotton, up yonder in dem heels. And hit looked mighty good. But dem July rains and dem August bull weevils jest tuck dat crop away f'm me. I and Stella picked and scraped until hit wan't a lock left in de fields and de best us c'd git offn dem fo'teen acres was two shawt bales."

"Humph!" grunted the Widow Duck. But Candy had not finished.

"And dat ain't all. What I picked out was so scrunty dat de man wouldn't hardly take hit in de loan. I told him hit was ha'f-and-ha'f, but he swore hit looked like linters."

"And," put in Stella, "our hog got so po', dat when us tried to fatten him up for killin', he et one good bait er cawn and laid down and died off."

"Well, do my Redeemer," was all the Widow Duck could say.

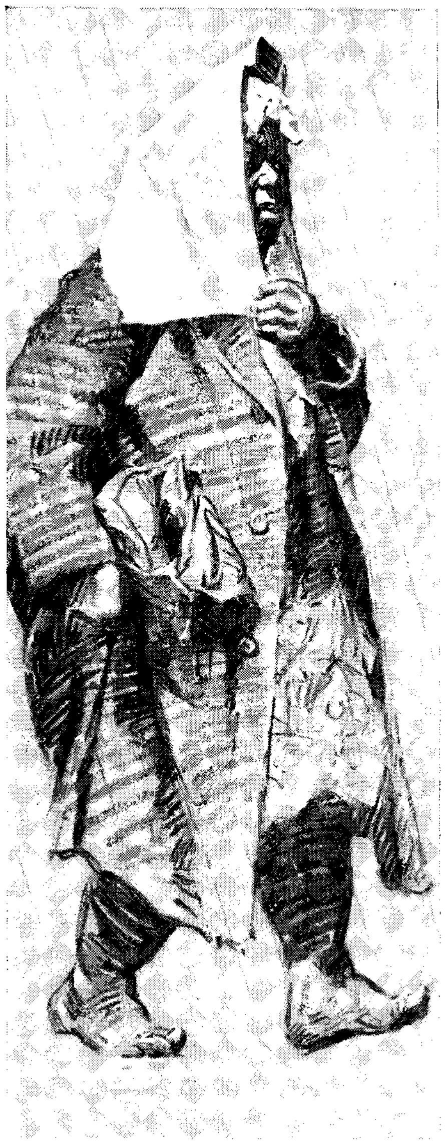
"So I and Stella got on de mules and started for hyar," Candy went on with the recital of his woes. "And quick as Ole Alec seed de barn, he knowed he was comin' home. So he lit out th'ough dat wire gap, and tore my overhalls and snagged my laig."

"And ole Rhody—I was ridin' ole Rhody—" put in Stella, "when she got a whiff er what was takin' place, she got skeered and runned away, and I felled off and sprung my ankle so bad I can't hardly wawk."

"Pitiful," the Widow Duck commiserated. "Hit seem like bad luck overtuck y'all." She pursed her lips and shook her head sorrowfully. "Pitiful," she repeated. "Pitiful, chillun. I come hyar to git myse'f to feelin' good, and I ain't run into so much strickly *bad* news in a month er Sundays. Stella, you soak yo' sprung ankle in hot mullen tea; an' Candy, you put some i-deen on dat snag in yo' laig. And I reckon Betsy'll give you a needle and thread so's you kin sew up dem overhalls."

"Dey 'bout wored out, anyhow," Candy said. "I figgered—"

"You better patch 'em," advised the Widow Duck. "Hit's people 'round hyar which kin figger better den you kin, efn you's countin' on figgerin' a new pair er overhalls for yo'se'f. Hit's too many people on dis place now—"



"Lemme see what is dis bad weather got to hits mustache"

The door opened and Betsy came in.

"Willie and Johnny Mayberry," she announced proudly, "is got brand-new twin boys at they house!"

"Do tell!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "Dat make jest two mo' moufs to git fed. Either de Lawd ain't wid me, or else I ain't wid de Lawd. Whichever way hit is, I'm hollerin' ca'f rope!' So goodby, all!"

SHE bundled up once more, removed her shoes and stockings and plunged into the rain.

"Hyar me," she grumbled as she splashed along the path, "tryin' to scrape up some way for Candy and Stella to stay on de place, and befo' I kin git dat figgered out, de Lawd draps two mo' hungry moufs, right outn Glory."

The Widow Duck was baffled.

But the next day was clear and cold. Mis' Duck felt a lift in spirits. She opened doors and windows and let fresh air come through before she built a big fire in her fireplace. And by the time her breakfast was ready, she could hear the shotguns popping steadily, down toward the thickets.

She grinned. "Dem rabbits sho' is ketchin' hit heavy, dis day. Gonter be mo' rabbits et for supper tonight den you kin haul off in a waggin."

When her breakfast table was clean, the Widow Duck went by to see Willie and Johnny and to bring their new babies a cradle present.

"Hit ain't only jest a piece er backbone I had salted down f'm my hog I kilt, last week," the Widow Duck explained. "But you eat all de marrer outn dat backbone, Willie, and dat'll he'p feed dem twins good so's dey'll grow up straight-laigged and stout."

She looked about the house and noted that everything seemed to be in order.

"Miss Betsy ho'ped out dis mawnin'," Willie said. "Johnny stepped over to Ringgold to git his ole auntie to do about de house for him twell I gits up."

"Dat's good," the Widow Duck said, "cause you got to stay in bed a whole week, Willie."

The Widow Duck knew, however, that an "ole auntie" meant one more mouth to feed; she also knew that "ole aunties" had a way of coming for a short visit and staying forever. Yesterday, she was concerned about Candy and Stella, two of Little Bee Bend's own, who had come back home after three years of prodigal sojourn among the fleshpots of independent farming in the hills.

"Candy!" It was the first time she had thought of him and his wife since the evening before.

"Giles come 'round hard-time tawkin' me 'bout dem chilluns. Giles ought to be 'shame er hisse'f! I'm gonter speak wid him, right now."

SHE said goodby to Willie and started down the bayou path with a purpose in her mind.

The very idea made her indignant; she walked faster and grumbled louder. And the more she grumbled, the angrier she got.

"Come hyar sayin' one er Big Jim Haley's boys and his woman can't eat on Little Bee! Humph! He gettin' too smart for his britches!"

Giles was not at home.

"He out shootin' at quails," Betsy explained.

Halfway to the hayfield, she met Giles. His hunting coat was stuffed with game.

"I swear, Mis' Duck," he greeted pleasantly, "you kin smell quails mo' gooder den ole Rip Rack! I was fixin' to give you some. I ain't kilt but about a dozen, but I reckon I kin spare you three er fo'."

"I ain't studdin' dem quails," declared the Widow Duck. "I'm studdin' 'bout Candy."

"Candy is all okay," the foreman told her. "He huntin' rabbits. I gived him fo' shells and lont him de 12-gauge. Candy ain't missed a rabbit in twenty year, dat I kin remember about. 'Cou'se efn you'd druther have a rabbit den dem quails—"

As if timed, a cottontail leaped from the grass. Giles wheeled and fired, continuing to speak, "Well, go pick up dat yonder one, dar."

The Widow Duck retrieved the rabbit. It was a good shot and a good rabbit, but it was not what she had planned to fuss about with Giles.

"What I got in my mind is," she said, "how come Candy and Stella can't live on Little Bee whar dey was bawned?"

"Sho', dey kin live hyar," Giles said lightly. "Candy and Stella is good as de best, when hit comes to makin' cotton, and dat's what us makes on Little Bee. Cotton. Sho', dey kin live hyar. Who say dey can't?"

"You said times was hard," the Widow Duck reminded him.

"Foolishness," snorted Giles.

"But you said de guv'mer—"

"Who keer 'bout de guv'mer?" Giles demanded. "When I gits a rain like we done had on plowed ground at dis time er year, I'll make so much cotton dat hit'll run de guv'mer plumb crazy."

The Widow Duck liked that kind of talk. It was a cotton man's talk and Giles ever had been a cotton man clear to the ground. Last year's crop may have been small and last year's prices low. But who cared? What had happened last year was water under any cotton man's bridge. This was a new year.

The Widow Duck said, more to prod Giles into further big cotton talk than to continue an argument, "You know, us is got too many hands and de price is so low—"

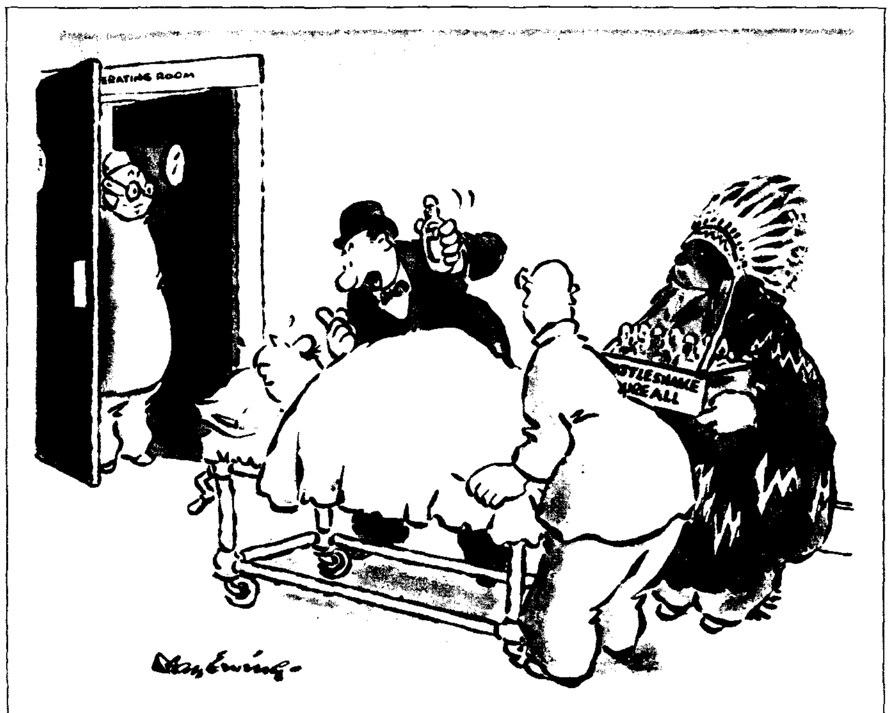
"Little Bee Bend," Giles stated pontifically, "can feed her own. And dat means Candy and Stella and dem new twins er Johnny's and ev'ybody else which got any claim to livin' hyar. And efn I *raley* bears down and gits ev'ybody goin' good, dis place will make so much cotton dat efn de price goes down to *nothin'*, us'll git along."

"Well, Amen, Giles. I been knowin' dat, all er my life, but I didn't know efn you knowed hit."

"Sho', I knowed hit," said Giles.

He took four quail from his pocket and handed them to the Widow Duck.

"Hyar," he said, "take dese birds on home wid you. I got to go by Dave's house. Efn dis wind keep up twell tomorrow, hit'll be dry enough to plow befo' you knows hit."



"Better think fast, mister.... I guarantee yuh, if five bottles.... Four bottles. ... Three.... If three bottles don't do th' trick, you get yuh money back!"

JAY IRVING

The Widow Duck waddled home, feeling very calm and serene. As she passed the cabins along the bayou path, the doors opened and people came clear out on the porch to greet her.

"Hy-dy, Mis' Duck?" they called.

"Ve'y pleasant, soul, and you?" she replied.

At home, she built up her fire and sat down to warm and rest. She had not been in her chair long before Candy came in.

"I brung you a rabbit for yo' dinner," he offered. "I jest kilt fo'. I tuck one by Johnny's for a cradle present for de new twins, and I knowed you couldn't git out and hunt, so I brang you one. I'm takin' de yuthers over to Betsy's so's she kin give 'em to who need 'em mostes'."

"Thank you, Candy," the Widow Duck said. "Hit's mighty pleasant of you." She hung the rabbit out in the air and resumed her chair.

"Set, son," she invited. "I want to do some speakin' wid you."

CANDY sat on the edge of a chair and waited in respectful silence.

"I been speakin' wid Giles about you and Stella," the Widow Duck said. "You know hit's somethin' in yo' special favor appeals to me. You'se one er Big Jim Haley's boys, and Big Jim Haley was my las' husband."

"Yes'm."

"You know," the Widow Duck went on, "us got mo' hands on de place den us strickly needs. And ev'y hand eat jest dat much mo' meat and times is tight."

"Yas'm," Candy admitted, "I knows de times is tight."

"But I been speakin' wid Giles," the Widow Duck continued, "and he say, no matter how many hands us got and how tight de times is, Little Bee kin take keer er you and Stella.

"Yas'm," Candy drawled, "I figgered I c'd come back efn I couldn't make hit yonder in de heels." He paused and chuckled shyly. "For a time, hit looked kind er like I wan't gonter make hit, too."

"Look like you wan't *gonter* make hit!" the Widow Duck demanded. "Son, hit don't only jest look like you couldn't make hit. You comed back to Little Bee Bend wid yo' hack-feathers stickin' up like a whupped rooster, and yo' tail between yo' laigs like a dog which had been kotched doin' bad. Now, Candy, you ain't got to try to put no lie offn on me. You and Stella jest natchally didn't make hit."

Candy grinned.

"Yas'm," he admitted, "hit was too tight, last year. But whilst I was out huntin' rabbits, dis mawnin', de Bossman rid by on ole Patsy. So us got to speakin' and he 'lowed dat last year was so tight, dat next year *had* to be better."

"And he's right, too," agreed the Widow Duck.

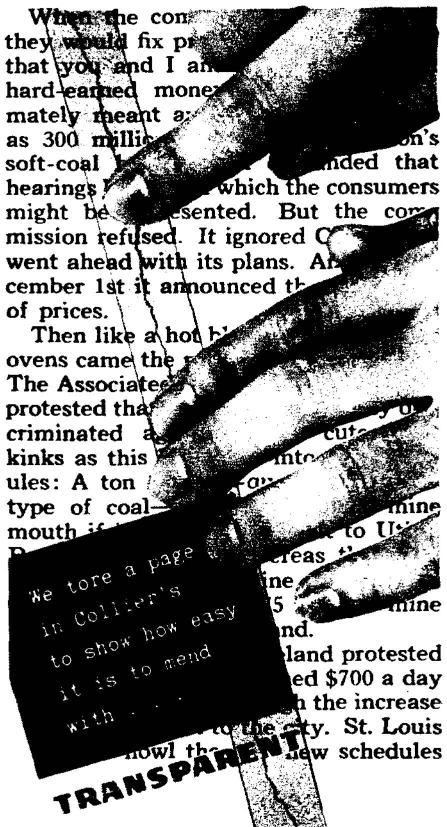
"So," Candy went on, "he gonter supply me outn de commissary hyar on Little Bee, cause he know I'm liable to hit dat lick in de heels, dis year, and I kin pay him back."

"Well, he'p him out, Redeemer!" the Widow Duck exclaimed delightedly. "I b'lieve you's liable to do hit, too, Candy!"

After Candy had gone, the Widow Duck leaned back in her rocking chair and closed her eyes. She was studying her mind.

Presently, she chuckled.

"I might er knowed hit," she said aloud. "Hyar me, tryin' to change conditions, and You pilin' hit on worser all de time. Den, when I hollered 'ca'f rope,' You waved Yo' sweet hand and stopped de bad weather and conditions was changed! I swear, Lawd, You's a case!"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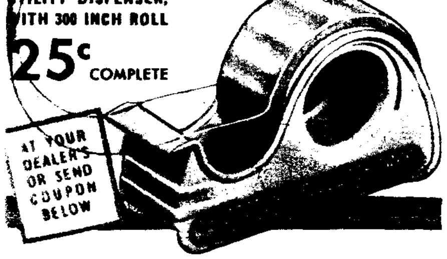

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Autopoint
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20TH CENTURY-FOX

No movie company would think of going on location in the desert without its sweeper to wipe out footprints

Maybe you have an undiscovered talent for throwing stoves or sweeping deserts. If so, you ought to know about these movie specialties. There's something for every taste

YOU are likely to hear persons complaining these days about their jobs or their lack of jobs, grousing about the general uncertainty, kicking over the long, dismal wait between jobs and wishing they lived in some good country. You hear tales of woe, but how would you like to be an honest laboring man and have to hang around jobless until somebody wants a stove thrown?

This man works for the Hollywood movies—when he can—and is a professional stove thrower.

Furthermore, he furnishes his own stoves. He doesn't stroll into the office with a blank expression and inquire: "Any stoves thrown today?" He has his own stove outside in the car and he can begin hurling it around with no delay.

To be sure, he is paid rather well—after he lands a job. He draws down about thirty dollars a day, but he doesn't work so many days in a month, as the demand for his specialty is limited. The stove is an ordinary kitchen four-lidder and has a steel projection on one side, sharpened on the end like a spike.

When he throws his stove, he sweeps it up from the floor, with a pitching motion making you think of Dizzy Dean, hurls it across the room, the steel spike enters the wall and the stove sticks where it strikes. They use this stove-tosser in barroom brawls, where the action calls for a general melee, with strong men bashing each other freely, bottles flying, mirrors smashing and the barman hiding.

There is not a great deal of stove throwing in the movies from year to year and the man would fare sadly, except for a few other little things he does well. He is all right with knives, axes, daggers, spears or any sharp and dangerous instrument. His name is Steve Clemento, and Jim Denton tells me he is part Indian and one of the few trusted knife throwers in the world.

He is fair enough, too, with the pistol, rifle and tommy gun, and not long ago he spared the life of Jimmy Cagney by planting a mess of bullets around him, but not in him. Steve is the man who shoots through a glass door, knocking the cigar out of your mouth. They say he can take a machine gun and shave a man with reasonable whiskers. Thirty a day isn't any too high for such virtuosity, but what if Steve has a bad morning some day?

If that job doesn't look too attractive, how would you like to be the ice-hole filler-inner? There's a nice, clean job with short hours and a chance to meet pretty women. You must be able to skate on ice, at least well enough to navigate around a studio rink. Suppose they're shooting Sonja Henie or this other new ice darling from England and the scene is the private skating lodge of the Duke of St. Moritz. . . . Between scenes, the filler man puts on his skates, takes a paper cup filled with water and glides over the shining surface, staring at the ice and probably feeling pretty silly. He pours drops of water into tiny holes made by the actors' skates, and as the water freezes the whole surface is kept perfect and shining—which it would not be in real life. This man gets eight dollars a day and probably lumbago.

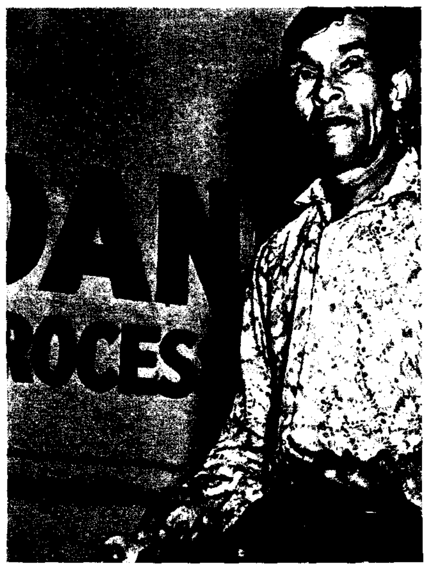
Along the same line is the man they refer to as the desert sweeper, and no movie company would think of starting for the trackless Saharas of southern California without its trusty sweeper. His task is to keep an eye on the desert and see that it doesn't collect footprints of man or beast. It must remain a rolling and flawless desert of virgin dunes, so he wanders around sweeping off all marks of human

Taking the newness out of clothes creates a job for William Durant. Here he is busy creating "bullet" holes

REX HARDY, JR.

Steve Clemento, ace stove thrower, knife thrower and pistol shot

HURRELL



REX HARDY, JR.

Don Smith's job is to smooth the rough spots in the ice used in the skating scenes. June Harrison is showing him where they are

occupancy. If you have ever been along with a company of four hundred movie people down around Yuma, you will understand that this footprint eliminator has no cinch. He gets five dollars a day and eats with the extras.

Turning to the nonworking or stand-around painters, we observe a group that seems to be eternally loafing, doing nothing whatever, wasting the company's good dough. They look like grafters, but they're not. They're really on the job. They are quite essential, but their apparent idleness certainly fooled a new efficiency man.

These motionless laborers are paid to stand still, holding a can of paint and a brush, while the director directs and the actors act and the cameras hum. If the scene lights strike a metal object or any projection that will produce a reflection, the painters step forward and dull the gleaming thing in a jiffy. If this isn't done, the film is fogged and the scene is ruined.

This new efficiency man, prowling as usual, observed the two painters working for Henry King, leaning comfortably against a pillar. After a few general remarks, he ordered them back to the regular paint department, where there was plenty of work to be done, and in half an hour the cameramen were howling, the director was swearing and the production came to a halt, for reflected lights were bounding on the set.

It took thirty minutes to send for the painters, bring them across the lot and have them paint out the offending spots. With two hundred people in enforced idleness while this chore was done, it cost the studio enough money to paint three small bungalows and a doghouse and send the painters to Honolulu with their wives. The efficiency expert had nothing to say.

Living in a comfortable home in Hollywood is the lad they call Chris Christensen, a sea captain who hasn't even smelled salt water in perhaps fifteen years. Chris has a job at the studio and draws his check each Wednesday with lovely regularity. He is a genuine mariner, sea dog and captain of vessels and could step up on the bridge any minute, but is content to remain in the studio, where they are constantly having him do something nautical.

He builds boats of all sorts used in movie scenes. He builds parts of boats, and whether the demand is for a canoe or the Queen Mary, Chris takes off his coat and delivers. Scarcely any of his craft ever touch water.

He buys all the marine junk used by the studio, for he's the only one who can tell a ratline from a bilbo. Movies must do their nautical stuff correctly, for the sharp-eyed customers yell when *(Continued on page 67)*

Jim Helmer uses a blowtorch to iron out bubbles in "breakaway" glass

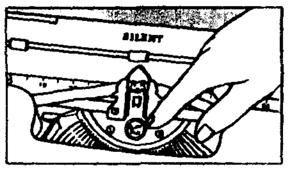
WIDE WORLD

Chris Christensen is the expert on all things nautical

REX HARDY, JR.

"Oh, Daddy! Isn't it a BEAUTY!"

Look at the typing aids you get with today's SPEEDLINE CORONA . . .



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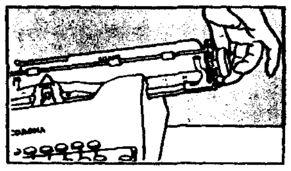
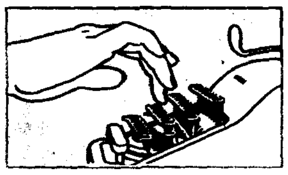
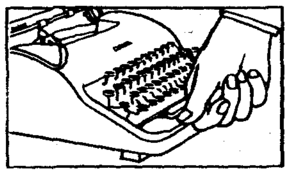


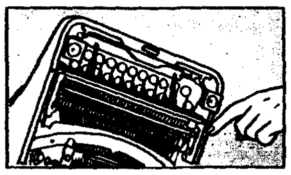
ANCHORED CARRIAGE—*rigid construction . . no shimmy!*



PIANO KEY ACTION—*keys keep horizontal. . natural arc!*



BALANCE—*machine stays put . . no creep . . no bounce!*



ALL-AROUND FRAME—*Coronas are built to take it!*

Silent
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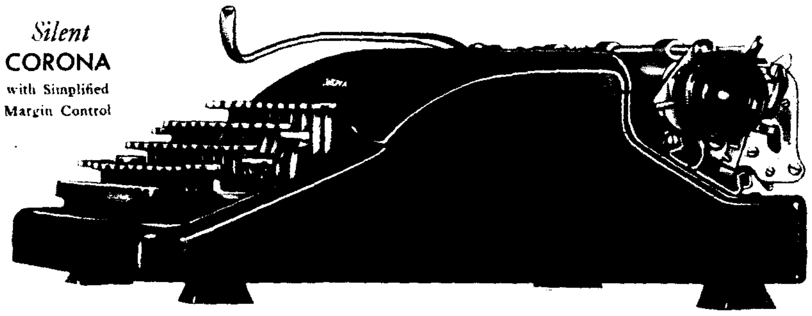

CORONA HAS FLOATING SHIFT. . don't let anybody "tell you different." Speeds up work and saves your energy. *A great feature.* And $1.00 a week (plus small down payment) buys *any* Corona!

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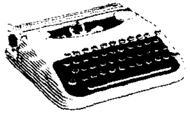
Keyboard has 84 characters . . . as on big machines. Swinging Shift... back spacer and other aids.

Only . . $29.75 with case



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Please send me free illustrated folders and prices. I am interested in the ☐ Speedline models ☐ Corona Zephyr. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

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LOOK OUT!
'WILD W

HELP! MURDER! POLICE! That brown-skinned bimbo is gonna conk the workman on the bean if someone *doesn't stop her*. One whiff of his smelly pipe and she flared up!

SLAM! BANG! CRASH! Heaven help the working man! If he survives *this* brawl, he'd better clean his pipe and switch to a mild tobacco that smells good to others!

HE FINALLY SQUASHED Bessie, and then the guy in the checkered suit filled the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend called Sir Walter Raleigh.

BORNEO BESS took a trial sniff, smiled, and started to shimmy to show she liked the aroma. Oh, it's *easy* to win a woman to your pipe! Just get Sir Walter . . . the mildest!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE
around lid seals flavor in
. . . brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

The World is Like That

Continued from page 19

"Jocelyn, I'm so happy!" he said.

"I'm happy, too."

"It's called burning your bridges behind you, you know, and I've always thought it sounded rather formidable. But what a relief."

"Kent, we'll never be sorry. For we don't want anyone in our life except sometimes Una and Red, and darling old Covey. And they'd forgive us whatever we did!"

He was looking at her with eyes bewildered with love and felicity and he answered only in a murmur:

"And it wouldn't matter if they didn't!"

THERE was a silence. And then quite without warning Jocelyn felt a great boredom possess her, and what they were saying lost all its meaning and was flat and strange. She still felt Kent's arm about her; she was conscious of the nearness and the power of him, but he was no longer he, nor she herself. They were two complete strangers; she was looking into eyes she had never seen before, hearing an unknown voice say incomprehensible things.

Inwardly she shook herself, trying to get her bearings again. This was Kent; she was Jocelyn; they were alone at night in Covey's cabin; they were free to live their own lives at last.

"Say you're happy that we are going to give up everything else and live just for each other!" he was whispering.

"Happy!" she said with a smile, swallowing with a dry throat.

What on earth was the matter? All the color, all the thrill had drained out of life. She felt stupid and unresponsive.

The sudden revulsion of feeling, or rather death of feeling, frightened her. She found herself speaking gently to him, affectionately, almost soothingly. He must not know how suddenly their whole castle of dreams had come fluttering down; that her spirit was crying out with little Alice: "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

Absurd to be twenty-seven and a reasoning human being of reputedly more than average intelligence and beauty, *and to be up here in the high lonely hills* beyond Piedmont with Lilian Dunham's husband, "putting on an act!" Jocelyn phrased it scornfully in her mind.

"I'll go now and write him tomorrow," she thought, even while her fine fingers rested against his cheek, and his words of adoration and eagerness poured on past her unhearing ears.

He was presently crouched on a hassock at her knee, his arms laid across her lap and his fingers locking her fingers.

"Jocelyn, I can't plan—I can't begin anything, until we belong to each other! Fate brought us both up here tonight, my darling, and Fate will guide us the rest of the way. It's destiny."

She remembered her wild prayer of a few hours ago; it seemed the cry of a woman who had ceased to be.

"We've never done anything wrong. God, let it go right just this one time!" she had prayed. Even while she listened to him something deep within her was smiling with irony and pity at that prayer. Now she was phrasing another prayer, in a new spirit of strange humility and self-contempt:

"I don't belong here. This is all nonsense. Help me—help me to get away!"

"Kent, I have to go home, dear. But come take me to dinner tomorrow and we'll conspire."

"Tomorrow, idiot! By tomorrow we'll have had the most wonderful hours of our lives!" He was talking with all the enthusiasm of a boy; she had never known him so young, so fired, so confident. It was a new Kent, with all the charm of the old Kent and the glory and excitement of hope and joy added. "This is our hour, my darling," he said. "The moment that never will come again. Nothing can take this away from us now!"

Why didn't it reach her? Why didn't it stir her? She looked at him with a slow smile in her eyes, with infinite pity in her heart, with her thoughts far away from him. Already he was out of her life; already the part he had played was far behind her; already she had gone on in her mind to the trip back to the city, the car flying through the dark, the heavenly safety of her room again. Books and silence and the quiet circle of light dropped by her reading lamp in all the shadows. And tomorrow, instead of sharing a love adventure with Kent, up here on the mountainside, she would go decorously to Sausalito and rejoice with Tots and all the cousins over the latest engagement, and feel herself free of the shadow that had darkened her life for more than a year.

"WHAT are you thinking of?" he said, suddenly aware of her inattention, suddenly jealous.

"That I must go home," she answered mildly.

"What for? We belong to each other now. Let the whole world know it!"

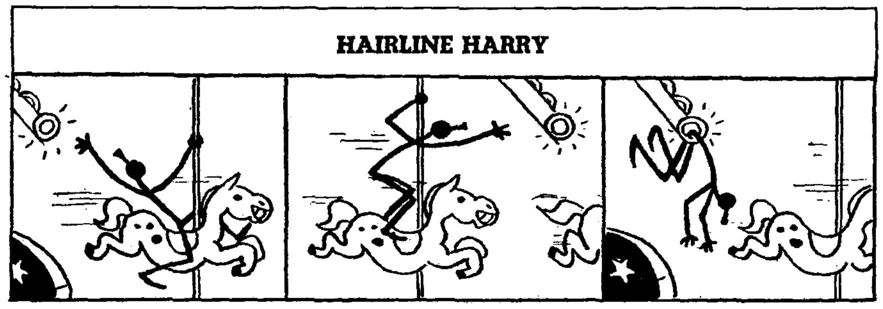
"Suppose you lost both jobs and couldn't get another?"

"Then we'd come over here for a while and I'd free-lance. You're not afraid?" he said reproachfully.

"No, I'm not afraid. But I've got to go home just the same. We can make all our plans tomorrow, but I don't belong here tonight."

"You don't trust me," he cried. And then pleadingly, "Ah, Jocelyn, let's have this glorious thing, anyway. Let's steal this much, and then we can be patient, waiting for the rest!"

"After all our months of being good?" she asked whimsically. She could play with words and situations if she liked, now; there was no strain, there was no temptation left. All the misery that she had experienced only a few hours ago had been transferred to him, to Kent, who had been so cool and philosophical and self-possessed ten days ago, when in



HAIRLINE HARRY

ALAN FOSTER

"If a product is good, WHY DOES IT NEED ADVERTISING, Mr. McDougall?"

Mrs. Bruce Corzine of Evanston, Illinois, interviews Mr. E. G. McDougall, President of Libby, McNeill & Libby . . . on behalf of American women everywhere who want the facts about advertising.

MR. McDOUGALL: "It wouldn't . . . if enough people could be told about it any other way.

"But here's why *we* advertise, Mrs. Corzine. Only a very small percentage of the people of this country live in the neighborhood of one of our canneries. Now, without advertising, just those few thousands of families would know about the foods packed there. But when those foods are publicized through advertising, *millions* of families learn about them.

"So you see, advertising makes it possible for us to sell in volume, at the lowest possible price. And it makes for better products."

MRS. CORZINE: **"But how can advertising make products 'better,' Mr. McDougall?"**

MR. McDOUGALL: "When we advertise, we make a public promise that any canned food labeled 'Libby's' is of superior quality. You can see how quickly our business would suffer if we did not hold to that promise.

"Our reputation, established by advertising, is a heavy responsibility. We not only have to *hold* to our high standards . . . we must try ceaselessly to better them.

"That's the burden advertising puts on the advertiser. And that's one of advertising's big benefits to the consumer."

MRS. CORZINE: **"But your other point . . . you said 'lowest possible price'."**

MR. McDOUGALL: "Well, it's the law of mass production. A canner can put up several million cans of vegetables, meat or fruit much more economically than a few thousands. His costs per can are lower all along the line . . . both in production and in distribution. That means he can sell to the retailer at a lower price . . . and the retailer in turn can charge the consumer less.

"Advertising of a good product creates a big demand, and therefore makes low prices possible."

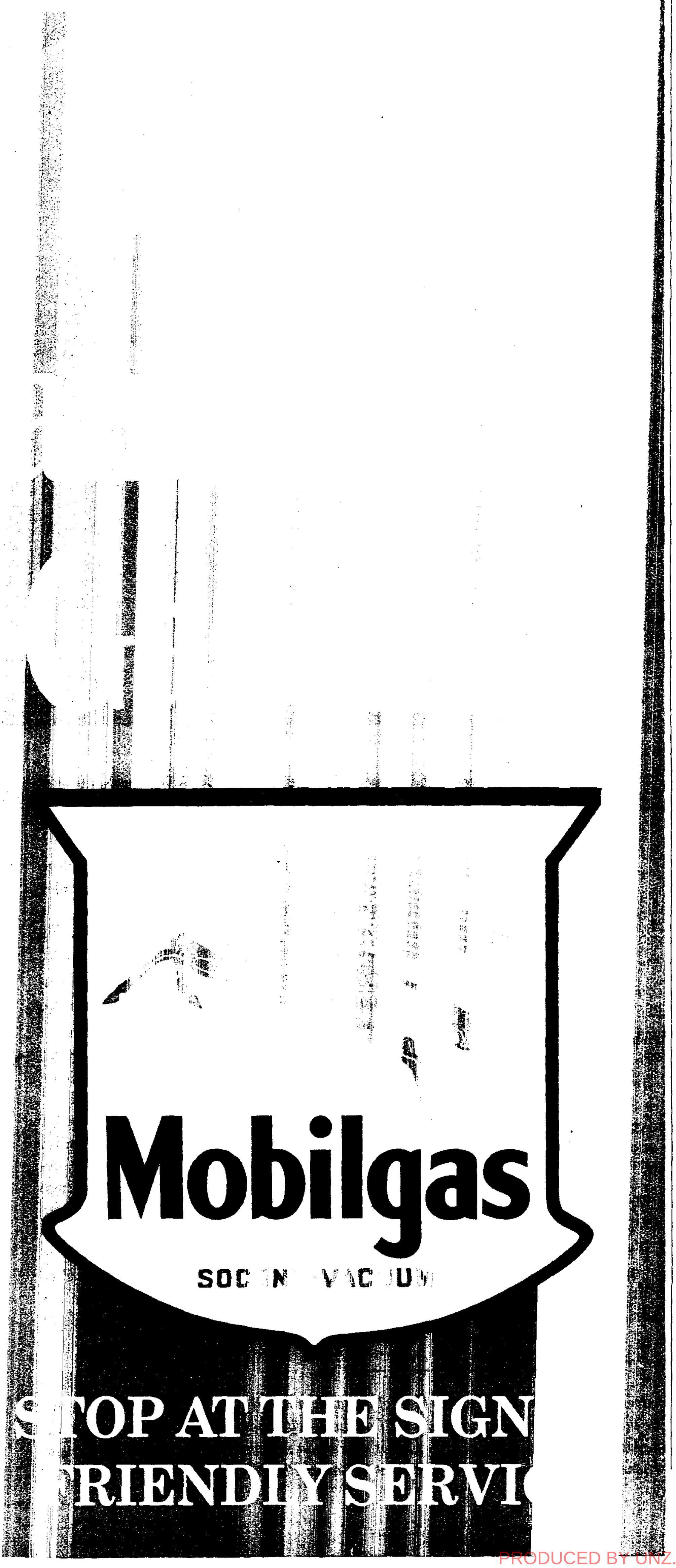
MRS. CORZINE: **"But haven't you forgotten the cost of advertising? That alone should make the advertised product more expensive."**

MR. McDOUGALL: "It does seem as if it should. But, actually, the money we spend in advertising *saves* money for the people who buy our foods.

"The advertising cost of an average can of Libby's Foods is about two-tenths of a penny. That fractional amount creates widespread demand for our products . . . enabling us to produce in volume, with savings to the consumer of far more than two-tenths of a cent per can.

"To sum up: with our name constantly before the public, we must adhere to the highest quality . . . and advertising, which results in large national sales, makes it possible to market foods of this quality at lower prices."

To give you the truth about advertising, and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, will appear in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine and The Country Home Magazine, published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.



the office they had had that memorable meeting. Jocelyn felt as if she had been released from long fever and delirium. Peace flooded her spirit like a river.

"After all our months of being good the time has come when we needn't be good any longer," he reminded her. "Our path is quite clear before us now, and, darling, how good it feels to know which way we're going!"

THERE was a telephone in the cabin, which was used as a fire station in dry weather. The forest rangers had placed it there; it was rarely used by Covey or any of his guests. Now it rang sharply in the lonely dark mountain night, above the swishing of leaves and creaking of boughs and the sound of the wind at the mouth of the wide chimney.

Jocelyn and Kent looked at it and at each other and at the clock. Ten minutes to ten. With a shrug the man went and picked up the instrument. It was Lilian, telephoning from Richmond, only a dozen miles away. Jocelyn heard him answering patiently; the married man again:

"I can come back here Monday, Lil, and pick up my stuff and then drive the car to Bertha's and leave it there for you. You wouldn't want it before Monday? All right. If there's nobody there I'll put the key on the top of the screen door. Yep. Tell her I'm sorry not to see her. No, no, don't you girls change your plans; you go do your shopping; that'll be all right. Bertha'll be coming up for Christmas, won't she? Yep. Need money? How's the tooth?"

Jocelyn went without hurry toward the kitchen, picking up her bag as she went. Kent's back was toward the room; he might be aware that she was leaving the room, but he would not see that she had taken her bag. Her hat and coat were spread in the kitchen, drying; she put them on quickly, and went quietly out the kitchen door and around the house. She did not light the lights of her car when she had gotten into it; it started up almost noiselessly; there was enough disturbance in the air and among the trees and shrubs to cover whatever sound the engine made. As the machine wheeled to leave the garden and turn into the lane Jocelyn turned up her lights, swept away down into the darkness, heard the mud squelching beneath her wheels.

SHE drew a long breath; spoke aloud: "Well, I'm out of that!" she said exultantly. "I'm out of that. Time was when I couldn't have left you, Kent, when just being near you and having you want me would have broken down all my defenses! But not now. Not now! I wonder what's happened to me, I wonder what waked me up all of a sudden?" she went on conversationally. "It was all one way one minute, and just calm—just being bored the next. A man whose wife was telephoning him about car keys and hand baggage and a toothache! And I sitting there feeling like the fool I am.

"He'll never forgive me, of course. His pride will be mortally wounded. Well, better his than mine; I would have been ready to kill myself this time tomorrow if I'd gone through with this. Escape. You're lucky, Jocelyn Britton. If you'd been staying up here two or three days with Kent Dunham, and had heard that nice wife-and-husband conversation, what a nice opinion of yourself you'd have had! There wouldn't have been any way out for you then. He'd have had any number of ways out. All a man in those circumstances has to do is say that his wife is simply adamant. He's horribly sorry, and he honors you just as much as before, but—there you are!"

The road wound downhill in pitchy darkness. Rain was again falling and the little wipers of the car were busily at work.

Plenty of gas; plenty of oil; she drove on as briskly as mud and rain permitted. The rain was very trying. It obscured signs; it dazzled and glittered and made driving difficult. Her dashboard clock said eleven.

"I'm taking the nasty new look off the Johnsons' car, fool that I am!" she reflected. "Why didn't I go over to Aunt Nell's and have an evening playing writing games or dancing with Rusty and Ned and Pete Smith? Good heavens!"

The last ejaculation was wrung loudly from her as the car skidded, slipped and turned abruptly over a low bank to wedge itself against a tree trunk that was lighted brilliantly by the lamps. Jocelyn sat still for a moment, weakened by the shock. Then she realized that nothing more of a dangerous nature could happen, and peered out to see what she could of the situation.

All around was the blackness of the rainy night. Her headlights showed a dirt road pitted with pools of mud and lumps of old concrete; this was certainly no part of the highway she had expected to follow: she had missed a turn somewhere, and floundered off onto one of the hill roads so baffling to the traveler in these sprawled and scattered hill settlements. Down below her, where there had once been a chain of lights, most of the heartening speckles that meant homes and lamps had disappeared; far away there was a long clean line of them; the highway between Oakland and Richmond perhaps, but there was nothing near. No gates, no houses, just empty road and rain.

SHE tried to back her car out of the soft mud into which it had slipped. It bucked; the wheels revolved, but there was nothing solid upon which they could grip.

After a while she realized that the spinning wheels were going no farther that night, and wondered if she would inevitably get pneumonia, curled chilly and wretched on the front seat. She got down in the rain, and groped for a rug in the baggage box, and found two old blankets. "Lifesavers!" she said, rolling herself into them, curling herself up on the back seat to weather the dark hours until dawn.

After a while the rain stopped, but no car passed her; no light came along her road. She slept fitfully; saw the first uncertain streaks of day in the eastern sky and realized that she was on the wrong side of the hill. By the time there was enough light to see the road she was a mile away from the car and on the north slope of the hill again, descending through the mud and chill of early morning toward the safety of the towns below.

The first house, the first gas station she reached would mean deliverance, she reassured herself steadily. She could telephone then, get a train and a boat, get home to warmth and a bath and breakfast. These things seemed far away; unattainable. But they were there, waiting, and long before the rest of the world was awake she would gain them.

A muddy car rattled behind her; a muddy little man with a good-natured, weak face offered her a lift. Jocelyn climbed in thankfully beside him, and within half a moment everything was normal again. Everything was within reach. Her good Samaritan, his breath reminiscent of alcohol, told her where to telephone for the right assistance in the matter of the car and her bag; told her something of himself as they went along. He had a little boy named Brucie, and had had a girl named Florence, who had died. Oh, too bad! What had been the trouble? Meningitis? Oh, too bad. How old had she been? Just three—that very day. . . . And here was the railroad station and the lady was welcome. The glorious sun was rising on a clear, cold winter day.

"I wish you'd—" She hesitated, battered and rain-damp and disheveled, but pretty sure he wouldn't take her money.

"No, *ma'am!*" he said.

"Well, thank you a thousand times!"

"I was glad to do it. I hope you have a happy Thanksgiving."

"I hope *you* do!" Her heart was singing. She had gotten out of a wretched predicament pretty well. She felt stiff and achy, but in a few minutes she could straighten up her clothes and comb back her hair in the dressing room on the boat, and afterward have a delicious breakfast: coffee, poached eggs, lots of buttered toast.

"Miss Britton?" said a voice behind her. She wheeled on the station platform, terror seizing her for a second, she knew not why. But it was only Philip Fordyce, in his low-hung, dark blue car. He was leaning out, laughing at her. "I thought I knew that hair!" he said. And then, in amazement: "For the Lord's sake what have you got yourself into?"

"Everything!" she answered, desperately laughing in return. He leaned over to open a door.

"Get in," he said. "I'll run you home."

"I'd be ashamed. I'm such a mess!"

His answer was an unsmiling glance and a brief, "Get in!" and Jocelyn got in. Immediately the wide, clean roads, packed and trim after the rain, were flying by them. Had she had breakfast? Neither had he.

"We'll go to the Palace," he said casually. "Good coffee there!"

"Oo-oo!" burst from her gratefully. The Palace, and coffee!

They parked in the empty, orderly stillness of Market Street early on a Sunday morning, and were the first in the dining room when it opened at six o'clock.

"I was over at Claremont last night at a party," the man explained. "Well, I'd promised to play golf this morning, down in Burlingame, and I wasn't sleeping awfully well, and so I got an early start. But what in the name of Sam Hill were you up to? I thought you were one of these real good girls."

Jocelyn, her usual appearance somewhat restored by a session in the dressing room with her own pocket comb and powder compact, laughed unashamedly.

"I did something very silly," she confessed, as the blessed warmth of coffee began to penetrate the chilly fibers of her being. "And then I did something smart to get out of it, and got into worse trouble, in one way anyway, and got out of that, and here I am not quite knowing whether the whole thing was a dream. I have a friend who has a little studio up in the hills," she began her confession, "and some of us love to go there for week ends. Well, yesterday the artist and his wife who usually go sent me a message that I thought meant they would be there, and I drove myself up, in the rain, and found instead that a man I especially like—used to like, was there alone—"

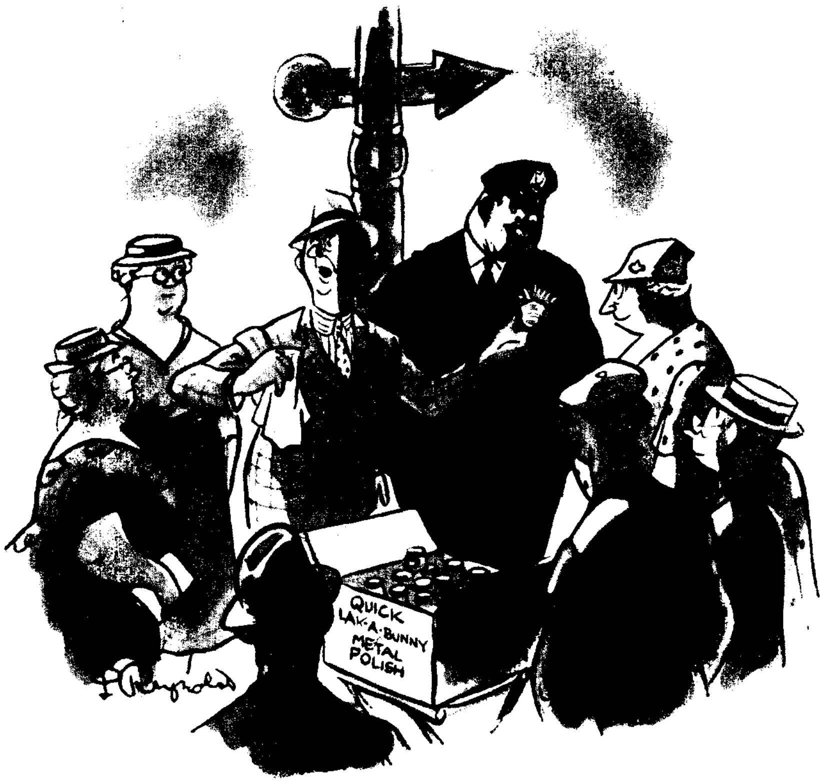
"That's as good a story as any other," Philip said cheerfully, as she paused. Jocelyn laughed again, but her face was red. "You left your car where?" he presently asked.

SHE told him specifically. She had noted corner posts, street names, as she had come down the hill in the dawn. Philip took out a well-filled notebook and carefully wrote down what she said.

"Give me your key," he said then briefly. "I've a man who looks after my cars; he'll see to it. And it's to go to the Portola Garage? That's—yes, I know where that is. He'll have it cleaned and returned there today."

"I can't have you—" Jocelyn was far away from her usual moorings; she had never talked to Philip Fordyce except in the office, before; she was dazed after emotional excitement and an almost sleepless night and she could feel in her bones that a heavy cold was threatening her. But still she couldn't let a strange man assume the responsibility for her foolishness. "You mustn't do that," she said.

He paid no attention to this. He pocketed her key, and when the delicious breakfast was over stopped the car only once before he deposited her at the Bush Street boardinghouse. The stop



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THE NERVE of that campus cowboy. Telling me, the All-American tackle, I got crummy hair! "Scram!" says I, "before I take you apart!"

BUT HE DON'T SCARE EASY. "If you weren't all muscle and no brains," he says, "you'd know I'm doing you a favor. You do all right on the 40-yard line, but with a dandruff condition like you've got . . . well . . . who was that lady I didn't see you with last night?"

"LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS!" I yell. But the Fingernail Test tells me Oswald's right. So that night I see my druggist. "What you need," he says, "is this 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil. The old Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dandruff scales for 30 years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that keep hair in place *without* building up grease on the scalp!"

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IMPORTANT: *Wildroot Hair Tonic, original formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere!*

was at a drugstore; emerging, he placed a large, weighty pink-wrapped package in Jocelyn's hands.

"Dissolve two of those pills in hot water and gargle, and take the others about—oh, one every three hours," he said. "I put a hot-water bag in there; I didn't know if you had one. And I put the violet soap in to make it look more like a present."

She would not let him joke it off. Her voice was husky with gratitude:

"You're awfully kind. I'm terribly grateful to you."

"I'm only too glad I happened along. I saw the hair, and thought that you were the only woman I knew with your sort of hair. This is your place? Goodby and good luck. I'll—I took your telephone number, didn't I? I'll let you know about the car. And if you have any fever, don't show up Monday."

He drove away down the dingy, quiet Sunday morning street, and she let herself quietly into the stale, cool air of the hallway and went upstairs. She was in her room again, and everything was just as she had left it after her hurried, feverish departure yesterday. It seemed as if she had been away for weeks rather than hours.

Twenty minutes before eight. There was not a sound in the house. Mrs. Buck's boarders were for the most part hard workers; they enjoyed their holiday leisure.

Jocelyn had a hot bath, filled her rubber bag with boiling water in the kitchen, returned to her room to snuggle down gratefully under her blankets and fall instantly asleep. But she did not sleep long. She awakened restlessly at ten o'clock, and unable to stand her own thoughts, dressed again, and went across the bay again, this time in the other direction, to join the family party at Aunt Nell's as calmly as if that had always been her intention.

IT WAS a dreamy, unreal day for her. Fortunately the big household at Maple Den was far too deeply and happily absorbed in its own affairs to notice anything strange or absent in her manner or question her as to the abstracted moments into which she constantly lapsed. Tots' engagement was indeed announced, with much kissing and laughing and rushing all over the shabby, spacious, imperfectly warmed house, and at two o'clock a gargantuan meal was finally on the table and everyone's attention was concentrated upon the hot, delicious, plentiful and badly served food.

The six Partridge sisters, married and unmarried, were all pretty and giddy and witty and bursting with health and spirits; their one brother was a silent little fellow, who sat next to his mother at the table, and watched with admiring smiles the uproar that held the dining room. The father of the big family was also quiet, also admiring. Doctor Partridge was continually being kissed; appeals were continually being flung in his direction; frequently a blond girl was in his lap, winding up his mustache or using his ears as handles to gently bump his face against her own. But he rarely spoke.

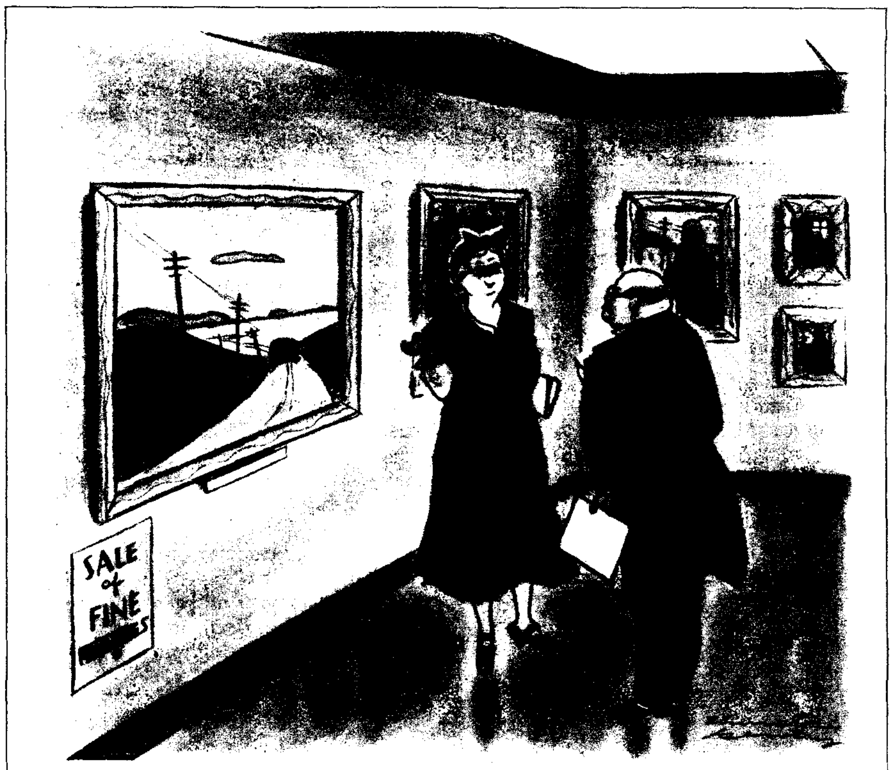
Jocelyn's Aunt Nell was the ruler and the moving spirit of this pandemonium. She was an enormous woman, weighing over two hundred and twenty pounds and towering half a head over her husband. In manner she was gentle, deprecatory, hesitant. But her family and everyone else who knew her at all knew the iron will and the mulish stubbornness that underlay this mild exterior.

She rarely left her own disorderly house and overgrown garden. She lived for husband, home, son, daughters, grandchildren. Her two sons-in-law were firmly of the opinion that in any crisis she would support them even against her own girls, and the girls considered it one of their richest secret jokes—and they had many—that Mamma always talked as if she sided with the boys and then worked things round to exactly what the girls wanted.

There had never been much money for luxuries, but they all swam and played tennis and were experts in the arts of picnicking, cooking, game playing. Their home had been a clearing-house for the youth of the neighborhood for a dozen years, and such friends as had once pitied poor Nell Partridge, who had those six girls to marry off, now began to realize that her one feeling about their wedding was reluctance to let them go away from home, and that she would have handled half a dozen more without an instant's misgiving.

It was this big comfortable aunt who came panting up to Bam's room late in the gloomy Sunday afternoon to find Bam and Peaches, the youngest girls, in enthralled conversation with Jocelyn, who was lying flat on a bed, with a warm blanket over her.

"Girls, this room is cold! Why don't you make a fire?" said Aunt Nell, sinking into a chair. "Jocelyn, you're getting a touch of flu, if you ask me." She stretched out a hand like a warm pincushion, touched Jocelyn's cheek. "Yes, you've got about a degree," she said firmly. "Bam, you go right down and tell one of the boys to bring up some wood, and get that stove going. Get Jocelyn a nightgown—get her one of Sissy's, Peaches, and Jocelyn, you turn right in, and make up your mind to it. You're going to stay right there over Thanksgiving, or as long as it takes to knock out that bug. Peaches, you get Jossy's hot-water bag, and tell the girls not to let the babies come in here. Now move, all of you!"



"Do you have this one a size smaller?" THURSTON GENTRY

IT WAS only when these comfortable preparations were well under way that the older woman delivered the message that had originally brought her upstairs. Mr. Fordyce had telephoned to Mrs. Buck to say that Miss Britton's car was back in the garage, and that Miss Britton was to take it easy and stave off that cold.

After that a lost day or two slipped by, and then they were all spoiling her; it hadn't been flu, just a heavy cold, and it had been nipped in the bud, and it was fun to have Jocelyn here for the Thanksgiving dinner and the games. And somebody had notified the office that she wouldn't be back until Friday.

On Wednesday afternoon, when her aunt was asleep upstairs and she was watching Jane's baby boy, Tim, and Jossy's baby girl, Rosemary, tumbling about in their pen, and when all the cousins were scattered to various office jobs or domestic duties, Philip Fordyce walked in unannounced, and they talked together.

HE LOOKED handsome and rosy and kind, coming in out of the cold, and he showed an expert friendliness with the two babies, who sat staring at him, slowly and methodically smearing their small faces with some soluble type of round brown biscuit.

"You seem quite all right again," Philip said, when she had answered some questions about her little illness.

"I am. I feel—oh, wonderfully!" Jocelyn said.

He looked at her keenly, and she liked the look, even though it gave her a queer little sensation of fright.

"It was an emotional breakdown, as well as the cold, wasn't it?" the man said. Instantly the conversation plunged down from its surface position to something far deeper, and Jocelyn's quick change of expression showed that she recognized it as she responded slowly, with a touch of heightened color:

"That was it."

"You spent the night in the car, on a rainy mountain."

"But that wasn't the worst. It was the shock," Jocelyn said. "The shock of finding that what—what I'd thought I wanted to do wasn't what I wanted at all. Finding that what I thought I'd felt for him simply wasn't there. He—he had been the cool one, before that. I'd been the one that was going slowly mad. And then suddenly it was the other way."

"You'd never cared, really," the man said, watching her.

"Oh, but I had! To think of stopping it all was like having my thoughts—my emotions amputated," Jocelyn explained, with a rueful little laugh. "I've been—sort of—sort of dazed, since. I've lain in bed, all Sunday and Monday and yesterday, just thinking it over—thinking what a shabby affair it's been all along. How cheap it is to say one takes nothing from the wife, one has a right to friendship, knowing all along that one hasn't!"

"Oh, there was a wife?" the man asked, smiling.

"There *is* a wife!"

"You're an honest person," Philip commented.

"I'm not. That's just what I was saying. I'm not! Physically," Jocelyn said, her eyes far away and her voice musing, "we were honest enough! But—I'm beginning to think the mental and spiritual side of infidelity is just as important."

"It's not, though, is it?" he asked, smiling.

"It ought to be."

"It never has been. A man may torture his wife into a madhouse," Philip observed, "but just as long as he stops short of the actual thing there's nothing she can do."

"And whether stopping short makes one feel cheaper, when the affair is over—" Jocelyn began, speaking half to herself. She paused. "I don't know," she said.

"MY DAUGHTER says it doesn't make the slightest difference whether a girl is straight or not," the man observed dryly. Jocelyn looked at him in sudden interest.

"Norma does? But Norma's only sixteen!"

"She was about fourteen when she told me that."

"She didn't!" Jocelyn's eyes brightened in spite of herself. "What things they *say!*" she murmured, shaking her head.

"I think it's a lot of talk, myself."

"But of course it is! They don't mean it."

"You think," he asked curiously, "that the rising generation is really as straight as the present one? I mean—I'm forty-two, of course, and I'm a long way ahead of you. But when I was a kid there *was* a dividing line. Girls whispered a lot and surmised a lot, but they didn't come right out and say that when they liked a man they thought they had a right to live with him, and that when presently they wanted to marry another man he had no right to object. Men did object, then. They liked their wives—what shall I say—exclusively?"

He was half laughing but Jocelyn's face was serious. They were alone now, for one of the Partridges had swept in to carry the babies off for sun-porch airings. The day had suddenly cleared, and on Thanksgiving eve the sun was shining warmly and brightly.

"They do still," Jocelyn said confidently.

"My daughter says not."

"Norma is only a little girl, Mr. Fordyce."

"I know. But she's a rather sophisticated little girl."

"You don't really think that things have changed, that girls can have these experiences and then go on into safe and honorable marriage?"

"No, I don't!" he disclaimed it hastily, with a little accent on the pronoun. "But *they* do, or they say they do. They say that in colleges—even in high schools, they all say it; you see it constantly stated; that the straight girl is the exception nowadays."

The oddity of it struck her and she laughed, and he asked her, interrupted in his earnest speech and perhaps a little affronted, what she thought funny.

"Not funny. But strange that what agonizes some of their elders, what seems the actual dividing line between wrong and right, should be taken in their stride, as it were, just one more experience among the things youth goes through! But that's not so," Jocelyn said, interrupting herself. "Decent girls grow to be decent women today, as they always have, and girls who take chances pay sooner or later in one way or another! But you stopped in casually to ask how I was, and here we are deep in morals," she added, with an apologetic smile.

"I didn't stop in casually. I came on purpose," he corrected her.

"Oh?" Her color rushed up. "Something at the office?" she asked.

"No. Look here, if you had a sixteen-year-old to raise, a pretty kid who'll some day have a lot of money, what would you do? Lock her up, cut off her allowance or give her her head and trust that everything would come out all right?"

"Give her her head, I think. Or, no," Jocelyn began hesitatingly, "try to win her, to influence her, perhaps. It's a problem, isn't it?" she finished sympathetically, smiling into his troubled eyes.

"It's a terrible problem. Is it one—do you have any ideas, do you think you could solve it?"

"I?" she asked, surprised. "But I don't know very much about girls today. Girls of Norma's age. It's more than ten years since I was Norma's age. And even then—" She hesitated. "I was an only daughter," she said. "We hadn't very much, my father had died, and we lived in boardinghouses. I hadn't much chance to see what a rich girl, one of the Burlingame crowd, thinks or doesn't think. I do know this," Jocelyn went on, "that the girls—the women in the office are a pretty free and easy lot. Quite a few of them are divorced, with perhaps a child to raise, and they have their affairs—or at least they say they do, and accept help from men. *That's* changed, I suppose! But it seems to me that a girl who will be as rich as Norma, and with your mother to keep an eye on her—"

"My mother can't do much, except worry and scold and be horrified. Mother's sixty-six; she says she won't play nursemaid to anyone's child. She adored Norma, when Norma was last with us, but that was two years ago. She spoiled her and then she bullied her. They had a cat-and-parrot time!" the man said.

"MY PLAN now," he went on, as Jocelyn, realizing that there was more to this casual call than she had suspected, remained silent, looking steadily at him, "is to open the Burlingame house, move Mother there, settle everything before Norma gets here. Then I'll make arrangements at the Palo Alto school for French or Italian lessons—I've got a letter from her mother somewhere, saying what she has to study, and her afternoons will be free. She'll meet her old gang; there'll be plenty of excitement for her. Subdeb things, house parties at Pebble Beach, all that.

"Janet, her mother, has picked out a Frenchwoman to come and be a companion for her, but it seems the child despises her. Norma wrote me in a fury, saying that if I didn't get rid of Mademoiselle the minute she arrived that she'd run away. She asked me to get someone young and pretty and sensible, whom she could like, who'd go around with her and understand what it was all about. I've been trying for her old governess, Miss Sanderson. Can't get in touch with her.

"And that's where you come in," he finished simply.

"That's where I come in?"

"If you will."

"You mean you'd like me to try it?"

"I want to keep her safe," he said. "I'd like to make her so happy here that I could keep her for a year or two, get her safely married to some decent fellow that I know something about. This Mam'selle, according to Spotty, has got a cousin who's a count, and I presume he has an eye on the family fortune; I don't know. Spotty met him on the ship, and she says she can't stand him, and

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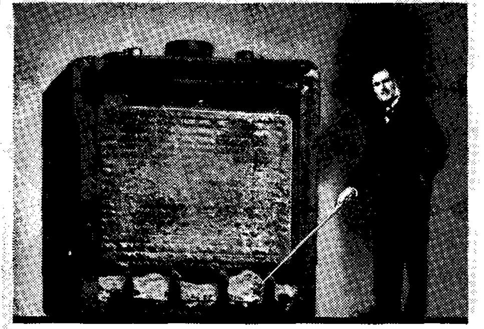

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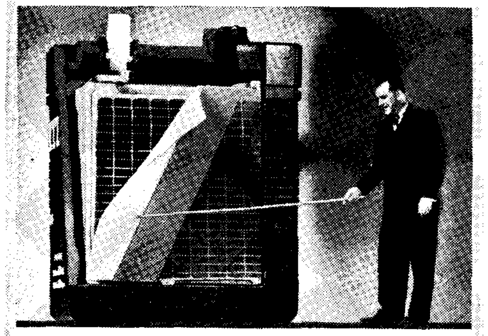

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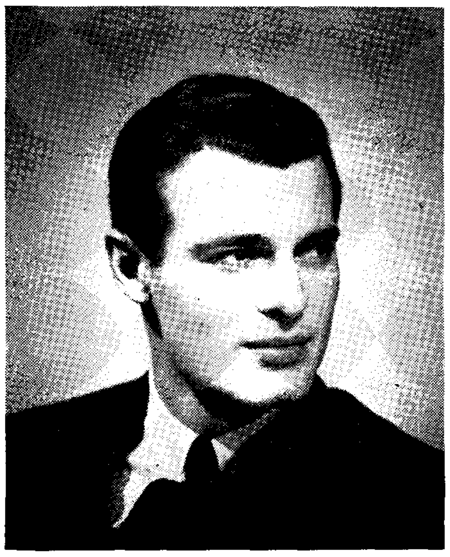
OR THIS—He's just a hopeless case so far as hair is concerned. For hair once gone is gone forever. Be wise—don't neglect the hair you have.



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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

that he'd always be hanging around. Well, there's the setup. D'you think you could do anything with it?"

Instead of answering him she fixed him with a penetrating look, and asked in her turn, with a little difficulty and a heightened color:

"What makes you think I'd be a good person to manage her, instill a little sense into her? You know all about me, what a fool I'm capable of making of myself."

"Yep, I know all about that," he answered, after a second, without a smile.

"You think I could do it?"

"I don't know quite what there's going to be to do for you or anyone else," Philip said, with a shrug that indicated his helplessness. "I don't know that it can be done. But I wish you'd think it over, talk it over with your aunt."

FOR some reason she could not at the moment define, tears were suddenly in Jocelyn's eyes, tears thickened her voice when she spoke.

"I'll be glad to try," she said simply. And then in apology: "I think I'm still weak, perhaps."

"Well, no hurry!" he said. "Norma'll not be here for four or five weeks. I'll keep in touch with you. You'll be back in the office on Monday?"

"On Friday."

"Better make it Monday. By the way," Philip said carelessly, "I talked to your pal Dunham yesterday."

"To Kent!" Her cheeks were white.

"A question of a folder for the club came up; I'm on the committee. I thought he might have some idea. He did, as a matter of fact. A very attractive fellow," Philip added, with a smile.

"But I thought that he was going to Portland on Monday," Jocelyn said, quickly and uncomfortably.

"He was in his office yesterday. Maybe he's changed his plans. He was very much upset when I said that you were away from the office with a bad cold."

"I'll telephone him, write him," she said. "I feel very much ashamed of the whole thing. It was all very foolish. Since you—since you were so wonderfully kind to me on Sunday I'd like to say just that much. Sometimes in offices—"

"Sometimes in offices is right," Philip agreed briskly. He got to his feet. "Well!" he said, "I'm very much pleased that you'll make a stab at this anyway. It's a relief to my mind. I'll write Norma's mother that the granddaughter of General Britton has consented to keep Norma out of night clubs and gentlemen's apartments as far as she can."

"You knew about my grandfather?"

"My mother added that bit of information. She knew him in the days when he was at the Presidio. It may smooth your path with her. She's quite a—quite a party," Philip said.

Jocelyn walked with him to the door, gave him her hand.

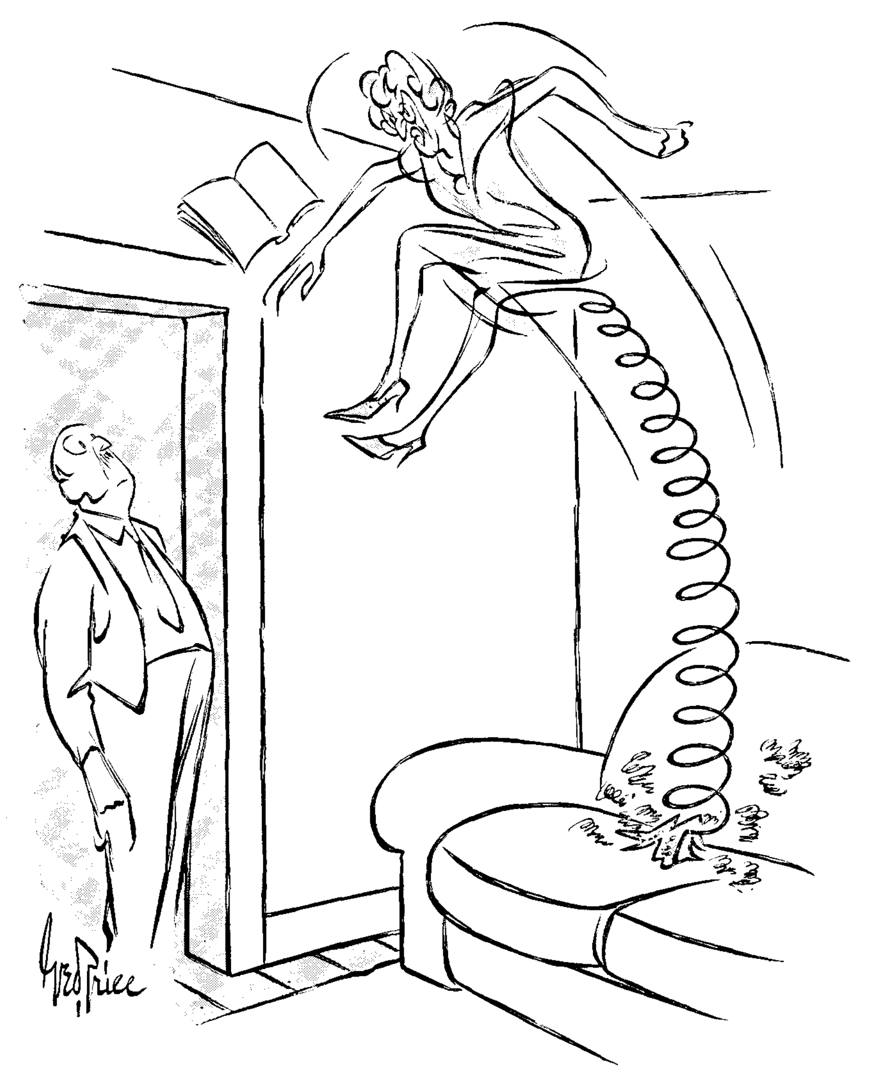
"You're very kind," she said. "I hope I'll be some help with Norma."

She watched him walk to the gate and get into his car. It went twinkling away into the gathering winter dusk and was gone. Jocelyn stood looking down at the steely surface of the bay and the ruffle of whitecaps, at the descending slopes of roads and oaks and hillside gardens, all looking their plainest and barest on Thanksgiving eve.

She had not defined it yet, but there was a great peace in her heart. She said bewilderedly that she felt within herself the spirit of Thanksgiving; consciously or unconsciously that the man who had just left her had given her back her self-respect, and the feeling was good.

"Mr. Philip Fordyce," she said half aloud, "I think you are the kindest man and the most wonderful *person* I ever have known!"

(To be continued next week)



"Stop gaping and phone the upholsterer!" GEORGE PRICE

Nice Work

Continued from page 59

some ignorant sailor-actor starts to unfurl the binnacle or stow the royal mizzen. Chris helps the director and shows the bogus sailor how to slide down the line and which line to slide. He savvies belaying pins, bulkheads, topgallants, capstans and starboard luffs, and no sensible director will move an inch without Chris at his elbow.

Most of the good, substantial studios employ their own bartender, who is not just a common actor in a white apron. He is a true and authentic bartender and can mix any modern drink, knows proportions and wouldn't be stumped by six thirsty Yale boys in a night club. Technicolor had plenty to do with this job, for if a character demands a gin daisy, it must look like a gin daisy and not a planter's punch or a fireman's hat. In the old days before color, anybody could be a studio bartender and anybody was. All different now.

They're Paid to See Movies

Here's a pip. Think of working for the movies and going to the movies as steady employment. That's a job—the studio movie-goer—and I cannot imagine anything more terrifying on this mortal coil. If I had the choice, I would rather be the main nerve in a doomed tooth. This poor fellow attends motion pictures all day long, passing from theater to theater. He rises at an early hour, eats a hearty breakfast, kisses his wife goodby and walks into a theater, where he looks at two motion pictures, a newsreel and whatever they have.

Pulling himself together, he gets up and goes to another theater down the street. He does this all day long, and when night falls he drags his wearied soul homeward and writes a detailed report of everything he has seen, how the actors acted, where the pictures were good or bad and how the dramas made by rival studios compared with the ones made by his studio.

I hear he gets sixty dollars a week, but four hundred would be nearer the right mark, as this man cannot live long. The studios try to hire men with strong minds for the job and have noticed that after the first five hundred pictures the employee grows surly and walks around talking to himself. Frequently he is married to some dame who likes to take in a movie after supper.

One of the truly soft touches is where the man sits in a large, stuffed chair in an airy office, beaming upon the world and reading newspapers. That's his sole task—just reading newspapers—on the off-chance that he will stumble upon some hidden paragraph of news that may become the foundation stone for a film drama.

Every studio has its own reading department, with sharp-eyed young women reading plays, novels and books as they come from the publishers. Detailed reports and synopses are made by the regular readers, but the newspaper fellow is aside from these, walks alone and burrows steadily into a mountain of daily papers, hoping he will hit upon a stray news item that no other studio will notice. He is paid seventy-five a week and is the envy of all.

The figure man spends his working days in an enormous room filled with plaster torsos, all of them named and numbered. These are all the immobile representations of ladies, as studios do not go in for plaster dummies of their male actors. Each lady actor is reproduced in plaster and goat-hair and her name is inscribed on the bosom thereof. So no matter where a lady may roam, they can always summon the wardrobe women and start them making dresses, jodhpurs, gowns, uniforms and coats that fit.

When a director is in the throes of his production and plugging along with the daily scenes, he hates to stop and can't afford either the time or money for small items, so he jumps them, leaving everything to a hard-working citizen who rarely leaves the studio. If the hero is handed and reads a telegram, we customers must know what it says in the wire, but no director will stop at that moment, so the home-staying studio man does it later. If it's a lady writing a letter saying she has grown cold, we see a hand and a pen moving, but not those of the heroine. Perhaps it's a sheet coming off a calendar or feet walking, leaves falling, newspapers popping out of a press or a federal notice asking that Joe Joseph he held for murder. . . . One man shoots all these small but essential bits and nothing can stump him.

One man does nothing but make bottles that can be used to crack a guy over the head, as in a barroom brawl or shindy. You cannot hit an ordinary movie actor on the head with a champagne bottle, or at least you'd better not, so the expert makes bottles that won't hurt and that burst tumultuously into smithereens. He likewise makes windows permitting the exasperated character to smash the glass into flinders with his naked fist. Imitating glass of all kinds is his job and he gets fifty a week.

A man named Bell sits at a small piano and runs his fingers over the keys, only he doesn't charm any music from the instrument. Each key is connected with a long wire that runs off to a charge of dynamite, and every time he touches a key a jag of dynamite explodes, a cloud of dust and rocks rises, and if you don't obey the man you are killed deader than Pharaoh's parrot. This man knows all about explosives and just how near a valuable contract player may stand without losing his license. The explosion man works practically all the time and is good at fogs, mists and bad weather.

Nothing's Impossible

When the drama happens to be laid in the town of Seneca Rapids and you must read what the Seneca Rapids Herald says about the district attorney, where do you suppose they get a Herald? If it's convenient, they send for copies and shoot the paper, and if it isn't, they forge a Herald in their own plant. They can imitate any newspaper, domestic or foreign, get you a batch of champagne labels, roadway signs and everything up to the Declaration of Independence.

You may not believe it, but when a great storm is raging and they need the noise made by a hurricane, they fry an egg. An egg frying sounds exactly like a typhoon blowing a squash through a freight train. The one noise that seems to have them stumped is the bright hiss of a golf ball as it starts in flight. They tried everything to simulate that golf ball's buzz and nothing works very well. It can be done, but it means going out and hiring some expert like Sam Snead to stand and drive balls past the microphone and this is usually too much trouble, so when you see a golf ball soaring in a movie, you generally don't hear anything.

When you come to think of it, golf balls rarely make a noise when hit by the average players, but the players do.

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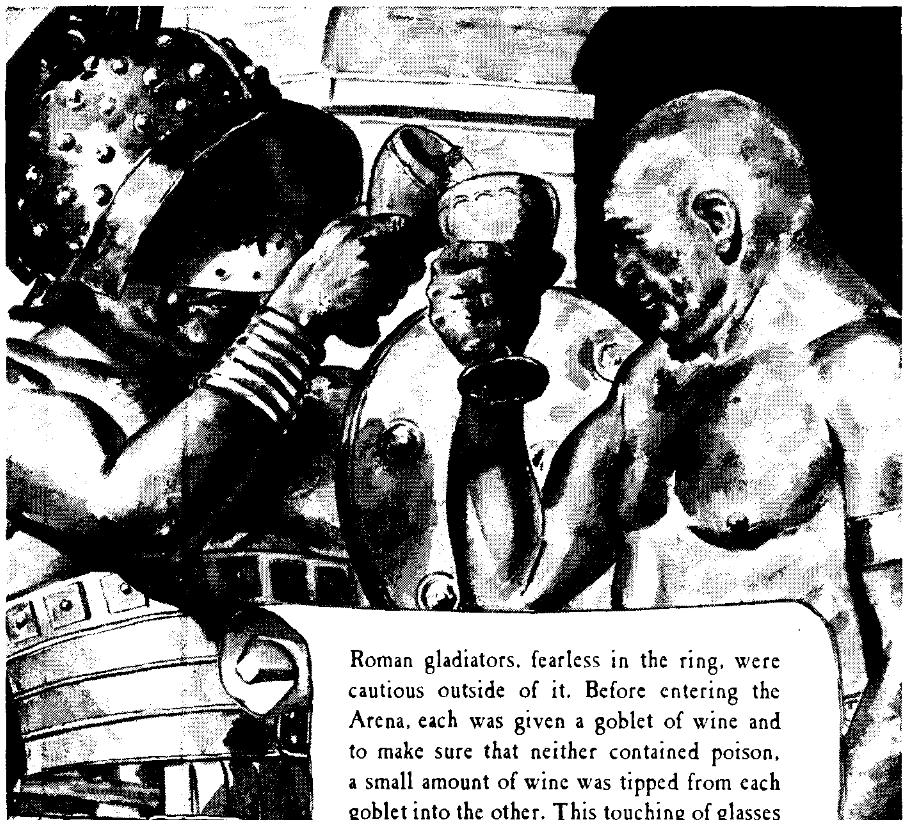

Roman gladiators, fearless in the ring, were cautious outside of it. Before entering the Arena, each was given a goblet of wine and to make sure that neither contained poison, a small amount of wine was tipped from each goblet into the other. This touching of glasses is a custom universally observed today!

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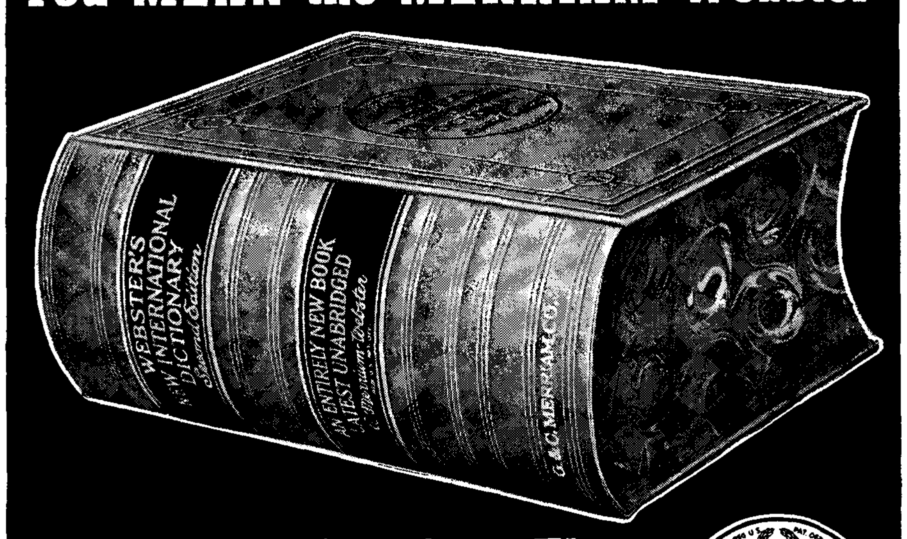

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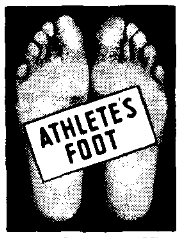

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Look between your toes. If they *itch, or if* the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out —it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment, 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Watch These Guys

Continued from page 11

touchdown pass while surrounded by enemies, leaping high in the air to get the ball away. He also had an 80-yard run. He kicks 60 and 70 yards with ease and passes long and short from any position.

3. Jack Robinson, University of California at Los Angeles. Robinson is a Negro; 5:11, weighs about 185; *right-handed passer; right-footed kicker;* will run at left half and is regarded as greatest prospect on the Coast. Robinson is a transfer from Pasadena Junior College, and it was customary last year for crowds of 40,000 to show up in the Rose Bowl to see him in these minor games. He has incredible speed (he's a brother of Mack Robinson, Olympic sprinter), and glides along with a strange lope. He is the master of all the steps—the crossover, etc. He can pivot, spin, straight-arm, and his amazing speed gives him tremendous power as a tackler moves for him. Runs with a semihigh knee action and has a peculiar faculty of sliding out of a tackle as he arches his body and yet keeps on driving.

And From Santa Clara—

4. Rubert Thornton, left guard, Santa Clara. Weighs 206, 5:10½, from Franklin High, Portland. Day after day last year when Buck Shaw's varsity tried to tame Freshman Thornton, they found him a raging tiger, with great hands, good speed, terrific power. At the end of the season when Santa Clara varsity selected an All-Opponent team, Al Wolff, Santa Clara tackle and All-America for 1939, put down Thornton's name. "Why not?" he snapped. "Thornton was the greatest guard I faced all year."

5. Wayne Sterling, left tackle, University of Washington. 222 pounds, 6:1 feet; from McKinley High, Honolulu. Cousin of Duke Kahanamoku, great swimmer. Has amazing agility, good speed, great power, big hands, strong legs. Jimmy Phelan regards him as greatest sophomore in Northwest. Can tear interference to shreds and is never sideswiped as he goes through on offensive. A dream tackle, says Phelan, one of the kind that comes along every ten years or so.

6. Orville Hatcher, left half, University of California. Weighs 180, 5:11. Right-handed passer; not much as a kicker. Broke his leg as freshman but was great in spring practice where he went on an even basis with Louis Firpo, who is expected to replace Bottari this year. Experts say Hatcher has more straight-ahead power than Firpo, is a better blocker even now and has as many steps and niftiness.

7. Frankie Albert, left half, Stanford. Left-handed passer who drove Coast frosh teams nuts by running to right and yet passing to right, both in the short flat and deep, something they said no southpaw could do. Weighs only 155, 5:8½. Good runner, fine left-footed kicker; but not much as a blocker. Completed seventy-five per cent of passes in spring practice game.

8. Preston Johnson, backfield, Southern Methodist. Weighs 185, comes from Newcastle, Texas, isolated district; was sensation of all-star game in Lubbock in 1938. Kicks for a 45-50-yard average every game and occasionally gets off disconcerting 70-yarders. In addition, is powerful and tireless ball carrier. Matty Bell, S.M.U. coach, called him best freshman kicker he has ever seen.

9. Jack Wilson, backfield, Baylor. 200-pounder from Paris, Texas. Perfect football build and was the big boy offensively and defensively when Baylor freshmen walloped Texas Christian and Southern Methodist last year. Considered a capable replacement for the noted Billy Patterson, which is praise indeed.

10. Paul McClung, backfield, University of Colorado. Denver boy from South High who is expected to be another Whizzer White. Triple-threat tailback with an extraordinary ability to break away for touchdown runs. Sound football man. Can block and tackle and run a team as well as pass, kick and run. As freshman ran wild against the varsity line.

11. Bruce Smith, halfback, Minnesota. Hails from Faribault, Minnesota, and is son of Lucius Smith, Minnesota tackle, 1908-10. They consider this 6-foot, 195-pound back as best prospect since Andy Uram. Amazingly fast and elusive and has enough drive to play fullback if necessary. Good passer and punter and contributes vicious blocking and tackling. Bernie Bierman says he would have used him as regular last year if eligible. Critics think he will take rank with Earle Martineau and Pug Lund.

12. Jack Jacobs, Oklahoma, halfback. Three fourths Creek Indian, sensation at Okmulgee High. Weighs 181, 6:1. Passes, punts, runs, all superlatively. Biggest man in backfield but so fast and tricky that he played safety. Paul Christman, Missouri star, calls Jacobs the best high-school back he ever saw.

On the Pacific Coast, in addition to the boys we have mentioned there are such promising newcomers as Ernie Steele, late of Highline High School, Washington, a 175-pound flier who is said to be the most spectacular back the University of Washington has had since the days of the great George Wilson. Another talked-of sophomore in the Northwestern sector is Buck Berry of the University of Oregon, a hard-running back.

Down at St. Mary's they have Jim McPartland, a halfback who played for a Catholic all-star team in Chicago which faced De Correvont's public-school outfit. They were both named "all" halfbacks but McPartland's future is in doubt at St. Mary's because of injuries. Their real prospect is Nick Seminoff, right tackle, a Russian boy from Commerce High, San Francisco. He weighs 217, stands 6:1 and is said to be on a par with the promising Wayne Sterling of Washington.

Santa Clara is banking on Ward Heiser, a freshman of two years ago from Rodeo, California, the home of Lefty Gomez. He was hurt before the varsity season last year and was held out. In spring practice this year this 170-pound, 5:11, right half did sensational running and passing.

Where Football's a Religion

Down in the Southwest, where football is a religion, they seem to have the usual flock of fine prospects. Dutch Meyer at Texas Christian thinks he has a successor to Davey O'Brien in Jack Odle from McKinney High. In spring training this six-foot, 182-pound baby was chunking strikes for numerous touchdowns. However, there are other experts who expect Odle to be outshone by Hank Winters of Fort Worth. In the line Meyer has two swell prospects from Midland, Texas, in Woodrow Adams, a 220-pound tackle, and Dave Wooford, 6-foot-5-inch end.

At the University of Texas, Dana Bible doesn't know whether the fabulous Raymond (Wild Horse) Mays from Amarillo will be able to stick or not, Wild Horse being very ornery to handle in the classroom. In high school, Wild Horse was the darnedest thing ever seen. The first time he carried the ball, he ran the wrong way. Next time he took it over for a touchdown but ran into the goal posts and almost killed himself. He runs with a high knee action, almost chucking himself in the chin at every stride. But if Wild Horse is the goofy character at Texas, the hopes are built around Jack Crain of Nacona, who picked his way for a touchdown to beat the varsity last year.

Rice has Arthur (Double Ugg) Goforth, a squatty 210-pound back, who plays football as if it were a holy war. Jack Russell at Baylor is 222 pounds of potential end, called by Jim Crow, freshman coach, "the finest defensive end I ever saw." Texas Tech has Thomas Douglas, a rangy back from Houston who managed to elude the clutches of Jimmy Kitts of Rice. Over at Arkansas they have come up with a reformed tackle, Jay Lawhon of Haskell, Oklahoma, who now plays the tailback. "Ernie Lain of Rice never looked better."

In the East and Midwest

In the East everybody is very cagey about prophesying about the new sensations, but there have been kind words for Maupin of Army, who showed the Fordham first-year men plenty when they were up on the Plain last year. Other future greats are said to be Natowich of Holy Cross, Hopkins of Syracuse and Edgar Jones at Pitt. From Pittsburgh we hear that the team is not going to be as good as old but is also not going to be a joke. Most of the squad will be made up of reserves from last year. The same condition is true at Southern California, where Howard Jones has so many potential All-Americas hanging around from last year's monstrous mob that the newcomers will get little chance.

The Middle West, as usual, is full of swift little boys, hard-hitting little boys. Illinois, which will depend almost entirely upon sophomores, has Dave Miller and Jimmy Smith as backs and Joe Turek, Flip Anders, Bill Kolens and Paul Milosevich for the line. But their hope is Bob O'Brien, the reformed tackle, who has turned out to be a wow as a defensive back.

Both Michigan and Indiana had sophomore teams last year, so the only outstanding prospect is at Michigan where Bob Westfall, a fine blocking back, will try to break into that outfit which had such stars as Tom Harmon, Paul Kromer and Evashevski. Down at Ohio State they are counting on Dick Fisher and Tom Kincade, flashy backs. Purdue has Tom Melton, a guard from Lowell, Indiana, and John Galvin, a back from St. Leo's in Chicago, who played against De Correvont in that celebrated high-school play-off. He is a whiz as a passer. At Notre Dame the new men are overshadowed by the powerful talent of last year, but there are hopes for Steve Bagarus of South Bend Washington High, who is not too fast but very elusive.

Wisconsin will have Irv Camp of Milwaukee, who was out with injuries last year but is now in fine shape. Their best bet, however, seems to be Bob Cone of Janesville, who repeatedly ran through the varsity last season. At Chicago, Bob McCarthy, a rangy back, and Bill Harrah, a 250-pound center, will be well tested.

In addition to Bruce Smith, Minnesota has an embryonic star in Joe Mernik, a tough fullback. Other good backs with the Gophers are Bob Sweiger, Marty Falk, Mike O'Bradovich and Bob Teyro, proving that Minnesota will probably be as murderous as ever. But when you get to Marquette you find genuine opportunity for the young. They are expecting three backfield recruits to make the first team—Fred Rice, Fremont, Ohio; John Goodyear, La Grange, Illinois; and Douglas Renzel, Milwaukee.

In the South, Tennessee's unbeaten squad of 1938 returns almost intact, but a center in the person of Ray Cannon will probably crash the starting line-up. Cannon, who played at Knoxville Central High within sight of the Tennessee campus, scales 191, stands 6:1, and Coach Bob Neyland is sweet on him for the way he gave the varsity a going over this spring.

Duke loses several men from the rush line that was called the Seven Iron Dukes, but they have a tremendous tackle prospect in Robert McDonough, a 210-pounder from West Orange, New Jersey. He manhandled the Iron Dukes all last year in scrimmage. Another Wallace Wade hope will be George Bokinsky, the Windber, Pennsylvania, boy who was a sensation in his home state. Tulane has a whale of a new triple-threat halfback in Bob Glass. Those who saw him run, pass and kick against the varsity in scrimmage last fall don't see how he can miss. Johnny Bosch, who looks like a refugee from Singer's Midgets, is Georgia Tech's duplicate of Davey O'Brien. He is the slickest passer, runner and safety man seen thereabout in several moons. He weighs 140 pounds and never gets hurt. Believe it or not, he was a blocking back in high school.

Georgia is banking heavily on Green Keltner, a Memphis end who weighs 190 pounds, stands 6:2 and is said to be another Catfish Smith in temperament. Ray Morrison at Vanderbilt, with plenty of experienced backs to operate his aerial circus, is looking to Joe Atkinson, a Castle Heights product, to make his team at guard. He is another 200-pound, 6-foot chap who moves like a halfback. Harry Mehre goes into his second year at Mississippi with a fine new back in Merle Hapes of Garden Grove, California, and a great end prospect in J. W. Davidson of Memphis. Alabama has John Hansen, a 190-pound pile driver, who will be a first-stringer sure. Bernie Moore at L.S.U. took a triple-threat back named Billy Hogan and made him into a center, who weighs 195, stands 6:2 and runs like an antelope. First-string for certain. James Samford of Montgomery, Alabama, is an end that Auburn is expecting to make the grade.

When you talk about Jack Jacobs at Oklahoma, you must also mention Ralph "Fats" Harris, 225-pound blocking back from Stroud, Oklahoma. Fine kickoff man, too, and will back the line on defense. He will be Jacobs' front bumper and if the Indian can keep from stumbling over the players Harris knocks down, he should gallop to many a touchdown.

Maybe They're Not the Best

But even if the men we have picked turn out to be champions, it will still not prove that they are the best players in the land. As professional football has shown, the greatest competitors often come from the most obscure colleges. In the New York Giants' backfield last year were Leemans from George Washington, Richards of Simpson College, Iowa, Burnett of Emporia State Teachers (Kansas), Leland Shaffer of Kansas State, Ward Cuff of Marquette. When the Giants had their choice in the draft last fall, they passed up all the publicized gridders and picked Neilson of Arizona, a fullback nobody had ever heard of.

So if Al Blotz of Squeedunk Normal turns out to be eight times as great as Bill De Correvont, it won't surprise us. It probably won't even surprise Bill, who is on one awful spot. As who isn't among these touted lads?

"I been stung—bad!" Mr. Scruggs yells at me

That's just exactly what he said! "I been *stung!*"

Now Mr. Scruggs is kind of *irritated* even when he's in a good humor. I like him okeh, but, boy, what a *temper* he's got!

When he comes stormin' in, I'm *plenty* worried. It was only last week I persuaded him to let me change his oil an' put in Golden Shell.

I'd told him it was *fast-flowin'*—and how he needed a fast-flowin' oil to get goin' in a hurry when the engine starts. I'd explained *careful* how oil had to be *tough*, too, for hard drivin'. He seemed to agree an' liked the twenty-five cent price.

Now he was madder'n a wet hen.

"But, Mister Scruggs—you can't get a finer oil at any price," I say, soothin'-like.

"Blinkety, blank the blank blank!" says Mr. Scruggs, in terrible language. "I tell you I'm stung!"

"Gee, Mr. Scruggs, I *know* I put in th' right grade an' Golden Shell Oil just *can't* fail—"

"Go jump in th' bay!" he screams—"I'm *stung* I tell you—*really* stung. A blankety blank yellow jacket flew in the windshield an' *stung* me—what'll I do?"

"Gosh, Mr. Scruggs," I says. "You don't know what a *relief* that is to me. Only thing I could suggest, right off, is to rub a little drop o' some kind o' *oil* on it—"

"Get away from me—if I was bit by a *lion*, you'd tell me that Golden Shell was good for it!"

An' he drives off.

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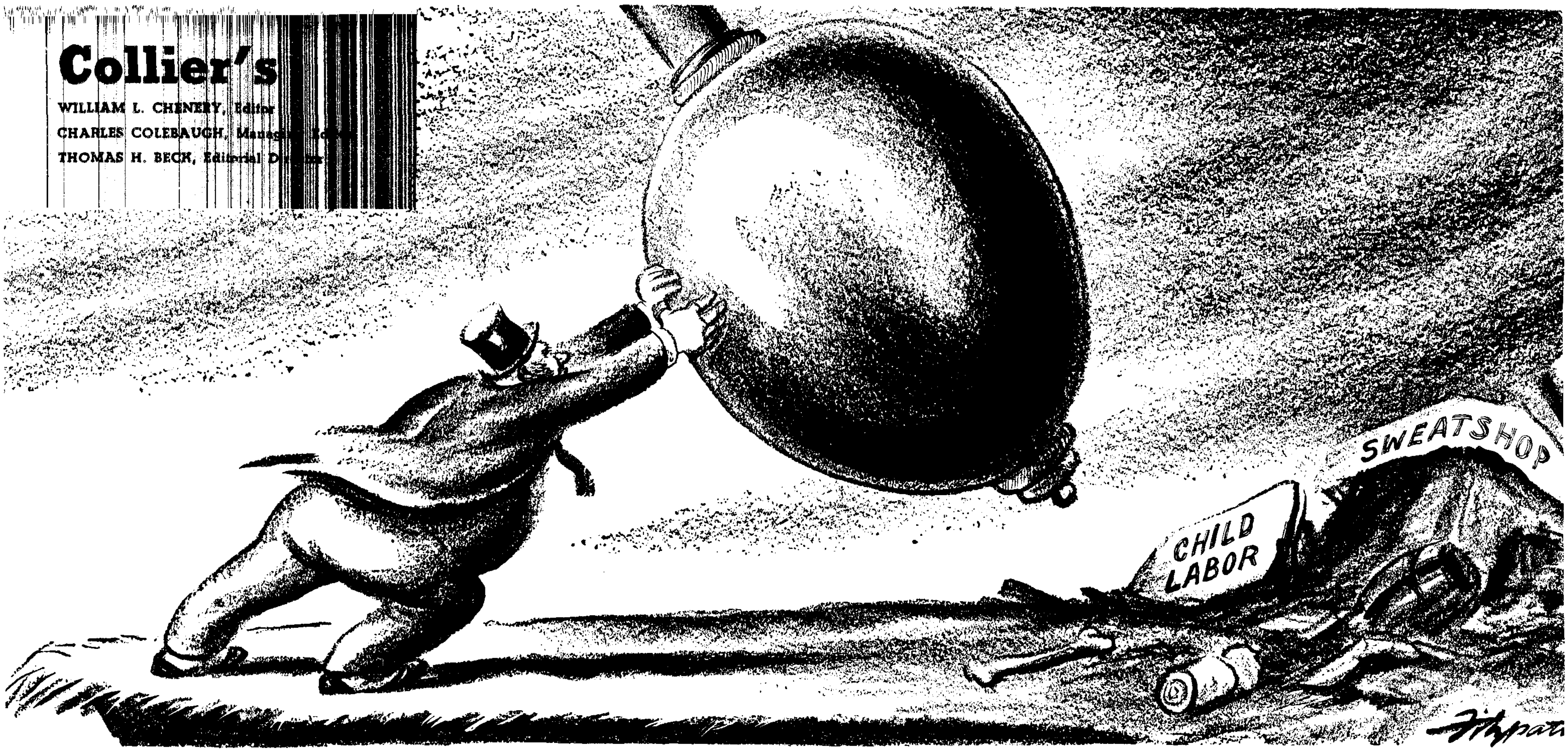


Memo for Conservatives

LADY Nancy Astor has some, to us, fearful and wonderful ideas about liquor and tobacco as menaces to the human race. But when she gives her tongue the gun on almost any other topic, she usually gets a wide hearing and deserves it.

The latest Astorism to smack large numbers of people between the eyes was ripped out in the course of a debate in the House of Commons. Annoyed by some other member's remarks, Lady Astor snapped: "Well, I can tell you this—that the red card of the Communist party wouldn't be nearly red enough for me if I had to go to work in a factory at the age of 11."

We hope a lot of American conservatives will remember this remark and ponder it from time to time in the next few years.

We hope so because it looks as if the conservatives are going to have a good deal more to say about running things in this country for the next few years than they have had in the last few. After a six-year adventure in liberalism, tinctured with radicalism, the American people appear to be swinging back toward conservatism.

Fair enough, we think. That's the way real progress is achieved—by pendulum swings, not by putsches from either the Right or the Left. And there have to be conservatives in a well-balanced, well-geared society.

What worries us is the possibility that the conservatives, if they do come back to power as now seems likely, may overdo things.

They may try to cancel too many of the innovations brought in by the liberals and the radicals—kill off the Wagner Labor Relations Act, for example; water down Social Security too far; hamstring the TVA or other New Deal power and conservation projects; shoot the Wage-Hour Law more full of holes than it already is, instead of trying to build it gradually and prudently into a general minimum-wage law for the stabilizing of mass buying power; cut down relief too fast and too far.

If the conservatives go in for such things as these, they will make a lot of radicals in a hurry and oil the pendulum for a fiercer swingback next time. It is conceivable that the conservatives would be blasted sky-high in some kind of upheaval brought on by themselves.

The New Deal reforms grew out of conditions that howled for adjustment. They were not just pulled out of a hat and fastened on a country that didn't need or want them.

We really were in a seriously bad way in 1933, when the New Deal began. The Roosevelt Administration moved too fast and too far, perhaps. But it moved in line both with economic trends and with the wishes of most of the people.

We do not believe that even those people who are tired of New Deal administrative methods and certain lines of New Deal propaganda now growing a trifle shopworn want those reforms abolished. We believe they want them improved on, broadened, better administered.

If the conservatives will live up to their name, assuming that they come back to power sooner or later, they will deserve well of the Republic, and most likely stay in the ascendant for quite some time. "Conservative" really means one who conserves and builds on gains accomplished.

If they turn reactionary, something entirely different from conservative, we believe they will wreck themselves fast. In doing so, they may hand the country some jolts from which it won't recover quickly, if at all. A few rock-bound Tories in places of power can, as Lady Astor suggests, make more radicals in a month than all the soapboxers and radical scribblers can make in ten years.

Hats and Happiness

WE HEAR from a publicity bureau plugging the hat trade that there exists no record of a man owning a new hat ever having committed suicide.

After duly discounting the fact that this bit of information comes from a hat publicity bureau, we're still willing to believe that it is true.

We'd go farther than that. We'd offer a small bet—say a two-bit cigar—that practically nobody ever committed suicide just after taking delivery on a new suit, or even a new necktie or a new bracelet at no matter how small a price.

If these remarks help the clothing trade or attract some extra clothing-trade advertisements to this magazine, we'll just have to bear up.

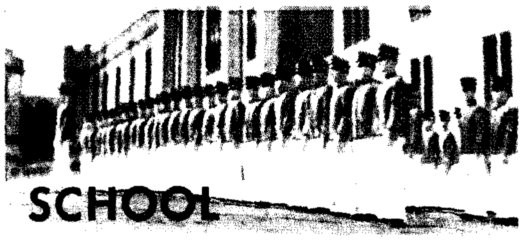
The thing that matters in this connection is that for most people there is a definite mental and spiritual pickup to be got from any new piece of personal equipment.

You may have a moldy old soul and a weary heart, and know it all too well. Or you may be just feeling like a lug for a day. In either case, the chances are good that the sleekness of new felt, the knife edges at exactly the proper locations in a new suit, the unwrinkled sheen of new leather, will make your spirit feel like new too.

Our earnest tip is to go out and give it a try if you're feeling low. It's guaranteed to work for at least 95 persons, male or female, out of 100.

LIFE BEGINS in *Autumn!*

Crisp days, radiant highways invite trips by GREYHOUND



LATE VACATIONS

Millions sing the praises of the Good Old Summer Time—but doesn't it seem gloriously true that *Life Begins In Autumn?* This is the golden season, with flame-colored hillsides, the faint fragrance of wood smoke—a cool snap in the air that brings brand new zest for living.

Full enjoyment of Fall calls for traveling the bright-bordered highways, getting a close-up of Nature in her gayest mood—and this in turn means a Greyhound bus trip, to any part of America.

The cost of Greyhound travel is only a fraction that of driving even a small private car—far less than that of other forms of transportation. Relaxation is complete, with the knowledge that one of America's finest, safest drivers is piloting your Super-Coach.

Up goes the crescendo of living! School, late vacations, fall sports, business plans—all go into high gear. And this is the best time, by all odds, to visit the New York World's Fair, or Golden Gate Exposition—after the mid-summer rush and heat. So we urge—to make the most of Autumn, travel *now* and travel *Greyhound.*

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES:

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Broad Street Station
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BOSTON, MASS.	60 Park Square
WASHINGTON D. C.	1403 New York Ave., N.W.
DETROIT, MICH.	Washington Blvd. at Grand River
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	155 Summers St.
CINCINNATI, O.	630 Walnut St.
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The GREYHOUND LINES

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"IT'S TOASTED"
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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

Eye Witness AT 2,000 TOBACCO AUCTIONS

Easy on Your Throat – Because "IT'S TOASTED"

"The U. S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco—and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" 22 years, and has smoked Luckies for 13 years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever, and here's why:

The U.S. Government, the States and Universities have experimented with soil, seed, and plant foods. They have developed new methods that have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the choice grades—the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these tobaccos, better than ever, are in Luckies today. So Luckies are better than ever!

Try Luckies for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST – IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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